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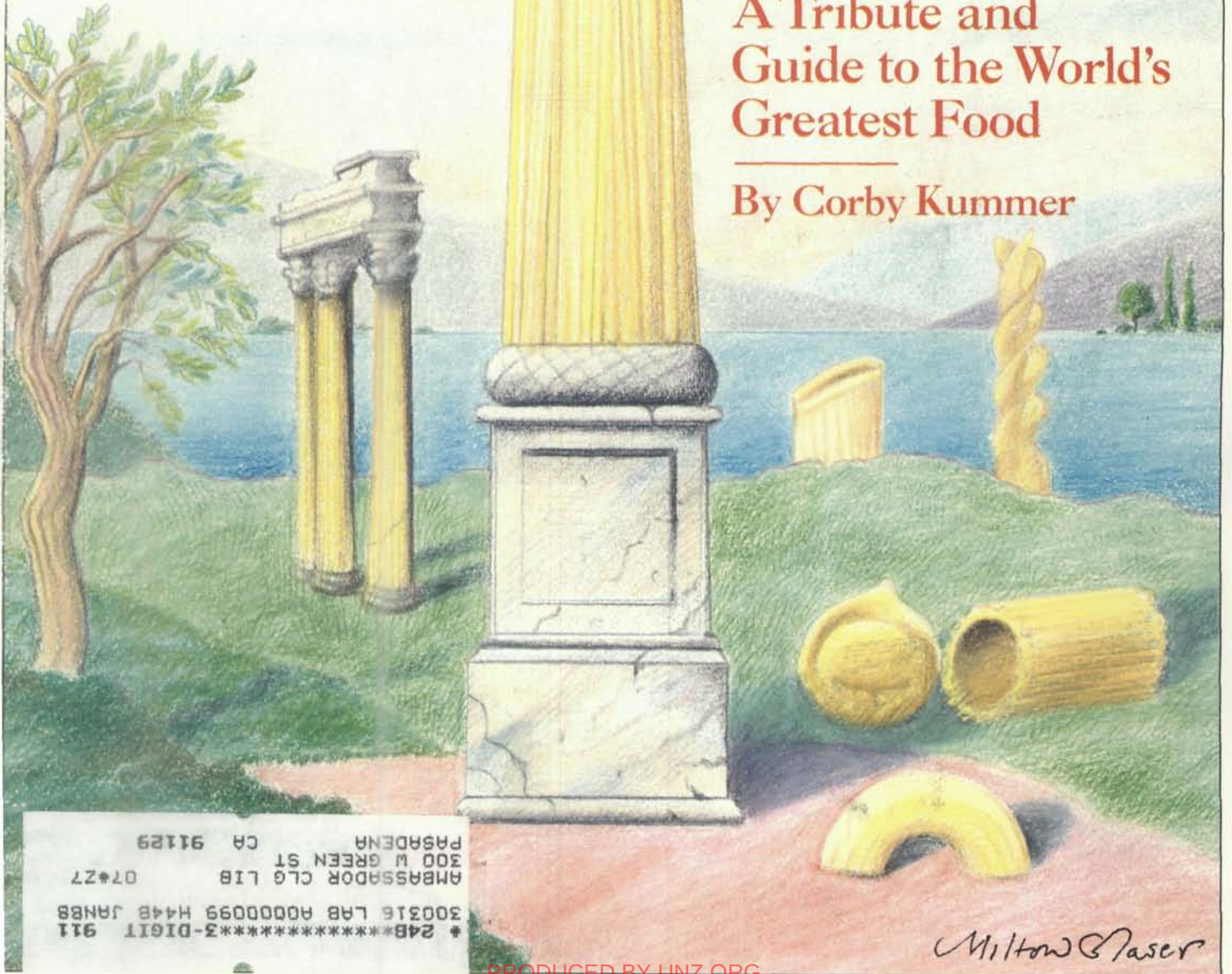
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HUMOR BY ROY BLOUNT, JR. / NICHOLAS LEMANN ON THE UNDERCLASS

PASTA

A Tribute and
Guide to the World's
Greatest Food

By Corby Kummer



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Factories in the Future

Some people say that service industries are stealing manufacturing's thunder by adding jobs faster than the goods-producing sector. The services now employ three out of four working Americans and account for two-thirds of our Gross National Product.

We say don't write off manufacturing. True, some segments of U.S. industry have been rocked by foreign competition and the recession in recent years. Yet, despite heavy losses of industrial jobs during the recession, manufacturing employment is higher now than it was in the early 1970s. Nearly 20 million Americans work in manufacturing. Manufacturing jobs are expected to remain at a record high during the 1980s.

The weaknesses of smokestack America are real enough. But they shouldn't be magnified beyond reality. Neither should they be dismissed. They should be corrected. That's what companies are doing when they invest record amounts in new plants and modern equipment to improve product quality, productivity, and competitiveness.

Manufacturing companies also are investing heavily in research and development—not only to create new and improved products, but to find ways to design and make them more efficiently. New technologies are helping manufacturing employees to use their talents to the fullest—in the office and factory.

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generating output that's higher than ever. The U.S. industrial production index for manufacturing, which measures the total volume of goods produced, set a record of 165.0 in 1984—up from the previous high of 153.6 in 1979 and far above the 1967 base index of 100. American merchandise exports, after declining during the recession, increased last year and are expected to continue increasing this year, next year, and the years beyond.

The need to carry on these improvements is real. So are the dangers if American industry falters. A revitalized manufacturing company can provide stimulating and challenging jobs. By becoming more productive, such a company can enable more people to work at providing the kind of services—education, health care, travel, and entertainment—that only a thriving society can afford.

Manufacturing and services are mutually dependent. Healthy manufacturing companies support the growth of service industries like banking, insurance, finance, utilities, transportation, communication, and software. Efficient services help U.S. manufacturers compete effectively in international trade.

The continued improvement of America's manufacturing sector means a high standard of living and a strong national defense for a long time to come.



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Subscriptions: 1 Year \$9.95,
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\$3.00 additional per year in Canada;
\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
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The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077)
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The Atlantic July 1986
Vol. 258 No. 1
Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

Unsolicited manuscripts will
be returned *only* if accompanied
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Postmaster:
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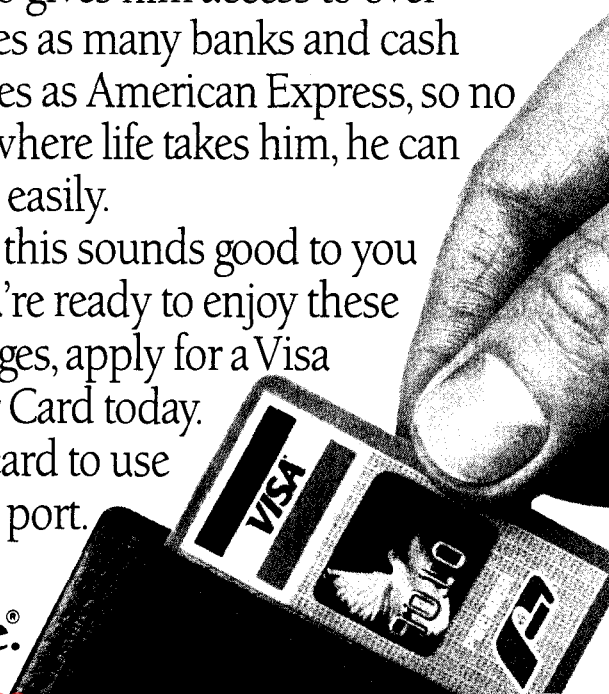
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WALKING A DOG

Michael Lenehan's "Four Ways to Walk a Dog" (April *Atlantic*) cited many important points about dog behavior and human responsibility. However, I was puzzled by Lenehan's choice of representative training methods and sorry to see so much attention devoted to William Koehler and his "the end justifies the means" approach. Moreover, Koehler's human-learning analogy is poor—what competent adult would teach a child by deliberately sticking his finger in an electric socket?

Lenehan doesn't mention Koehler's most radical solutions for behavior problems, but they are in Koehler's book. For example, if a dog continues to chew something he should not, Koehler recommends stuffing his mouth with the material, well back and crossways, and taping his mouth shut for an hour. If the dog is a hole digger, Koehler suggests filling the hole with water and holding the dog's head in it until he thinks he is drowning. In both these instances, Koehler suggests repeating the procedure the next day for good measure, whether or not the dog repeats the forbidden act.

It is difficult to be impressed with Brown as a dog trainer and handler if he can demonstrate his proficiency only with "the right dog." And Tortora's use of the shock collar remains unnatural and abhorrent to many of us, no matter how much he tries to remove it from a punishment context. Also, the approach may bring with it physiological risks. Lenehan's description of the more humane but specialized training of Seeing Eye dogs at least touches on the important issue of understanding the individual dog.

Your readers should be aware that for both regular pet training and high-level obedience work, successful approaches other than those cited are available. Outstanding among these is Winifred Gibson Strickland's *Expert Obedience Training*. A highly respected handler and judge, Strickland studies the individual dog and modifies her teaching accordingly. She set the standards for dog-and-handler teamwork soon after she began competing, some thirty years ago, establishing numerous records for per-

fect scores and national obedience titles and earning many awards in this country and abroad. Strickland stresses that formal obedience work should have utilitarian value, with dogs playing a meaningful role in the lives of their owners. She has trained thousands of dogs in her obedience classes and working clinics, and many of them have won obedience titles.

Koehler and Strickland agree on one point—that dogs can reason—but there the resemblance ends. Strickland wants to make positive use of this ability and recommends conveying respect for the dog and appealing to his higher instincts to behave well. She trains, or educates, for the kind of problem-solving that dogs do because they enjoy it, not because they are trying to avoid punishment. Strickland develops communication through eye contact, words, and body language. The beauty of this communication and rapport, and the dog's precision work that follows, are apparent to anyone who watches her, with either her own or someone else's dogs.

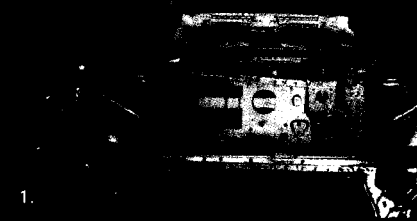
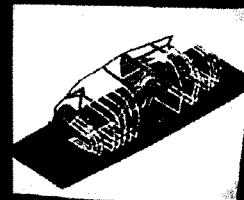
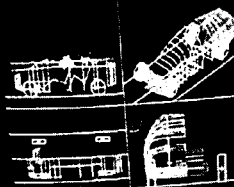
JUDITH S. MEARIG
Potsdam, N.Y.

Thank you for Michael Lenehan's excellent article on training man's best friend. I take exception, however, to his statement that "you [don't] have cause to panic if you've recently come home with a hastily acquired cocker spaniel." You *do* need to worry. In fact, the odds are overwhelmingly against your dog being okay.

"Dog people" broadly agree that American-bred AKC-registered German shepherds, Boston terriers, cocker spaniels, Dobermans, and even golden retrievers (to name but a few) are jokes. This is the American Kennel Club's fault, because its system of conformation judging is politics at its worst. Dogs often win ribbons because of who showed them (people at ringside talk knowingly of "handler's judges") rather than what the dog is. The result: AKC-registered dogs produce alarmingly high numbers of hip-dysplastic German shepherds, hemophiliac Dobermans, and golden retrievers who turn on their handlers. In fact, most serious competitors that I know import their dogs, particularly the working breeds, from Germany

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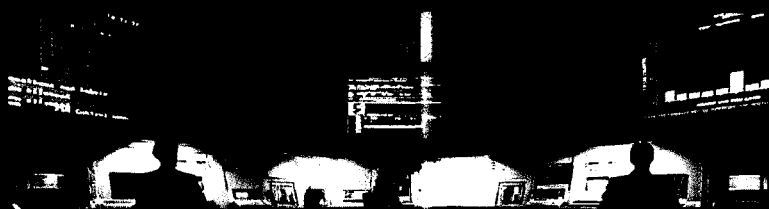


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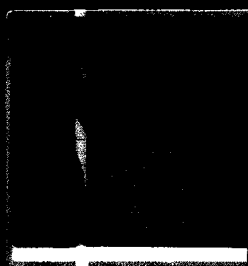
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or Canada. And it is not unusual these days to hear someone expounding on the merits of some rare breed, and saying with a grin, "It's not recognized by the AKC," the implication being that the AKC hasn't had a chance to ruin the breed yet. In fact, the term *AKC-registered* (which many people mistakenly take to be the dog world's Good House-keeping Seal of Approval) means only that the AKC has records to show that two purebred cocker spaniels got together and made your cocker spaniel. It does not mean, as similar designations do in other countries (Germany being the best example I know), that a breed warden personally examined the sire and the dam, found them to be both solid in temperament and conformationally correct, and approved the breeding. The AKC just registers dogs, it doesn't inspect them.

CAROLANN CALAMIA
Rochester, N.Y.

Surely a miscalculation, your giving twenty-five pages to your over-amply illustrated "dog training" piece.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The April issue of *The Atlantic* must hold the American record for the longest and most boring article, the twenty-five-page piece on dogs. In fact, with the forty-page advertising insert added, the issue is kind of a rip-off.

JAMES R. ROACH
Austin, Texas

Michael Lenehan's article on dog training is one of the most fascinating things I've ever read in any magazine.

JOHN S. WHITMAN
Peaks Island, Maine

Congratulations to Michael Lenehan and to all editors and fact-checkers and messengers and custodians and secretaries and designers and typesetters, and of course to George Booth for the wonderful drawings. I thought of 137½ things Lenehan could have done to improve the article within sixty seconds of finishing it. So, no doubt, will everyone he talked with, quoted, failed to quote, and failed to talk with. So much the better, and evidence of an extraordinarily well researched, well thought out, and well *written* essay.

VICKI HEARNE
New Haven, Conn.

BLACKS IN THE ARMY

Charles Moskos's article "Success Story: Blacks in the Army" (May *Atlantic*) glossed over the issue of racism in our armed forces. Two points in particular:

The 12.1 percent death toll of blacks in Southeast Asia should have been compared with the percentage of blacks in the military at that time, not with the number of blacks in the U.S. population. Is the outcome of that comparison as favorable to Moskos's point of view?

Moskos dismissed the racial clashes of Vietnam by saying that those conflicts must be seen in the context of other conflicts during the same period. Obviously, one problem is not lessened by the presence of others. Rather than lumping them together in one generalization, it might be more effective to examine each problem in its specifics as a symptom of a greater disturbance.

In focusing on the point of view of blacks in the Army, Moskos circumvented the issue at the heart of his study. A recent article in *The New York Times*, reporting that soldiers at camps in North Carolina have taken part in the activities of a white-supremist paramilitary organization based in the state, said more about the tenuous position of blacks in our armed forces than Mr. Moskos was willing to consider. That blacks still meet with the veiled discrimination that Moskos does mention, in as neutral and regimented a system as the Army (as presented by Moskos), reflects badly on the rest of our society.

SUSAN C. HOPKINS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Charles Moskos replies:

I disagree with the assertion that comparing the proportion of black combat deaths with that of blacks in the U.S. population somehow stacks the figures. As it happens, the rate of black combat deaths in the Army was almost exactly the same as the percentage of blacks in the Army's enlisted ranks. Let us lay to rest once and for all the widespread but erroneous view that blacks were disproportionately killed in Vietnam. I also do not agree that to place race conflicts in a historical setting is to dismiss them. Quite the contrary, we can best understand the race conflict of the Vietnam-era military in the context of an entire Army unraveling. Turning to the current scene, the point of the article was that blacks still confront racism in the mili-

tary, but their attainments and advancements in the armed forces exceed by far those in any other major sector of American society. How my focus on the black soldier's viewpoint could be construed as undercutting this main finding is difficult to understand.

NEED TO BE NO. 1

David M. Gordon's article "Do We Need to Be No. 1?" (April *Atlantic*) perceptively details the damage caused by shortsighted "free-trade" policies. However, his proposal for an activist governmental policy aimed at a type of American industrial policy assumes that industrialists and government bureaucrats have both the wisdom to determine the necessary policies and the ability to get them enacted into law.

A simpler solution is a system of variable balancing duties. American duties would be raised by five percent a year against any nation with whom our annual trade deficit was five percent or more. This would continue until our trade with that nation came into balance. On the other hand, if the trade balance with a given nation was more than five percent in surplus, the duty would be reduced by five percent a year until the trade came into balance. Raising or lowering of duties would be done annually based on year-end results.

Nations that bought from us could sell. Nations that chose to use the United States as a dumping ground for their products while destroying our industry and jobs could no longer do so. Meanwhile, within the scope of the variable balancing duties, individual corporations could exercise their individual choices with respect to trade. Variable balancing duties are equivalent to merchants changing their prices to match the market.

Such a trade policy would bring international trade into balance with a minimum of government interference. We need not fear retaliation from our trading partners, because they buy very little from us anyway. In any case retaliation would be useless, because the variable duty would automatically compensate for any failure to purchase our goods. By imposing such balancing duties we would not be reneging on any commitment to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, because Congress never passed the required legislation. The United States conforms to the GATT by

presidential order, and the President can just as easily rescind the order.

During the 1840s duties generated so much income for our treasury that the budgetary surplus became an embarrassment. Our nation could use a little more of that kind of embarrassment.

Gordon's objective, the end of free or anarchic trade, is admirable. His proposal to remedy the situation with the equivalent of an American industrial policy is not so promising. A system of duties varied by nation would bring our trade into balance, repatriate lost industry and jobs, and provide billions to our national treasury, all with minimal governmental interference.

LAWRENCE BRISKIN
Centerville, Ohio

David M. Gordon's case for protectionism (rationalized and renamed) and his enthusiastic union-boosting were unpersuasive and irritating.

One need only examine the results of the "front-yard strategies" employed by nations such as Mexico and France to see that intervention in the form of socialization, import quotas, and so forth stunts the growth of markets in developing countries (which in turn stunts the growth of their own industries) and that infusing mature industries with government money and advice only leads to the kind of multibillion-dollar losses suffered over the past few years by Renault. There is plenty of evidence, in fact, that Japan has succeeded in spite of, rather than because of, any interventionist planning at MITI: in the area of artificial intelligence, the subject of just such a coordinated Japanese strategy, the Japanese still lag far behind. Japan is blessed, above all else, with a labor force that loves to save as much as it hates to use confrontational union tactics, generating rivers of investment capital at interest rates several points below those in the United States.

The failure of quasi-socialist strategies for energy self-sufficiency can be seen in the bureaucratic swamp known as the Synthetic Fuels Corporation. A lesson can also be learned from the United Kingdom's socialized coal industry, which provides Britain with coal at about twice what it costs in the United States. (It is ironic to hear advice about energy from the same crowd who, several years ago, fostered the notion that the world's oil interests could set their own prices because market forces were, of course, illusory.)

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The defense of unionism as an aid to productivity flies in the face of economic realities. Militant union tactics and unrelenting wage demands, often accompanied by government intervention, have enervated European industries: automobiles, cameras, and virtually the whole range of consumer electronic goods provide some salient examples. And what of the Japanese, Koreans, Taiwanese, and Hong Kong Chinese, whose workers have been so cruelly exploited (this is the old "slave labor" argument, a favorite of union shills)? Their standard of living has steadily increased. (The workers of many developing countries, Mexico among them, are no doubt thankful that their governments have taken at least some steps to prevent them from being likewise taken advantage of.) It is an aggravating condescension to state that concern over the welfare of foreign workers is best expressed by refusing them the right to sell the products they make.

Gordon equates "consumers" with union workers, when the vast majority of U.S. workers are not unionized (and have no desire to be). In fact unions distort the labor market so as to force workers at large to support bloated wages for the relative few. Moreover, as a small businessman who manages to do little better than make a living, I am tired of being coerced by union representatives who do very little in the way of gainful labor but show a remarkable aptitude for idleness, insolence, and intimidation.

D. C. BAREFOOT
El Cajon, Calif.

David Gordon replies:

Lawrence Briskin's suggestion of "variable balancing duties" is slightly more constructive and imaginative than either the "free trade" or the "protectionist" approach I criticized in my article. But it shares with those two positions an underlying problem. It would provide no constructive measures to repair the competitive disadvantages currently afflicting many U.S. industries. It is therefore an essentially passive scheme, leaving us to wait for magic solutions to our underlying economic problems. Assuming, therefore, that we continue to experience relatively slow productivity growth, the policy he suggests would lead to continually increasing trade barriers—as would the protectionist path he presumably hopes to avoid.

D. C. Barefoot's criticisms are much broader and more cantankerous, reflect-

ing a shotgun assault on my proposals for an egalitarian and democratic approach to foreign-trade policy. His principal objections are to government involvement in the economy and to wage-led productivity growth.

On government involvement: Barefoot's criticisms reflect a pervasive bias against any government involvement in the economy and a prejudice, therefore, in favor of free-trade policies. The United States has over the past thirty-five years consistently lagged behind all other advanced countries in productivity growth—with the sole exception of the United Kingdom—and all of those advanced countries, including Japan, feature much more systematic government guidance of economic and foreign trade policy than the United States. Free trade often sounds appealing, but we in the United States have paid dearly for our relatively strict pursuit of its ideals.

On wage-led growth and labor unions: First, the arguments that I advanced in favor of wage-led productivity growth apply to *all* workers and industries in the economy, not just those who are unionized. While some workers may not prefer unionization, most workers *would* obviously prefer more rapid wage growth and improved employment security. Second, Barefoot claims that "the defense of unionism as an aid to productivity flies in the face of economic realities." But he offers us no evidence other than the world of his own prejudice. In contrast, the recent book by Richard Freeman and James Medoff *What Do Unions Do?* provides a careful and systematic review of empirical evidence that fully supports the arguments I made in my article.

SAVING ANIMALS

Rarely have we been so impressed (moved) by an article as by Eugene Linden's "Signs in the Wilderness" (March *Atlantic*). It has left us feeling utterly frustrated because we do not know how to offer help to Janis Carter in the immediate sense and to the growing number of animals in the long term.

JERRY and MARIE MERZON
New York, N.Y.

Eugene Linden replies:

People who want to help rehabilitate formerly captive chimps can make tax-deductible contributions to the International Primate Protection League, P.O.

Box 766, Summerville, South Carolina 29484. Checks should be made out to the IPPL Chimp Rehabilitation Fund. The IPPL's director, Shirley McGreal, says that the money will be sent directly to Janice Carter, in The Gambia.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I greatly enjoyed reading "The Gospel of String," by Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann (April *Atlantic*). It is not necessary to believe the gospel chapter and verse in order to think that string theory is worth working on and even potentially important. Many of us would settle for not The Theory of Everything, nor even *a* theory of everything, but simply a theory of one thing: gravitation. The existence of gravity is one of the experimental facts least open to refutation, and yet to this day we have no acceptable theory to describe it. String theory may show the way out of the present impasse, even if the final answer bears little specific resemblance to the string theories we write down today.

As for verification, many physicists think it unlikely that *any* complete theory of gravitation will ever admit the spectacular, direct confirmation recently given to the standard model of weak interactions. This doesn't mean we should all throw up our hands and forget about gravity. It is possible to imagine indirect evidence piling up until one theory—perhaps a string theory—becomes more fully believable. In just this way today's weak-interaction model became universally accepted long before the *W* and *Z* particles were discovered at CERN.

PHILIP NELSON
*Department of Physics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

I enjoy *The Atlantic*, and have for several years. Have you ever considered including some type of literary puzzle to challenge and entertain your readers?

W. N. GARDNER
Okemos, Mich.

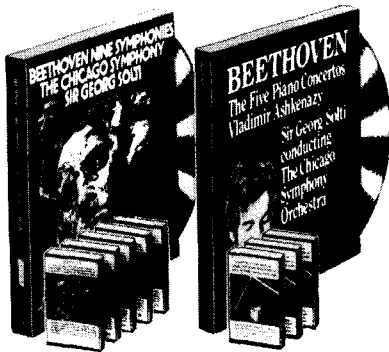
1. Letter from first person (1)
2. A goose egg to adore (4)
3. "Stampeding cattle . . . a thin ocean," says magazine (*two words*) (11)
4. Confound conundrum (6)

Answers include one proper word.

DIANE MALONE
APO, N.Y.

1. I 2. love 3. *The Atlantic* 4. puzzle

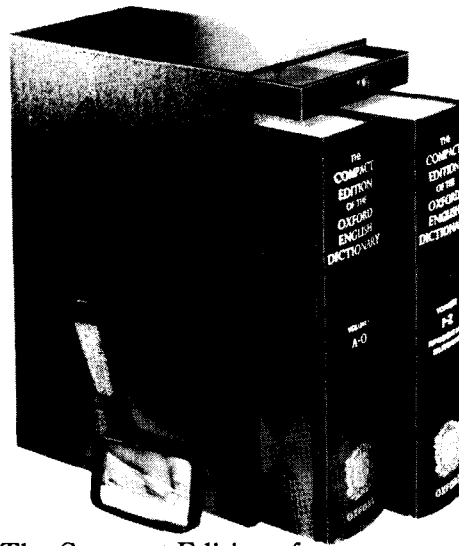
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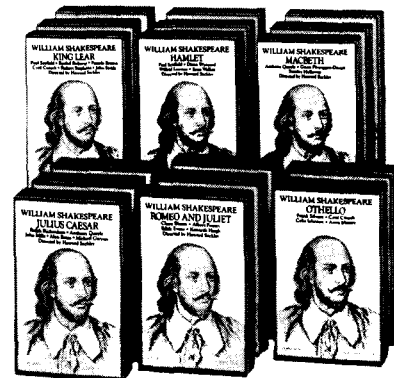
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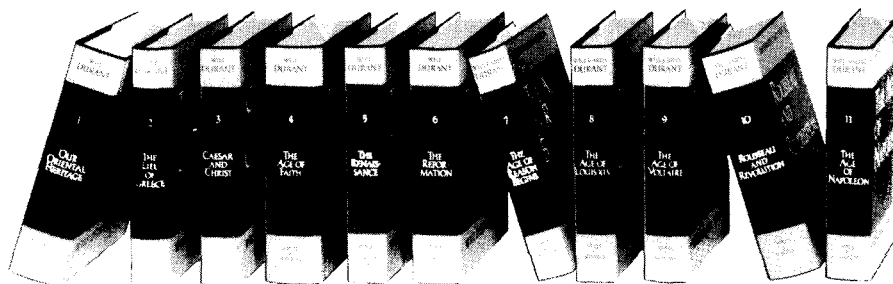
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



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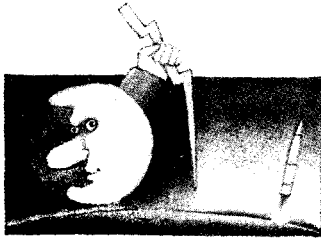
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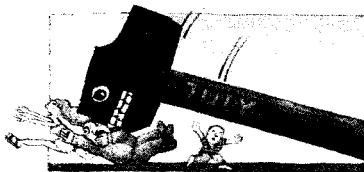


THE SKIES

July 5, 6:00 A.M., EDT, Earth is at aphelion, the point in its orbit farthest (94.5 million miles) from the Sun. July 7, New Moon. 16, Mars (in southern sky) is closer to Earth than at any time since 1971. It is exceeded in brightness only by Venus (in the West) and the Moon. 17, Moon occults Antares. 21, Full Moon, known in July as the Thunder, or Hay, Moon. Halley's Comet becomes ever more faint as its elliptical orbit takes it back to the edge of the solar system. Two telecommunications satellites, to be launched from the Guiana Space Center in Kourou, French Guiana, are scheduled for orbit this month by the European company Arianespace.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Employment in amusement and recreation services, movie theaters, museums, zoos, and botanical gardens reaches an annual high; last July this sector employed 1.2 million people, up 31 percent from a January low. Lower gasoline prices and concern for safety abroad are expected to boost the number of domestic "pleasure person-trips"—trips undertaken for pleasure to places a hundred or more miles from home. Americans take more such trips in July (114 million in 1985) and August than in any other month.



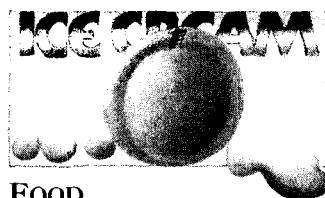
HEALTH & SAFETY

A month of respite from influenza (typically no documented cases occur in July), but the most likely month in which to catch the bubonic plague (five

cases, or 31 percent of the U.S. annual total, were reported during July of 1985). More fatal "unintentional injuries" (9,000) occur in July than in any other month. These include drowning, falls, choking, and accidents involving fires, poison, guns, and motor vehicles. On the most recent July 4 holiday weekend that consisted of a Friday, a Saturday, and a Sunday (1981), as this year's does, highway deaths increased by 108, or 23 percent, over the average of those occurring during comparable non-holiday periods. Highway deaths are projected to increase by 650 per year for every 10 cents of decrease in the price of gasoline.

NEW STAMPS

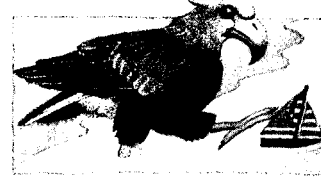
July 4, a 22-cent U.S. stamp honoring the centennial of the Statue of Liberty and a similar 2,20-franc French stamp to be issued during ceremonies in New York and Paris. July 14, the 31st stamp in the Great Americans series, a 4-cent stamp honoring Father Edward J. Flanagan, the founder of Boys Town, to be issued in Boys Town, Nebraska.



FOOD

Limes, mangoes, canteloupes, nectarines, plums, and blueberries are at the height of their season. July is National Hot Dog Month, National Baked Bean Month, National Peach Month, National Ice Cream Month. Ice cream was first advertised for commercial sale in the United States two hundred years ago, in 1786, by a Mr. Hall, of Chatham Street in New York City. Last year some 884 million gallons of hard and soft ice cream—that is, 3.7 gallons per capita—were produced commercially in the United States. New Englanders lead the world in ice-cream consumption (and south-

erners trail the rest of the nation); however, when ice milk, sherbet, mellorine, ices, and frozen novelties are taken into account, residents of the Plains states hold a commanding lead.



GOVERNMENT

July 1, in New York City, executive order by the mayor prohibiting smoking in municipal buildings and city agencies goes into effect; laws requiring the use of seatbelts go into effect in Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, and Maryland, bringing the number of states with such laws in force to 22. The Supreme Court to recess this month for the summer. July 3, President Reagan presents the first Medals of Liberty, an award to be bestowed on naturalized citizens who have become leaders in their fields. 4, twentieth anniversary of the signing, by President Johnson, of the Freedom of Information Act. 14, House and Senate return from the Fourth of July recess. 15, end of trial period in which Senate floor proceedings are broadcast live on radio and cable television. 30, national motto of the United States—"In God We Trust"—turns thirty.

WORDS RECEIVED

Recent citations collected and defined by the editors of *The American Heritage Dictionary* (Houghton Mifflin), for possible inclusion in a revised edition:

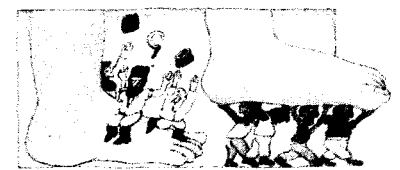
Gold-collar worker *noun*, an employee in a brain-intensive business who regards his or her intellect, experience, talent, expertise, and inventiveness as



monetary assets to be leveraged with respect to relationships with current or potential employers: "*Gold-collar workers* view themselves as their own best investment" (Robert E. Kelley, of Carnegie-Mellon University, the coiner of the term, in a telephone interview).

Hotsy-potatsy *noun*, a sexually promiscuous woman; a tramp. Imelda Marcos used the word in a retort to questions about her private life: "I'm no *hotsy-potatsy*" (*Newsweek*).

Phone hawk *noun*, a high-technology criminal who, having gained telephone access to someone's computer system, proceeds to steal data from it. *The Valley Advocate* (Hatfield, Massachusetts) warned that "*phone hawks*" can keep whit- tling away at your defenses."



125 YEARS AGO

The journalist C. C. Hazewell, writing in the July, 1861, issue of *The Atlantic*: "The United States and Russia began their careers at the same time, as nations destined to have influence in the ordering of Western life. They were then, as they are now, very unlike to each other. In one respect only was there any resemblance between them: In this country there were some myriads of slaves, and in Russia there were many millions of serfs. Now who, of all the sagacious, far-sighted men then living, could have ventured to predict that at the end of one hundred years the American nation that was so soon to be should be engaged in a civil contest having for its object, on the part of those who began it, the perpetuation and extension of slavery, while Russia should be threatened with such a contest because her government, an autocracy, had abolished serfdom?"



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

AMERICA'S No. 1 SONG

THE STAR-SPANGLED Banner" is a sublime anthem, democratic and spacious, holding at least one note for every American. The tune is a test pattern not only for the voice but also for the human spirit. The soul singer, the rock star, and the crooner—all are humbled by the anthem. We have heard world-famous tenors and sopranos choke upon the low notes and cry out in pain at the high ones. We have seen the great Mahalia Jackson tremble.

It's unlikely that our worst enemy would have written a melody with a range more challenging to the solo performer. The melody was in fact given to us by our worst enemy at the time, the English. John Stafford Smith, an Englishman, composed the tune to which Francis Scott Key penned his lyrics a few days after the British set fire to Washington, in 1814. The capital was rebuilt, but the melody remains exactly as we received it—an inspiration and a terror. The anthem perfectly suits our collective spirit, our ambition and national range. So it ought to be sung by a crowd of Americans, to guarantee that all of the notes will be covered.

You may wonder how the national anthem achieved its election. And why, since the tune is so uncooperative, we cannot impeach the anthem and throw it out of office, like any other incompetent or mischievous official. If you are thinking such thoughts, you are in good patriotic company. House Resolution 14, which legalized the national anthem, was voted down when it was first intro-

duced, in 1929, and hotly debated in 1931, when it passed. Every few years since then there has been an uprising, with newspaper editorials and petitions against the song and insurgents campaigning to replace "The Banner" with "America" or "This Land Is Your Land."

But it is unlikely that any new arguments will arise to unseat "The Star-Spangled Banner." Everything that could be said on the subject was said, over and over, during debates more than fifty years ago. Congressmen brought dire charges against "The Star-Spangled Banner." They denounced its ancestry, birth, and character. They dragged it through the mud.

First of all, there was the embarrassing business about the Anacreontic Society. The melody, it turned out, had been married before, to the lyrics of an English song called "To Anacreon in Heaven," which made a very different

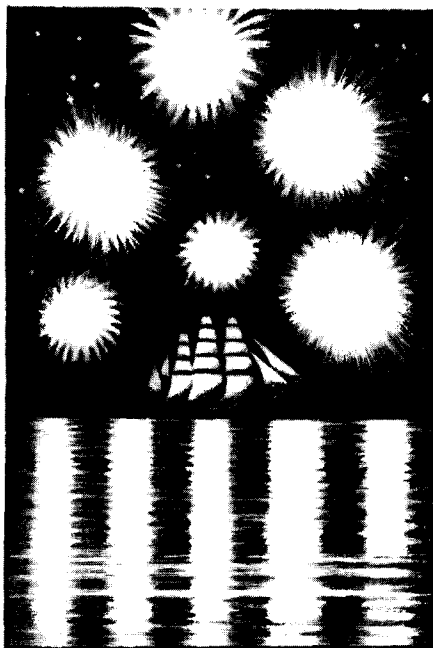
kind of anthem indeed. The ancient Greek poet Anacreon delighted in wine and lovemaking above all else. The London "gentlemen" of the Anacreontic Society in the 1770s, having chosen the poet as their patron, spent nights reviving his spirit with songs and tippling and other merrymaking.

There were other problems as well. The congressmen against "The Banner" claimed that the song was useless on the parade and battle grounds, because our soldiers could not march to it. Yet John Philip Sousa, who should have known, had once told Teddy Roosevelt that "The Star-Spangled Banner" was dandy for marching. Perhaps the soldiers weren't trying hard enough.

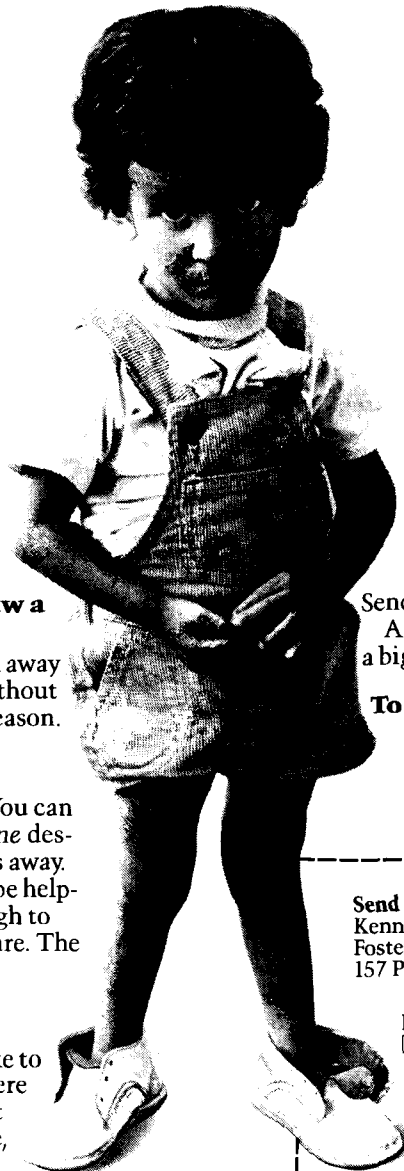
This leads us to the next argument against "The Star-Spangled Banner": that it is too difficult for schoolchildren to sing. An editorial in the *New York World* of March 31, 1930, answered this charge with logic and eloquence.

What if school children could sing it? We should be so sick of it by now that we could not endure the sound of it, as the French are sick of the "Marseillaise." The virtues of "The Star-Spangled Banner" are that it does require a wide compass, so that school children cannot sing it, and that it is in three-four time, so that parades cannot march to it. So being, it has managed to remain fresh, not frayed and worn, and the citizenry still hear it with some semblance of a thrill, some touch of reverence.

And then there were the congressmen who suggested that the 1814 bombardment of Fort McHenry was too paltry a background for the national anthem. They had not read their history. If the British had gotten into Baltimore, only a few days after burning down Washington, no one can say where they might have stopped. George Washington had



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Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

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☐ Enclosed is a check for \$22 for my first month's sponsorship of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parent Sponsorship Kit.

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been dead fifteen years. Andrew Jackson was in New Orleans. If the British Navy's offensive had not foundered at Fort McHenry, we might be singing "God Save the Queen" instead of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Perhaps the best argument against House Resolution 14 is that it was unnecessary and therefore impertinent. In the nineteenth century Admiral George Dewey had designated "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the anthem for all Navy ceremonies. When advisers asked President Wilson, in 1916, what song should accompany state functions, he automatically replied: "The Banner." Everybody knew it was the national anthem.

But Americans do not like to be told what to eat or drink or sing. Though they have eaten hot dogs and drunk beer and sung "The Star-Spangled Banner" in baseball parks for generations, try to pass a law requiring them to do so and Congress will never hear the end of it. That is the American way, and a good way. When Representative J. C. Linthicum, of Maryland, introduced a bill to make "The Star-Spangled Banner" our *official* anthem, he might have foreseen that he would be subjecting "The Banner" to a scrutiny usually reserved for presidential candidates. Congress's vote, in 1931, to give the song official status as our national anthem, despite its vocal challenges, unmarchability, and checkered past, was surely a gesture of affection with few parallels.

THE STAR-SPANGLED Banner" deserved to win that vote. Our anthem remains one of the purest examples of unpremeditated, inspired genius in American history. Remember that Francis Scott Key, the lawyer-poet, was more lawyer than poet. Apart from the lyrics of "The Banner," and "Lord With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee," a hymn infrequently sung in churches, Key never wrote a line of memorable verse. Francis Scott Key was tone deaf. If anyone had told him early in September of 1814 that he was about to write the most famous song in America, the lawyer-poet would likely have laughed, with a modesty rare in poets, and gone about his business.

Key's business in September of 1814 was a matter of life and death. America had declared war upon pretexts the lawyer-poet condemned as a cover for imperialism. American privateers were looting British ships, and our troops had set Toronto on fire during a bungled at-

tempt to annex Canada. Key was a gentle soul, so unsuited to conflict that he could never bring himself to run for political office. Yet, despite his mildness and his objections to the war, he fought dutifully in the defense of Washington. And when the British took away a civilian prisoner, Dr. William Beanes, Key begged for President Madison's commission to sail after them and plead for the doctor's release.

Key sailed down the Chesapeake in a small cartel ship, under the white flag of truce. He found the British fleet lying at anchor in the mouth of the Potomac. Admiral George Cockburn was about to hang Dr. Beanes from the ship's yardarm for acts of inhospitality to English soldiers as they had passed through Upper Marlborough. The doctor had been having a garden party to celebrate the town's escape from burning, when a few straggling dragoons had come into his yard and made bold to steal the punch. Doctor Beanes had been court-martialed for not giving them any, among other discourtesies.

With the passion and eloquence of a great lawyer-poet, Francis Scott Key pleaded for Doctor Beanes's life. He argued that the detention of civilians outraged all principles of civilized warfare; if great nations could not agree on the principles of warfare, what on earth *could* they agree on? Admiral Cockburn was unmoved. What finally swayed him was certain letters, which Key was able, fortuitously, to produce from his satchel, from wounded British soldiers, showing what tender care Dr. Beanes had taken of them. After a conference the British officers announced that they would release the ill-mannered doctor the next morning.

Key's mission was badly timed for all purposes but the creation of our anthem. That very night the British fleet received orders to attack Baltimore. Since the British could not conceal this from Key, they insisted that he accept their hospitality until the battle was over. They entertained the lawyer-poet on his own cartel ship. From there he had an excellent view of the contest, being right in the middle of it.

What was Francis Scott Key's state of mind as he watched the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air, and then saw the banner waving? He jotted notes on the back of an envelope. Later he would explain, "If it had been a hanging matter to make a poem, I must have made it." The reference to execution is

not careless. It is more than likely that the gentle Key, in making his poem, was as terrified a lawyer-poet as ever held a quill in his hand.

In 1814 the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air were neither poetic fantasies nor Fourth of July fireworks. They were real, live bombs, screaming and whistling and exploding around the poet. Dr. Beanes, who had joined Key on the cartel's deck, must have thought that he had been saved from hanging only to be blown up.

The British rocket, a kind of primitive guided missile, was an awesome innovation in 1814. Key had watched his own men panic under bombardment from those rockets during the defense of Washington, and probably figured the Baltimoreans would do the same. The lawyer-poet must have had wildly mixed emotions as the British ships, and his cartel ship with them, approached the shore, beautifully lighted by rockets so that his fellow Americans could take better aim with their cannons. We could hardly blame Key if he had prayed for a swift surrender. He did not. He wrote a poem instead, and prayed for a sight of the flag.

The flag that flew above Fort McHenry in 1814 may be the largest battle flag ever flown. It originally was thirty feet high by forty-two feet wide—420 square yards of red, white, and blue bunting. The flag was made to order for the defense of Fort McHenry—and, seemingly, for the creation of our anthem. What else would possess General John Stricker and Commodore Joshua Barney, otherwise reasonable men, to order such a gigantic flag? They wanted to be sure that Key would see it. Although the seamstress Mary Pickersgill snipped the stripes and stars in her tiny workroom, she could not stitch them together there. Mary and her little daughter worked on hands and knees, by daylight and lamplight, stitching together the Star-Spangled Banner on the malt-house floor of Claggett's Brewery. They finished their sewing just as the British fleet was nearing Baltimore Harbor.

The flag is surrealistically large. If you do not believe this, then go and look at it, exhibited like a dinosaur in the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of American History. That flag, flying above Fort McHenry, must have made the fort, and the city behind it, look tiny, like a child's sand castle. After the long night of rockets and bomb blasts and horror, what was the author of our national anthem feel-

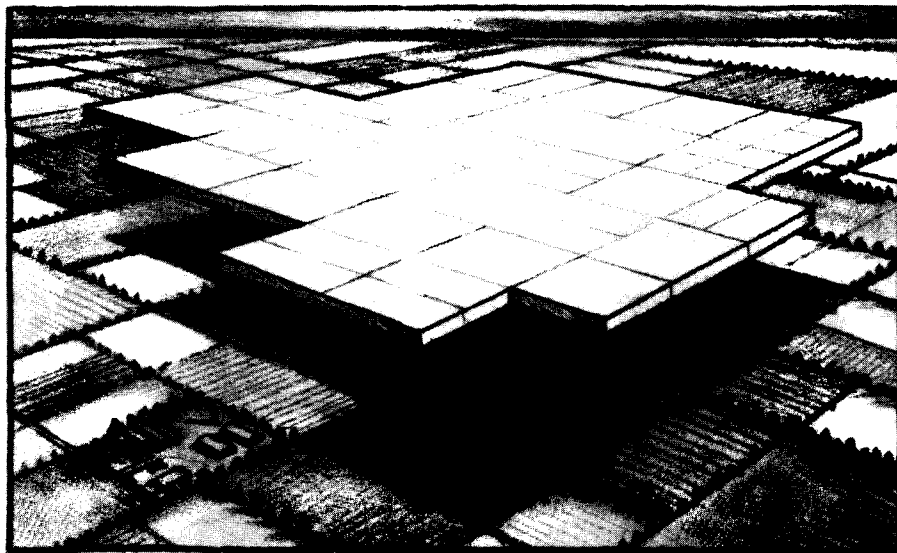
ing when he saw that titanic flag flying weirdly above his homeland? Some would imagine relief. But it was too soon for Key to feel relief—he was still a prisoner of war. Some would imagine pride. But Key was famous for his humility—and besides, pride does not spring readily in one's breast so soon after courage has been shaken. After a night of unspeakable terror, with every reason to believe that the United States would surrender in the glare of the rockets, Francis Scott Key's emotion upon spying that bizarre flag must have been utter amazement.

Wonder is a better word. Key could not believe his eyes, and his lyrics reproduce in us that sense of wonder. Remember, the refrain that closes the first stanza is a question:

O! say does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the Land of the free, and the home of the brave?

When we sing the anthem in the ballpark, or in school, or before the fireworks display on July 4, it is altogether fitting that we sing no more of the lyrics after that question. The birth and survival of this nation remains one of the wonders of the world. This was never more evident than it was to the lawyer-poet on that cloudy morning in 1814. The flag was amazing but undeniable. Key knew exactly how brave *he* was, having so recently been measured for bravery. Yet he still had sensible doubts about his freedom. That is the American way, and it is a good way.

—Daniel Mark Epstein



CONSERVATION VANISHING LAND REAPPEARS

For a change, good news: the American—losing-its-farmland-to-urbanization crisis has been called off

AMONG THE SHORTAGE alarms of the 1970s—energy, strategic minerals, meat, coffee, timber—one seemed particularly gloomy. The United States was said to be running out of itself. Land was being paved over at an unprecedented pace, with tillable soil, the source of the country's agricultural bounty, the hardest hit. Shortly before leaving office, in 1981, Secretary of Agriculture Bob Berg-

land declared that scarcity of land would become "a driving force behind the rate of inflation." Gus Speth, then the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, warned of no less than the "destruction of our rural landscape and heritage." Typical headlines ran "THE PERIL OF VANISHING FARMLANDS" (*The New York Times*) and "FARMLAND LOSSES COULD END U.S. FOOD EXPORTS" (*Chicago Tribune*). Reagan's first Secretary of Agriculture, John Block, took up the cry, calling the disappearance of farmland a "crisis in the making."

The predictions of impending land catastrophe were based primarily on the National Agricultural Lands Study (NALS), the work of a federal task force created in the second half of the Carter Administration. NALS widely promoted two fearsome conclusions: first, that the annual rate of urban expansion had *tripled* since the 1960s, from about one mil-

lion acres paved to about three million acres, and second, that a high proportion of the "converted" acreage was prime cropland—a million acres of the country's best soil being "permanently lost to agriculture every year in the U.S."

Just where was this land going? Nowhere, it turns out. In 1984 the Soil Conservation Service (SCS), the branch of the U.S. Department of Agriculture that supplied the statistics on which the NALS findings were based, issued a new report that in effect retracted NALS. Estimates of the country's paved acreage, the new report said, had been "markedly overstated." The rate of urban growth, it now appears, has not changed significantly since the 1950s, and the acreage available to farmers is either stable or actually increasing (through improvement of previously unusable soil). Even the former NALS research director, Michael Brewer, criticizes the task force's conclusions, saying that a "tendency to trumpet and exaggerate" has "led to a lot of mischief."

The canceling of this Mayday call has not occasioned even a small fraction of the media or political attention paid to its issuance. And since 1981 many state and local regulations have been passed to safeguard "vanishing" land, with a shocking shortage often cited as their justification. How could a major federal study have been so far wrong on a basic assumption? Why did a prediction of doom find such a receptive audience, whereas word that things are under control has been greeted with a yawn? The sequence of events is a case study in how Washington loves a crisis.

DESPITE THE BEST efforts of subdivision developers, urbanization has overtaken only a fragment of America's land. The most recent statistics from several sources indicate that "built-up" land—cities, highways, airfields, and so on—totals 47 million acres. This is equal to an area about the size of Missouri, or two percent of our 2.3-billion-acre country.

Now, to someone living in Manhattan, one million acres may sound like the circumference of the Crab Nebula. In fact, it is equal to about one twenty-fifth of one percent of the country's land inventory. If every man, woman, and child in the United States were given an entire acre to live on, only ten percent of the U.S. land mass would be taken. Even if the largely uninhabitable state of Alaska, which contains 16 percent of

U.S. land, is subtracted, the proportion of urban area to farm, forest, desert, and prairie remains low. While it would be possible to run out of land, this prospect seems far distant.

Nevertheless, during the 1970s there were reasons to be wary. U.S. agriculture was in a boom cycle; demand for food exports was rising, and if it continued to rise at the 1970s rate for a long time, a significant increase in cultivated acres might be required. Meanwhile agricultural land prices were shooting up to an extent that didn't seem to be justified by the profits to be made selling crops. Scarcity can cause price increases: maybe, some puzzled observers concluded, land is scarcer than we think.

It was in this climate of opinion that the Soil Conservation Service conducted two consequential studies. The first, the 1975 Potential Cropland Study, attempted to estimate the rate of urban conversion, using a sampling of changes in some areas surveyed in 1967. The second, the 1977 National Resources Inventory, attempted to estimate how much agricultural land existed, using a larger sample. These two studies would later form the statistical base for NALS, which began in 1979 with a status similar to that of a presidential commission. Unfortunately, they were "misquoted, misunderstood, and in the view of several critics, misconceived," according to Rutherford Platt, a University of Massachusetts geographer who initially supported NALS, writing in a recent issue of *The Professional Geographer*.

To simplify a ponderously technical story: the local SCS employees who collected data for these two studies, called district conservationists, were given insufficient time in which to be thorough and were allowed to use guesstimates. Classifications for large areas of land were required to be determined by recent U.S. Geological Survey maps or aerial photos, but classifications for smaller plots could be arrived at by taking a random sample and extrapolating from it. There was a dispute over how to classify lands that were "agricultural" but not used in farming, such as forests and everglades. Definitions had changed since the 1967 study—especially the key definition, "prime cropland," referring to flat, drained soil.

Some assumptions had been changed as well. In 1967 SCS officials considered farmland located in urban regions to be farmland. In 1975 they decided to consider it urban. Farmland near cities is

more common than might be guessed; this change alone had the effect of making a huge amount of land "disappear" overnight. Projected from the samples to the entire country, it created a paper crisis.

"The surveys were not comparable, but if you merged them together, they seemed to produce a rapidly accelerating rate of urban conversion," says H. Thomas Frey, a geographer from the Department of Agriculture's Economic Research Service, who participated in some NALS research. Indeed, the 1975 study seemed to show that urbanization had doubled since 1967, from approximately one million acres a year (a rate that had held relatively steady for decades) to two million acres a year. And the 1977 study showed it increasing by another 50 percent, to three million acres a year—a tripling overall—in the two years thereafter.

"Three million acres a year" became what detractors and proponents of land preservation alike called the magic number: impressive, ominous, nicely rounded. NALS was created in response, at the urging of Representative James Jeffords, of Vermont, who had been trying without success to pass a national land-preservation law; one of his aides, Robert Gray, was made director of the project.

Among NALS's first acts was to issue a booklet titled "Where Have the Farmlands Gone?", which contained statements like "Ten years from now [1979], Americans could be as concerned over the loss of the nation's prime and important farmlands as they are today over shortages of oil and gasoline." Gray mailed letters offering to send "a dozen, a hundred, or a thousand copies" of the booklet to anyone who would distribute them to "neighbors, students, local government officials, religious and civic groups."

By assuming that the magic number was true—rather than investigating to find out if it was—NALS effectively arrived at its conclusion before work began. Early NALS publications raised the level of alarmism by assuming that all "agricultural" land was prime cropland, the most valuable kind. Actually, "prime cropland" makes up only about 17 percent of agricultural land (the balance is forests, grazing land, and so forth).

By the time its final report was published, in 1981, NALS had clarified the jumble over prime land. The three-million-acre figure remained, however, and formed the centerpiece for the project's

recommendations, which included a presidential or congressional declaration that farmland should be preserved, federal subsidies for shifting development away from rural areas, federal assistance for state and local governments to devise more-stringent zoning regulations, and a truly dire prediction that within the next twenty years at least 84 million more acres of tillable soil—a land area exceeding the size of Montana—might be needed to maintain agricultural production.

THAT THERE COULD be a debate over how much of the United States has pavement on it and how much doesn't may seem incredible. After all, the land is finite, and evidence of how land is used is not exactly concealed. But, according to Michael Brewer, who worked on the report, "land-use statistics have always been contentious and probably always will be."

The great size of the country makes on-site surveying prohibitively expensive. Site surveys are generally done only when property changes hands, and not always then. Aerial photography is thought to be the most efficient technique for gathering accurate land-use information (it's much faster than indirect means—for example, analyzing local government records), but a complete survey of the United States using aerial photos would still cost many millions of dollars. And because land uses change, even if a fleet of reconnaissance planes started off in Maine to crisscross every square mile of the country, by the time they reached Hawaii the Maine findings would no longer be valid. So figures for a subject like land use, which in theory could be definitive, for practical purposes must entail estimates. This does not, however, prevent them from acquiring the weight and might of statistics, which often come to be treated as though they possessed greater wisdom than the people who made them up.

Were there clues that the three-million figure was exaggerated? Thomas Frey thought so; he argued behind the scenes that NALS was using faulty data. Employing statistical techniques preferred by geographers, and drawing on data he considered more reliable, such as Census Bureau numbers, Frey estimated that the rate of urban growth was up slightly in the 1970s, from 1.1 million to 1.3 million acres annually. Frey's efforts went for naught; the NALS staff froze him out.

"Their studies were all designed to support what they had concluded at the outset," Frey says. "NALS was a political document, and [the authors] did not want to hear from anyone who said that the sky was not falling." Robert Boxley, a Department of Agriculture economist who also worked with the NALS task force, told me, "The NALS premise was that, in effect, we were running out of land. NALS was looking for numbers to justify the premise."

After NALS came out, the technical journal *Land Economics* assigned William Fischel, an economist at Dartmouth and the author of the textbook *The Economics of Zoning Laws*, to review the study. Fischel found in the NALS data many assertions that academics politely call "counterintuitive."

Connecticut, for instance, was listed as having doubled its urban land area, even though its population growth had been below the national average. A few states showed *negative* urban growth, which is nearly impossible—a premise of the land-preservation movement being that pouring concrete is irreversible. (It is physically possible to rip out concrete and restore developed land, but this is hardly cost-effective. By the same token, it should be borne in mind that most prime farmland is not a natural occurrence. Much of the U.S. heartland was swamp before it was drained and flattened; California, western Nebraska, and Arizona were hostile to agriculture until they were irrigated. It is estimated that up to 266 million unused acres in the United States could be transformed into cropland, if farm prices justified the expense.)

A U.S. Geographical Survey geographer named Richard Kleckner was bothered by the data that NALS was using, and in 1980 he compared NALS assumptions about four states with current USGS aerial photographs of those states. In three of the four states, Kleckner found, the NALS numbers for urban land were much too high—in one, Florida, the difference was 74 percent.

The economist Julian Simon was also doubtful of the claims about land. Not known as the author of *The Ultimate Resource*, Simon was then a business-administration and economics professor at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana, the buckle of the Corn Belt. In 1981 officials of the Illinois Farmers Home Administration, the Champaign County Soil and Water Conservation District, the county Regional Planning

Commission, and other local agencies began declaring in urgent tones that 30,000 acres of Champaign County had "disappeared" to urbanization between 1960 and 1978. Editorials in local papers expressed horror. Simon checked and found that the *total* number of urban acres in Champaign County was 30,000.

Simon called the officials who had used the figure, asking for their source, and eventually backtracked to a year-old issue of a newsletter from the Illinois Department of Agriculture's Division of Natural Resources. The 30,000-acre number had been based, Simon discovered, on a comparison of farm tax-assessment figures for 1960 and 1978—by a DNR analyst who apparently hadn't known that assessment formulas had been changed in the interim. Read at face value, the tax data portrayed Illinois agriculture as grinding to a halt during the height of the 1970s export boom. The DNR, Simon was told, had discovered the error and repudiated the figure almost immediately after publishing it—but by then it had taken on a life of its own. Around the same time, Illinois Governor James Thompson issued, to considerable fanfare, an executive order on the "preservation of Illinois Farmland."

Simon became interested in NALS, as well. Along with Fischel, Frey, Boxley, and Brewer, he wrote a number of articles for small-circulation specialized journals protesting that the three-million-acre figure had no support. Somehow the word did not filter into the general press, however.

NALS, in fact, was released at the very time farm surpluses were reaching record highs. The same newspapers that carried reports of the shocking loss of farmland also carried stories of silos overflowing with more food than anyone knew what to do with. And the stories generally failed to note that even if available cropland *were* decreasing, this would not necessarily mean a reduction in food supplies, because farm productivity per acre has steadily increased. Thus, in effect, technology can increase the amount of land the country possesses (a point Simon liked to make in his NALS critiques), by freeing acreage now under cultivation for other uses, including what planners call "amenity value"—parks, green space, and preservation for its own sake. A recent report from the Office of Technology Assessment predicts that by the end of the century there will be another revolution in

agricultural productivity, perhaps allowing as much food as is grown in the United States at present to come from half as many acres.

The Soil Conservation Service conducted a new National Resources Inventory in 1982, taking pains to use better techniques and a larger sample over a longer time. When the 1982 inventory concluded that earlier estimates had been "markedly overstated" and put the urban land total at 47 million acres, not 65 million acres, as NALS had assumed, few news organizations gave the story play. "I saw very little recognition of this anywhere," Robert Boxley says, "and I still see that three-million figure floating around. It's amazing, the charmed life it has."

The 1982 inventory also showed that cultivated acres had continued their recent trend of gradual increase, from 395 million acres in 1967 to 413 million acres in 1977, when the "disappearance" scare started, to 421 million acres in 1982. (This is the most recent figure; another inventory is scheduled for 1987.)

There was a quick and easy way to double-check the figures all along, William Fischel notes. Urban growth could not have tripled in a single decade without a phenomenal surge in the rate of construction activity having occurred as well. But construction-industry figures for the period show only moderate increases, in line with those of previous years. "The three-million figure was out the window from the very start," Fischel says.

ROBERT GRAY, NOW a senior associate of the American Farmland Trust, a nonprofit preservationist society, stands by the magic number. "If anything, I think it's too conservative," he says. "But even if it is wrong, the ultimate proof is that the people at the state and local level, who have to deal with specifics of land use, consider urban conversion a serious problem. When it's your town, an abstract argument about statistics doesn't mean much."

Gray says that since 1980 more than 300 counties have enacted new agricultural-zoning laws, that six states have created special agricultural-district laws, and that twenty-eight states have passed "right to farm" legislation exempting farmers from noise ordinances and similar residential restrictions that create disputes whenever suburban expansion begins to reach a rural zone. In 1980 Congress also enacted a "conservation

easement" that gives farmers tax breaks in return for donating land to trusts that require the land to be used only for agriculture in perpetuity. About two million acres have since been placed in conservation easements (some of them held by Gray's organization).

Of course, the fact that communities are passing land-preservation laws may indicate only a self-fulfilling prophecy—a false alarm taken seriously. It may also indicate other factors at work. William Toner, a professor at Governor State University, in Illinois, who is studying the new land-use laws, says, "The interesting thing about this movement is that it has no leadership and no coordination. There's no clear pattern among those who are passing the new laws, and no ideological consensus. The only common denominator is a strong desire to protect the rural environment."

The desire for preservation as an end in itself was written between the lines of NALS. "Land scarcity is a proxy for other issues," Brewer, the NALS research director, says. "When the false arguments about food production and urbanization are peeled away, what people are really saying is that they like to live in a rural setting and they don't want other people coming in."

Or, as Fischel puts it, "Exclusionary zoning is the major purpose behind land preservation. People who pass these laws are thinking, *We're here. Now how do we pull up the drawbridge?* State courts throw out zoning when it is obviously biased against the poor. So the idea that land uses must be frozen in place in order to prevent a national agricultural disaster is a convenient rationalization for exclusion, one that allows you to talk about something other than the real issue. I'm not saying that people who support land preservation on the theoretical level are insincere. They've just stumbled onto an issue that appeals to people on the local level for unrelated reasons."

Land-preservation laws may not always be designed to protect elegant views and quiet sunrises in affluent communities. Toner says that the laws are being passed in poor communities as well as rich ones, places where there is no influx of yuppies and CEOs. Interest in preserving the amenity value of land thus appears to cut across income lines. And the more popular land preservation becomes, the more keenly its two central conflicts will be felt.

First, the perpetual planners' dilemma: if you put people together it's inhu-

man, and if you spread them out it's sprawl. Skillful dodging between the horns of this dilemma can make virtually any land use sound bad. Even if a resource is plentiful, it should be used wisely. Given that new homes and factories must be built, and that while it may be geographically possible, it is not economically possible for everyone to live in a rambling restored country house powered by solar energy, compromises between the environment and the cement mixer cannot be avoided.

Second, at some point the right to shape one's own community begins to infringe on the rights of others. Were there no legal limits to zoning power, it's a safe bet that many communities—and not just affluent ones—would quickly pass laws effectively banning outsiders and nearly all development. The main legal restrictions on zoning laws are that they must be constitutional (not intended to discriminate, to impede travel or commerce, and so on) and that they must serve a reasonable public purpose. Clearly there is a public benefit in having factories in one part of town and homes in another part. But what about, say, requiring that homes be surrounded by at least ten acres of open property? This may serve a private benefit (making the homes more pleasant and valuable for their owners) but not necessarily a public one.

It's tempting to think that people who live in beautiful places ought to have the right to keep them exactly the way they are. The trouble is that laws to this effect, though helping to protect the ecology, would also confer a windfall on present property holders while subtracting from overall economic well-being. After all, if a parcel of land is worth more turned into a shopping mall than plowed for corn—as measured by the developer's willingness to pay more for the land—doesn't the price difference roughly reflect its added value to the economy? It's too easy for affluent preservationists, who already have their careers made and incomes secure, to insist that the engines of commerce be shut down for everybody else so that they can sit back and enjoy the view.

Yet it's equally true that there is public benefit in preventing development from occurring in a way that detracts needlessly from the natural heritage. (Even though this is the most individualistic of societies, the clause of eminent domain gives government the final say about land use.) This is what justifies putting

some land beyond the reach of bulldozers, in state and national parks, and may justify some tightening of zoning laws to ensure that development makes sense. Amenity value in land use is a valid public goal. But it should be sought after honestly, not through proxy arguments.

A test of how far zoning can go—both legally and in terms of common sense—is a "comprehensive land management" plan passed by the Oregon legislature in 1973. It essentially confines future urban expansion in Oregon to places where cities already exist. If the land-management plan stands up in court, and turns out not to stifle economic growth or grant an exalted status to the state's present rural property holders—big ifs—this law could serve as a model.

IN RETROSPECT IT seems clear that "vanishing land" became a crisis because a crisis served media and political interests. The press got a shocking story to report—one that made good television, since expanses of rural land are photogenic, and one with broad appeal, since who could be in favor of paving over the heartland? Farmers, who because of their dependence on government are predisposed to cry "Woe is me," got a new item for their list of complaints. Farm-state politicians got something to bluster over, followed by a "solution" to take credit for—the new local laws and the Farmland Protection Policy Act, passed in 1981. (The act is basically for show, having only weak provisions.) Preservationists got an official government study to back their claims, which stays official even if its findings are later questioned. Affluent property holders got another weapon for their legal arsenals. Washington in general got to satisfy its primal urge of the 1970s, which was to declare a crisis.

Washington's primal urge in the 1980s, however, is to declare that everything is fine and should be left alone. "I've heard it said that the world is split into two kinds of people," Boxley told me. "There are the pessimists and the ecologists, who feel you have to frighten people into changing their ways. And there are the optimists and the economists, who say there's no problem. If you look at history, the tendency is to overestimate demand growth and underestimate supply response. So, based on that, you would say that land conversion is no problem. But then, history is full of exceptions."

—Gregg Easterbrook



INDIA DOWRY MURDERS

A bride whose family can't reward the groom may pay with her life

WHEN RENU PURI married Rajesh Bhalla, in 1980, the Bhallas demanded as dowry about \$7,000 (85,000 rupees) worth of jewelry and gold, a \$1,000 stereo system, an \$800 Panasonic television, two gold Omega watches worth more than \$200 apiece, a \$300 silver tea service, electric fans, steam irons, and twenty-one silk saris for the Bhalla women. Renu's father was an airline engineer and her mother a school supervisor, and such lavishness strained their resources. Nevertheless, it was a promising match, Mrs. Krishna Puri recalled when I spoke with her not long ago. She is a stout, emotional woman of perhaps fifty. The decorations that adorned the dim room in which she sat only underscored its emptiness: a wall hanging depicting a pink-faced Santa Claus followed by a tumbling flock of brown children, and, bathing Mrs. Puri in its ruddy glow, a silver plastic idol of Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, lit from within by a red bulb. The young people's horoscopes jibed, she said, and though the marriage had been arranged by the parents, Renu and Rajesh did not reject each other when they were permitted to meet, on one or two occasions

before the wedding. Rajesh was a senior computer engineer, a prestigious match for Renu, who held a B.Sc. in home economics. "She was a modern girl," Mrs. Puri says, with lingering pride. She pushes forward a dog-eared photograph: in it the twenty-year-old Renu poses in designer jeans and sunglasses, wearing an expression of impish innocence on her wheat-colored face, and cradling a teddy bear in her arms.

"Rajesh wanted to go to America to earn more money, but Renu refused to leave India," Mrs. Puri says. "That's how it started. Because she opposed him, he began demanding more dowry from us. He wanted a washing machine, and we gave him that. Then he demanded nine thousand rupees for a shopping trip to Hong Kong. He brought back a color TV and another 'music center,' and demanded that my husband pay the fourteen thousand rupees in customs duty for them. After that he tried to force Renu to make us transfer our property and home into his name, and when she wouldn't he began to beat her. He told her that she had ruined his life because she had kept him from going to America. Finally, he demanded a Toyota car. But how could we afford it? We had already given him everything we could."

In February of 1983 Renu's father received a phone call at his office. Renu, who had been a college beauty queen, lay in the hospital, charred almost beyond recognition. Rajesh had doused her with kerosene and set her on fire. She died about a week later.

Deaths like Renu's have grown steadily more common in recent years; they appear to have become virtually endemic to contemporary Indian society. Although comprehensive statistics do not exist, estimates by social-welfare organizations suggest that since 1979 some 2,000 young wives may have been burned to death in the Delhi area alone. According to one Delhi sociologist, the number of dowry-related deaths in the capital has climbed from 421 in 1980-1981 to 690 in 1983-1984. "I hear of one or two dowry killings every day," says Mrs. Subhadra Butalia, the founder of Karmika, a women's advocacy group in Delhi. Mrs. Suman Krishnakant, a respected Delhi social worker, estimates that between fifty and sixty such killings may take place in the capital each month. Activists in the prosperous provincial capital of Ahmedabad believe that some 300 brides may have been burned to death there over the past three years.

Rajesh Bhalla is currently serving a term of life imprisonment for murder: he is less unusual for the crime he committed than for the fact that he was convicted—or even arrested. Only a small proportion of dowry deaths are clearly recognized as crimes, and fewer still are successfully prosecuted.

DOWRY HAS PERIODICALLY been attacked as a social evil since the nineteenth century, and since 1961 it has technically been illegal. However, the law is so ill drawn and poorly enforced that barely a dozen suits have been filed under its provisions. "The penalties were so mild that it was clear the legislators had no intention of ending the practice," asserts Kirti Singh, a lawyer who specializes in dowry cases. A law passed in 1983 for the first time made dowry harassment a crime. Last autumn, largely in response to increasing agitation against dowry burnings, a more comprehensive anti-dowry law was put on the books. It mandates the investigation of deaths that may have been related to dowry, requires an official registry of wedding gifts, and declares that gift-giving must be commensurate with the donor's financial abilities. The law also imposes a prison sentence of from six months to two years for dowry extortion, and a fine of 5,000 rupees (\$400) or the value of the dowry as well.

In a separate action the Indian Supreme Court last October pronounced the first death sentence on a dowry murderer. The son of a prosperous Delhi grocer and the young man's mother were convicted in the 1980 burning of his nineteen-year-old bride, Sudha Goel. The son was so sure that he would be acquitted, as virtually all other accused dowry murderers have been, that he had taken a second wife—and dowry—in the interim. No doubt influenced by the Goel verdict, a Rajasthan court in November sentenced a Jaipur woman to death for burning her daughter-in-law.

Women's activists hope that such sentences will encourage more endangered women and their victimized parents to lodge suits in response to harassment and extortion. Critics of the new anti-dowry law complain, however, that its scope is inadequate and that enforcement is problematic. "The law's definition of dowry is still vague," Kirti Singh says, "and it fails to include as dowry things that may be extorted from the bride's parents for years after the marriage. The law also requires constant po-

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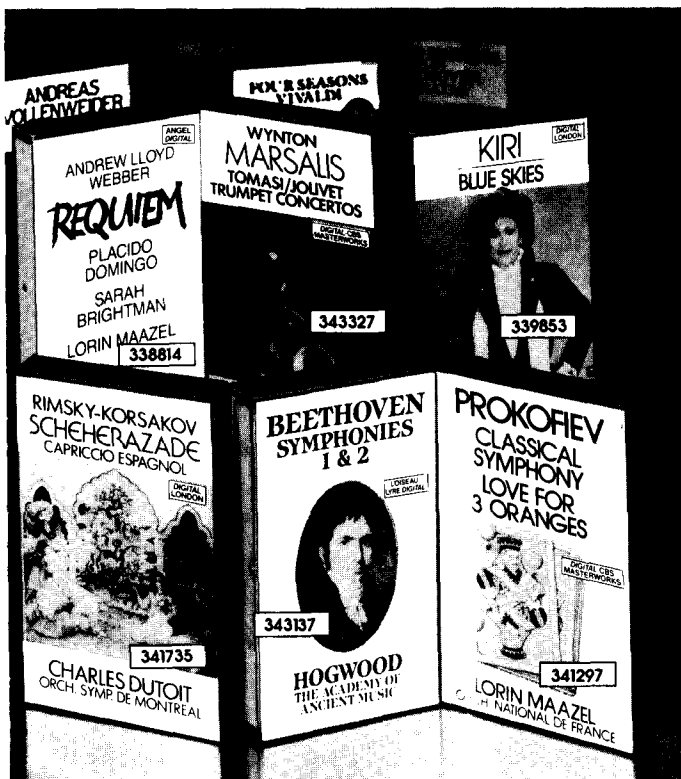
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licing, but it has not set up any enforcement machinery. In addition, it has failed to guarantee the wife's economic independence, and therefore her ability to leave a marriage, by granting her rights to part of her husband's property."

The phenomenon of dowry killing incorporates two overlapping patterns, both apparently on the rise: the deliberate murder of young wives whose parents, like the Puris, refuse to accede to a continuing extortion of "gifts," and the murder of wives by husbands or in-laws who tend to blame more-complex family problems on the supposed inadequacy of a dowry. Grotesque though burning may be, it is the most common mode of dowry murder, and the easiest to conceal. Kerosene is available in every Indian kitchen, and it offers a plausible excuse for an "accident" while a woman is boiling milk or making supper.

Dowry killing is rarely, if ever, the result of poverty or mental unbalance. It is a crime of the relatively affluent, and it takes place at the point of collision between faltering traditional values and the most unbridled sort of twentieth-century consumerism. Its meaning is to be found in the dynamic of modernization, which over the past twenty years has begun to wrench traditional India away from its age-old moorings. Most killings seem to involve a combination of forces: a growing commercialization of marriage, a breakdown in the moral constraints once imposed by caste and village, the increasing acquisitiveness of India's burgeoning middle class, and a disregard for women that is rooted in certain values of conservative Hinduism. Indeed, killers like Rajesh Bhalla, the computer engineer, are usually solid, middle-class citizens, confident of their middle-class values, but willing to murder if that will help them achieve what they perceive to be the essentials of a good middle-class life.

In less than two decades India has become an economic power among Third World nations. It now stands on the brink of a high-tech revolution. Since the early 1970s the Indian economy has expanded at a rate of four percent a year, fueled by the effects of the "green revolution" and the Gulf oil boom, as well as by the slow growth of the country's long-protected industries into a semblance of modern productivity. Cities have doubled and trebled in size, and the superficial images of modernization are everywhere to be seen: auto-rickshaws, which are rapidly replacing horse-drawn ton-

gas; stores stocked with the latest Western-style gadgetry; and a proliferation of opulent five-star hotels, which for the new middle class have become the temples of conspicuous consumption.

Prosperity has brought to the frontiers of development a society of "new men." The post-colonial, tradition-bound middle class of senior civil servants, military officers, and company executives has vastly broadened to include what more than one Indian observer has called a spendthrift, nouveau riche milieu, encompassing middle-level managers, technocrats, and other modern professionals, along with drivers, small merchants, commercial middlemen, small contractors, and the like. These new men—ambitious, materialistic, and half liberated from the constraints of caste—have tended to define themselves less by their origins than by what they aspire to, and they have measured their success largely by what they own. As recently as the 1950s mere familiarity with such imported novelties as electrical machinery, radios, and wristwatches was widely regarded as a mark of social distinction. Today televisions, VCRs, stereos, cameras, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, electric grills, mixers, and blenders are becoming steadily more commonplace, even in working-class Indian homes. Since the late 1970s the annual growth rate in demand for consumer goods has continually ranged between 10 and 20 percent.

"Modernization has increased people's economic expectations," says Renuka Singh, a sociologist at Delhi University. "The value pattern is definitely shifting from 'being' to 'having'—from a society in which your identity was bound up with performing your duties according to the fixed expectations of your caste, to one where the more you own the more important you are. In Delhi the life-style of the foreign upper class has become the social reference point for the Indian middle class."

DOWRY IS PERCEIVED by many as an easy way in which goods and cash can be obtained by those whose employment opportunities have not kept pace with the revolution of rising expectations. "A generation is coming up which finds itself unqualified for anything important, but which, on the basis of its education, thinks it deserves the prerogatives of the upper classes," says Subhadra Butalia, of Karmika, who also teaches English at Delhi University. "Once these boys are

out of college, they discover how unimportant they are. They can't find jobs, and they become desperate. They find families who are equally desperate to marry off their daughters." Dowry has been ubiquitous among the northern Indian upper classes for centuries. Traditionally, it represented a daughter's share of her father's property in lieu of land, which only sons were allowed to inherit. For the modern nouveaux riches it has become a shortcut to importance: strivers buy status by linking themselves to higher-class families, who in turn are willing to "sell" their sons for easy wealth or its symbols. "Marriage has become a socially acceptable way of acquiring cash to invest in business, to build a house, or for anything else that will earn money for the bridegroom and his family," says Gaury Chawdhary, a founder of Saheli, a Delhi-based women's-rights group. For some, a new bride is little more than a device for wheedling or extorting more goods from her parents. Families yield to extortion out of fear for their daughters' safety, or simply out of concern that the failure to do so will stigmatize them with a reputation for stinginess.

"In earlier times gold was the symbol of wealth," Butalia says. "But gold isn't seen by many people. A scooter, however, is seen. A car is seen. A television, a VCR, a fridge, all have become absolute measures of status, success, and respectability, and the bride's father is put under obligation to provide them. Not long ago, in the midst of a wedding at Delhi University, where the groom taught, a member of the groom's family whispered to him that the motorcycle included in the dowry was secondhand, and the ceremony was halted on the spot. The bride's father ran around like a madman. It was like death for them, because if the wedding didn't go through, the daughter's reputation was ruined, and no one would ever marry her. The father wept and begged, but the groom's family was adamant. 'Where can I get another motorcycle in the middle of the night?' the father cried. Finally the groom conceded that he would take the value of the motorcycle in cash. The bride's father then discovered that he had insufficient cash in the house, and the wedding was again thrown into a turmoil, until the groom grudgingly agreed to accept a check instead. The wedding then went on as if nothing had happened. The extraordinary thing was that those people weren't even ashamed of their greed."

"Not so long ago even the rich couldn't give as much in dowry as they might want, because it might have offended against custom," Krishnakant of the Janata Party women's organization, says. "A certain standard of behavior had to be maintained. Now this money madness is seeping down to every level of society. Every day four or five women come to me, worried about demands being made by their husbands and in-laws. Business families demand money, farmers demand agricultural machinery, and the rest demand TVs and refrigerators. Some people, when they don't get as much as they want, are willing to torture and kill for it."

"At first I hesitated to let my daughter marry Rakesh, because I feared his family might want more gifts than we could afford to give," recalls R. P. Dheer, a retired civil servant, whose twenty-one-year-old daughter Vasudha was shot to death in her in-laws' home in January of 1985 under as yet unexplained circumstances. "But they gave me assurances, many assurances, and told me I could spend according to my purse. But as soon as we agreed on the marriage, they started troubling us. First they told us to buy diamond rings instead of mere gold ones. I couldn't afford them, but since I'd promised rings I had to do it. I wanted to hold the wedding in the neighborhood, but they said, 'We have so many important people coming, so it must be in a five-star hotel.' I told them I could only afford one hundred guests, but they showed up with three hundred and twenty-five of their own. Then they insisted on a sofa bed for fifteen thousand rupees, but I could only afford one that cost seven thousand. Whatever was within my means I did, but they were always displeased. Afterward, they demanded a stereo and tape-cassette system, and then they asked for saris for the boy's sisters and aunts and mother, and then for a gas stove. I gave them. Suddenly another demand came from them: they wanted to buy a restaurant for the boy to run, and they asked us to pay fifty percent of the cost—it meant hundreds of thousands of rupees. I had read that there were so many tortures and murders of young women over dowry, and I was afraid of what might happen to Vasudha. I told them I would pay whatever I could, but I knew it was too much for me. But they didn't even wait for the money to come. They probably realized they had gotten all they could from us. A few days later Vasudha was

dead. She had been married just fifty days. There has never been an investigation. Rakesh is hale and hearty. His family has gained by it all—they kept the dowry. Only we are finished. It is our lot. Now they can marry their son to another girl and get another dowry."

MATERIAL GREED is often intertwined with a complex of emotional tensions, which perhaps become all the more virulent when they occur in a society little given to psychological introspection. Indian conjugal relationships are typically much less close than those between mothers and sons: frequently the mother-in-law instigates the dowry killing, using the young husband as her agent.

"The daughter-in-law is always considered an outsider who has to struggle to become an insider," Renuka Singh, the sociologist, says. "Sometimes she never succeeds. The mother-in-law typically feels that her son is being snatched away from her, and the supposed inadequacy of the dowry becomes an excuse for the mother-in-law's sense of loss, resentment, and bitterness. Indians are not brought up to analyze such things. Instead, they become preoccupied with the TV or the scooter that wasn't given."

Hindu tradition trains women to seek fulfillment in self-denial. One middle-aged woman whose daughter was recently burned to death recalls that when she herself married she dreamed that she would make the "ideal daughter-in-law" who "would never give my husband's parents a reason to criticize me, and never answer back if they did." Brides are told to emulate the mythic Sita, whose devotion to her husband, Rama, was so deep that she abandoned comfort and wealth to accompany him in his wilderness exile. "Indian women have never been seen as human beings in their own right," observes Praveen Grewal, an activist in the Saheli self-help group. "Most women still believe that they have no needs of their own, and no identity outside marriage." A woman is said to be "born again" into her "true self" through marriage, and only then to become eligible to enter heaven.

In a society where the vast majority of marriages are still arranged by parents, with little regard for the feelings of the young people involved, few women expect their husbands to offer love and affection. "My daughter Vasudha was one

hundred percent an Indian lady—she took her husband as God," Dheer recalls. A wife is the protector of her husband's family honor and the traditional bearer of the family's suffering and guilt: according to ancient belief, her capacity to absorb the negative forces of the cosmic and social worlds makes possible the regeneration of man. To complain of unhappiness or ill treatment to her own parents, let alone to strangers, is an act of betrayal and cultural rebellion beyond the capacity of most abused wives. "Countless girls who are victims of abuse and in danger of being murdered run to their parents for safety but are sent right back to the husband's home," Grewal says. "Often the parents will say, 'It's not for a daughter-in-law to complain—if there's a problem, it must be your fault.'"

Divorce is still anathema in all but the most Westernized families. A woman who contemplates abandoning her husband's home knows that she would stigmatize her entire family as having "uncooperative" daughters. She knows that she would become an economic liability to her parents, whether she lived at home or was married off again with another dowry. She also knows, in most instances, that she has no way of supporting herself on her own. Even women who survive burning attempts rarely condemn those who tried to kill them. "To the last moment women can't believe that they will die," Grewal says. "They're afraid of what will happen if they survive, so they refuse to implicate the husband."

Renu Puri, for example, signed the following statement from her hospital bed on the morning after her burning:

Last night at about 11:30 p.m. I went to the kitchen of our house to prepare milk for my child. In order to burn the gas, I lifted a match box. At that time a kerosene bottle, which was lying alongside the gas, fell down on me and all of a sudden my clothes caught fire. I raised hue and cry. At this, my husband who was present in the bedroom came running and extinguished the fire and thereafter he took me in his car to the hospital. This incident had taken place naturally and accidentally due to the falling of the kerosene oil suddenly on me due to which I caught fire. No one is to blame for this.

Four days later Renu looked at herself in a mirror for the first time. Her doctor reported this conversation to the hospital authorities:

Q: How did you get this burn?

A: Because of abortion on 1 February I was bedridden. As [my husband] compelled me to cook food around 10:30 p.m. on Sunday, while cooking, he sprinkled kerosene from kerosene bottle over me. Then he lighted a candle from gas and burnt me. Then my clothes caught fire. Then he took me to bedroom and wrapped me in a quilt and brought me to hospital around 12 midnight.

Q: Why did you give that [previous] statement?

A: I gave false statement because we wanted to live together.

Q: Why do you want to tell the truth now?

A: I think my chances of survival are practically nil.

Q: Do you want to say anything more?

A: Doctor, please tell me, will I survive or not?

Renu died from her burns soon afterward. Rajesh was ultimately convicted on the basis of her deathbed declaration. However, such evidence is rarely available in dowry-killing cases.

The crimes are almost invariably committed in the seclusion of the home and without witnesses. The law's reliance on the discretion of poorly paid policemen to decide whether a death was a crime or an accident is an invitation to bribery. Dheer is convinced that his well-connected in-laws paid the police to declare his daughter's death a suicide in order to forestall a full investigation: "When I first saw her corpse, the police were taking tea and snacks with my in-laws," he remembers, "and when my son-in-law told one of the officers that his fingerprints might be on the gun, I heard the policeman reply, 'Don't worry about it.'" Even honest policemen often fail to photograph the scene of death, to seal the room, or to collect the available evidence. Husbands have the right to waive a postmortem, and by the time a victim's parents have overcome their grief sufficiently to grasp what may have happened, the body may already have been cremated, according to Hindu custom. "We wanted our daughter's body turned over to us for an independent postmortem," says Dheer. "But even while we were sitting in the lieutenant governor's office begging to have the body sent to Delhi Medical College, my in-laws were rushing it to the cremation ground. When we found out what had happened, we raced there to stop them, but when we arrived, we found her already on the pyre." Few victims survive

long enough to provide dying declarations, and those who do are often compromised by the presence of the husband or in-laws, or their statements are altered by corrupt policemen.

"More often than not, the dying declaration has been manipulated," says H. V. Baxi, a retired judge who serves as legal adviser to Jyoti Sangh, a women's-aid organization in Ahmedabad. "The court may order the police to make a fuller report, but that report will be produced by the same individuals who manipulated the investigation in the first place. The report they turn in will be equally false. Until you have an honest system of criminal investigation, there is little that any citizen can do."

Victims' families, moreover, are sometimes deterred from prosecuting cases by a basic distrust of the courts, by the cost of lawsuits, and even by the deep-seated belief that the husband, no matter what he might have done, may very well have been within his rights. "I have been counseling a nineteen-year-old woman whose husband took a second wife over her objections, and who beat her when she complained," says Krishnakant. "When she went to the police, the duty officer told her, 'It's a husband's right to beat his wife—if he kills you, we'll take action.'" Indeed, the general public's response to dowry crime is often ambivalent.

"My husband and I were having lunch in our home one day several years ago," Butalia, the founder of Karmika, says. "The window was open, and in the house across the street we could see a man beating his wife. I went out onto our balcony and saw that the neighbors had gathered in the street to watch. After a while I went back inside. A moment later I heard a scream. I went out onto the balcony again, and there in front of me was the woman, burning in the window. She tried to wrap herself in the curtains, but they went up in flames. I ran into the street, but none of the neighbors seemed disturbed. People were saying it was 'just a domestic issue' or that the woman must have had a 'loose moral character.' The woman died soon afterward in the hospital. The husband was never charged. I realized then that almost every day the papers were reporting the death of a woman by burning, and that no one was doing anything."

Police officials deny that corruption is widespread, and they assert that the extent of dowry murder has been exagger-

ated. "Police corruption is generally a problem, but it is very rare in dowry cases," says Kanwaljit Deol, the female deputy commissioner who heads the Delhi Police Department's anti-dowry unit, which was set up in 1982. "The great majority of these deaths are in fact suicides, and where they occur the girl's parents are also largely to blame. Always in these cases you find that the girl had been complaining to them of ill-treatment. But they tell her to stay in her husband's home no matter what. When they claim that the police took a bribe, what they are really doing is covering over their own responsibility." In 1984 the unit investigated thirty-five deaths. Deol believes that no more than eight of these were murders.

AT LEAST SOME DOWRY-related burnings undoubtedly are suicides. Suicide has traditionally been considered an honorable way of death, and, indeed, sometimes a mandatory one—for example, for victims of rape. As agonizing as death by burning must be, it carries a connotation of symbolic purification, in the Hindu mind. Even Sita, the ideal wife of myth, threw herself onto a burning pyre when her husband impugned her virtue. Until the British banned the practice, a century ago, many upper-class Hindu women burned themselves ritually at their husbands' death, as an act of devotion and spiritual transcendence.

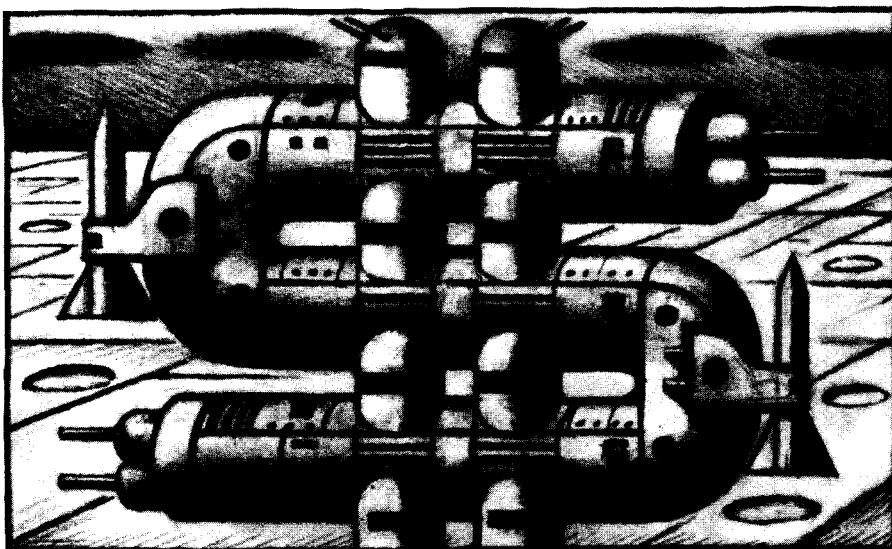
"Young Indian women today are under tremendous stress," Renuka Singh says. "On one level they want the same freedom as men, and on the other they want to retain the traditional security of the family. The tension between these two impulses creates a lot of fragile personalities who are unable to endure the aggression of in-laws. Women who commit suicide are turning their anger against themselves. At the same time, they may feel that death by burning will liberate the spirit and bring them into a kind of communion with the universal."

Women's activists have long insisted that the effective suppression of dowry is the most urgent step in ending dowry-related crime. Both the custom of dowry and the incidence of dowry killing appear to be spreading, however, as less affluent communities seek to imitate the values and behavior of the glamorous middle class. "The dowry phenomenon is in a process of cultural 'Sanskritization'—the process by which lower classes attempt to raise their status by

copying the behavior of the upper classes," Singh says. Until recently dowry was largely confined to the Hindu elite. According to a 1983 survey of Hindu, Moslem, and Christian families in the south Indian city of Bangalore, however, roughly three quarters of families demanded it, and roughly two thirds said that they had gone into debt to provide it. Another study, in a "scheduled-caste" (formerly "untouchable") community, revealed that boys' families had begun to demand dowries in proportion to the increasing educational and job opportunities the boys had obtained as a result of affirmative-action programs. Yet another study, by an economist at Punjab University, in the north, linked an increase in the practice of dowry among Sikhs to "the deep entry of money relations into the social life of the rural Punjab and the rise in conspicuous consumption among the rural rich and its demonstration effect on the not-so-rich."

Many women are convinced that even the abolition of dowry will be meaningless unless it is tied to drastic reform of all laws relating to the status of women and until women are guaranteed economic independence and equal employment. Indeed, it may be that no changes in the law, and no degree of police enforcement, will be sufficient to halt the spread of either dowry murder or less shocking forms of harassment unless a major shift in social values takes place. As many activists see it, Indians must become willing to examine the cruelty inherent in long-unquestioned traditions. "This sort of murder by burning is an act so horrible that it coalesces all that is wrong with women's plight in India," Butalia says. As more Indians join the new middle class, more families enter the confusing borderland between the feudal and the modern. Although young middle-class couples may adorn their homes with color TVs and VCRs, they are still thrown together as strangers and the women are told to accommodate their emotions to the often brutalizing seclusion of the traditional home. Some critical Indians believe that only economic reform can offer a solution to women. Others promote the Western-style "love match" as an alternative to the traditionally arranged marriage. In any case, most agree that if dowry crime is to be halted, the whole system of relations within the Indian family must be re-examined. □

—Fergus M. Bordewich



DEFENSE THE SPEND-UP

*During the Reagan "buildup"
our military arsenal has become more
expensive but not larger*

THE BIGGEST SURPRISE about America's defense boom was how long it lasted. Between the end of the Second World War and the inauguration of Ronald Reagan, military spending had never gone up for more than three years in a row—despite the Korean War, despite Vietnam. But in the last two years of the Carter Administration and the first four years under Reagan, military spending rose by an average of eight percent a year, after allowing for inflation. In the late Carter years we were spending roughly \$200 billion a year (in 1986 dollars) on the military; now we're spending almost \$300 billion. (All dollar comparisons in this article are in constant dollars, to remove the effects of inflation.) By 1983 the annual defense budget had grown larger than it had been in 1968, the peak spending year for Vietnam. By last year it had passed the peak for the Korean War. From 1982 through 1985 the United States spent more money on the military than it had during any four years of the Vietnam or the Korean War. It even spent more to *operate* the forces, now much smaller, than it had from 1951 to 1954, or 1967 to 1970.

During those earlier periods, of course, the money was going into field hospitals, combat pay, jet fuel, R&R, bombs and bullets, convoys, translators,

mortars, grenades, prostheses, induction centers, and all the other raw materials of war. During the past four years larger amounts of money have gone into . . . what?

Few people contend that America's forces are, across the board, weaker or less ready than they were five years ago, when the Reagan Administration began its crash attempt to redress the "decade of neglect" in military spending. But after years of the largest military budgets in our peacetime history, it is hard to find an objective measure by which American forces have significantly improved. During a congressional hearing this spring one witness, a defense consultant named Pierre Sprey, refused to talk about the military "buildup." It should be called a "spend-up," he said, because virtually no buildup had occurred. The gap between the spend-up and a real buildup reflects the gamble on which modern military policy is based. Since the end of the Second World War the United States has moved steadily toward smaller, more expensive armed forces, based on more-complex weapons that in principle can make up for numerical superiority on the other side. In the past five years that movement has become a stampede.

There is one significant exception to the rule that much has gone into the Pentagon but little has come out. By every standard the people who have joined the armed forces are more qualified and better motivated, and they are slightly more numerous, than recruits were only a few years ago. In 1980 barely half of the Army's recruits had finished high school, and half belonged to the lowest intelligence group, Category IV. But in the past few years the military has had

more applicants than places, and it has been able to turn away nearly everyone who lacks a high school diploma. When I toured military bases in the late 1970s, officers would sigh and fret as they talked about the poor-man's Army, made up of well-meaning rejects, that they had been asked to lead. Now manpower is their greatest source of pride—although as the civilian economy has rebounded, the military has had trouble holding onto those in high-skill specialties, notably pilots. Both the active-duty force and the reserves have grown slightly in the past five years (active duty from about two million to more than 2.1 million, reserves from about 800,000 to about one million). People can still argue about restoring the draft, but now the arguments are about principles: How should a democracy allot the burden of military service? Is it just and fair to leave the risk of dying to volunteers? The debates are no longer driven by concerns about the quality of the people who have volunteered.

But manpower, though historically the most important factor in military excellence, is not the only one—and certainly is not the principal force behind our increased spending. Pay has gone up (mostly through across-the-board raises, rather than bonuses to those with the scarcest skills) but not stupendously, and certainly not by as much as the quality of the force. From 1980 to 1985 personnel costs rose by less than 20 percent, and as a share of overall defense spending, pay and benefits fell. The improvement in the force, hard to quantify but more like 200 percent than 20, has been due partly to the severe recession of 1982, partly to a sense that the military is “de-civilianizing” itself and restoring its standards and self-esteem, and partly to the general resurgence of nationalistic pride.

The big increases in military spending were for hardware, not people. The military's “investment” accounts—for developing new weapons and procuring those ready to be bought—rose by 96 percent between 1980 and 1985. So where is the new equipment?

SEVERAL OUTSIDE STUDIES, which started to appear last fall, have shown that while America's military arsenal has been getting more expensive, it has not been getting larger or, on average, newer. For example, last October, Rudolph Penner, the director of the Congressional Budget Office, testified

to the House Armed Services Committee about the input-output gap. During the four years of the Reagan buildup, he said, the United States had spent 150 percent more for tanks and armored vehicles than it had under Jimmy Carter, but had increased its purchases of tanks by only 30 percent. He said, “The number of missiles purchased increased only six percent despite a real increase of ninety percent in budget authority for this category. Aircraft purchases went up less than nine percent versus seventy-five percent growth in aircraft appropriations. Indeed, purchases of fixed-wing combat aircraft were lower [from 1982 through 1985] than they were [from 1977 through 1980.]”

Another congressional study, released by Republican Senators Charles Grassley and Nancy Kassebaum and Representatives Denny Smith and Tom Tauke, described a similar pattern. The Reagan Administration bought 23 percent more ships in its first four years than the Carter Administration did, but it spent 48 percent more to buy them. Under Reagan the Army has bought 40 percent more helicopters—but paid over 150 percent more for them. Spending for Air Force and Navy airplanes rose by 75 percent, but the number of planes purchased *fell* by 12 percent.

Meanwhile, according to John Collins, of the Congressional Research Service, the Soviet Union was building more of practically everything faster, despite our “buildup.” The United States had 16 percent more helicopter gunships in 1983 than in 1980; the Soviet Union had 64 percent more. The size of our fleet of surface ships increased by one percent during that period; theirs by five percent. Their anti-submarine aircraft fleet increased by 14 percent; ours decreased by six percent. The only important exception was attack submarines: ours increased by 20 percent while theirs fell by one percent.

Obviously, such numerical comparisons have their limits. For one thing, it takes a long time to build a ship, or even an airplane, so the full benefit of the buildup might not be obvious until later—the “outyears,” as defense planners like to say. But as it turns out, many components of the American force are shrinking now and will keep on shrinking and aging even when the equipment we have paid for goes into service. One measure of how much new equipment we are getting, and of approximately how usable the equipment may be, is

the machinery's average age. If we were matching past purchases, adding new planes and ships at the rate the old ones were moving into mothballs, the average age would remain constant. After a big buildup it would presumably decline, because of all the fresh new equipment on hand. Yet the average American ship, plane, or tank was older in 1985 than it was in 1980, but not so old as it will be in 1990. And, although they are getting older, the forces are not projected to get any larger than they are today.

The one exception is the Navy. Its Secretary, John Lehman, has staked his reputation and considerable ambition on rebuilding a 600-ship Navy, and, in fact, the fleet should reach that level by the end of the decade. However, making the fleet larger will require not just building new ships but holding onto old ones longer. The average age of nuclear-powered attack submarines was 11.1 years in 1980, 13.5 years in 1985. In 1990, if the rebuilding plan is carried out, it will be 15.7 years. The average frigate was 9.7 years old in 1980 and will be 15.1 years old in 1990. The average aircraft carrier will move from 19.7 years old to 25.2—and all this after a buildup that has disproportionately emphasized Navy construction. The same pattern holds for airplanes, helicopters, and tanks. In 1976 the average Air Force fighter or attack plane was about nine years old; in 1988 it will be about eleven years old. The average strategic plane was fifteen years old in 1976 and will be twenty-four in 1988, after the B-1 joins the fleet. Today's equipment is often more durable than yesterday's, and may often be modified to serve well at an advanced age. (B-52s may be flying fifty years after they were originally designed.) Still, an aging force is an odd legacy of six years of intense spending—particularly after all those picturesque, pro-spending speeches by Ronald Reagan and Caspar Weinberger, who complained bitterly that American troops had to rely on equipment (especially B-52s) often older than the soldiers were.

One other indication of the gap between spend-up and buildup may be found in readiness and sustainability indices. Five years ago, when you got tired of worrying about military manpower problems, you could worry about readiness. Spending had been squeezed during the Ford and early Carter Administrations; weapons procurement, with its long-term contracts, couldn't be pared

back quickly, so operating funds took the brunt of the cuts.

To judge simply by budget totals, the spend-up should long ago have solved the readiness problems. One major category of readiness funding rose by more than 80 percent from 1980 to 1984 (this is "centrally managed material readiness," including spare parts and maintenance in repair depots). Overall, funds for operations and maintenance rose by more than a third. Yet readiness rates have remained virtually flat.

In 1982 the Army averaged 161.7 training days per battalion per year. In 1984 it averaged 161.9. In 1980, after the "decade of neglect," the Marines averaged 24.2 flying hours per crew per month. In 1984 they averaged 23.7. (For Army flyers the average was 18.8 hours in 1980 and 16.4 in 1984.) Air Force pilots had increased their flying time to twenty hours a month by 1984, slightly under the target set by the Carter Administration. In other areas there were modest improvements: the Navy's steaming days per ship per quarter was 32.4 in 1980 and 34.9 in 1984. The average "mission capable" rate for Army, Air Force, and Marine equipment was 79 percent in 1980 and 81 percent in 1984. The "C-rating"—a measure of units in the top two readiness categories—was 74 percent in 1980 and 75 percent in 1984. None of these figures is a perfect guide to true readiness. Still, the most the Pentagon can claim is that mission-capable rates are "steady or slightly increasing," after years of re-arming America.

HOW COULD WE have put so much money into the Pentagon and achieved so few visible results? One partial explanation, which began to attract political attention early this year, is the "inflation dividend" the military has received since 1981.

Ever since Jimmy Carter began the defense spend-up in earnest, the political arguments have all concerned how much to increase the budget—after allowing for inflation, of course. Until recently no one paid much attention to just how large the inflation allowance should be. But late last year evidence began to turn up indicating that inflation allowances had inadvertently added as much as \$40 billion—after compensating for inflation—to the Pentagon's budget, for no return at all in weaponry or readiness.

For most types of government spending—Social Security payments, say—

inflation adjustments are made after the fact. For the Pentagon, however, the inflation adjustments are prospective. First, the Administration decides how much real growth it would like to see in the next year's defense budget, compared with this year's budget. Next, it estimates the inflation rate for the coming year and increases the budget goal accordingly. The resulting "nominal budget growth," or combination of real growth and expected inflation, becomes the basis for the next year's budget request.

During the late 1970s, when the prime rate soared toward 20 percent and inflation seemed chronically beyond control, the before-the-fact estimates often turned out to be too low. When they were, Pentagon officials went back to Congress for supplemental appropriations, to make up the difference. For the most part, Congress approved the requests. But during the 1980s exactly the opposite has happened. The estimates turned out to be too generous, but this time there was no after-the-fact rectification. The Pentagon did not offer to give the windfall profits back.

The estimates proved to be high not merely because inflation fell so fast but also because of a quirk in the indexing formula. Since fiscal year 1983 the Pentagon has "protected" part of its budget against inflation by means of a 30 percent "kicker." If the expected inflation rate for defense-commodity purchases was five percent, the rate allowed for major weapons purchases would be 30 percent higher, or 6.5 percent. The 30 percent kicker, based on the assumption of fast-rising defense prices, was one of the "Carlucci initiatives" for better management of the Pentagon, developed by the Deputy Secretary of Defense, Frank Carlucci, and promulgated by Secretary Caspar Weinberger early in his term.

As a management incentive, the 30 percent kicker has its drawbacks, since it indicates to companies and military planners that continual cost growth is the norm. In addition, technicalities in the indexing system are such that when a weapon's cost rises, the increase can easily be defined as inflation, and therefore not anyone's fault, rather than as the result of mismanagement, waste, cost overrun, gold-plating, or other culpable behavior. Nonetheless, the Pentagon's overall costs have not risen as fast as expected, leaving the military with more "protection" than Congress, or even the White House, intended it to have.

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At the request of Senators David Pryor, Charles Grassley, and Thomas Eagleton, the General Accounting Office attempted to calculate the size of this inflation dividend. In a report wryly titled "Potential for Excess Funds in DOD," released in March, it estimated that the surplus inflation payments from 1982 to 1986 amounted to the almost unbelievable sum of \$39.5 billion, not counting overestimates in the price of fuel. Through the miracle of compound interest each past year's inflation windfall becomes part of the budget baseline and in the next year is itself "protected" against inflation. If the GAO's calculations are correct, the overestimate of inflation—not the price of the weapons themselves, and not even the inflation in weapons costs, but simply the inflation bonus—comes to about \$165 per person in the United States.

Even more remarkable, and at first even harder to believe, the GAO contended that no one could really tell what had happened to the money. In the past few years the Pentagon's "unobligated balances"—sums previously appropriated but not yet committed—have mysteriously increased, from \$28 billion in 1981 to \$63 billion now. Some of this was to be expected—when a big weapons system is approved by Congress, the money goes into unobligated balances until the Pentagon lets the contracts. But the increase is more than can be explained that way. Perhaps the difference is what became of the inflation dividend, the GAO said. At the moment, it is impossible to say for certain, because the Pentagon's auditing system is not designed to reveal clear connections between money approved through the budget and money spent. Some of the money may have been absorbed in various kinds of cost growth; some may be sitting idle, waiting to be "protected" against future inflation; some is eligible for "reprogramming" to other purposes by Congress. What is clear is that the military has received \$40 billion that no one intended it to have.

Beyond the inflation dividend, and in seeming contradiction to it, is a more basic explanation for the spend-up—build-up gap: everything costs more than it used to, so those budget dollars don't go so far. (The higher prices have nothing to do with general inflationary pressures, which the index and "kicker" were meant to offset.)

The average military airplane of the late 1970s cost about \$20 million. Its

counterpart today costs over \$27 million. (And that's not counting two of today's biggest-ticket items, the B-1 bomber and the C-5 transport.) Tactical missiles cost roughly \$40,000 apiece in the late 1970s and cost \$80,000 now. Helicopters have gone from about \$5 million apiece to about \$8 million.

Some of these increases occur when the military shifts from an older, less expensive system to a more costly replacement. But the costs go up even when the purchase list does not change. Last fall Representative Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, reported on the fifteen major weapons whose costs could be tracked from 1977 to 1985. (That is, weapons that had been started before 1977 and were still in production in 1985.) When paving the way for new purchases, military planners always forecast an upward "learning curve," which will drive down the price of weapons as more of them are made. But Aspin's report suggested that if there is a learning curve, it has a downward slope.

Only two of the fifteen weapons got cheaper over the years—the Sidewinder missile and the Harpoon missile. In all the other cases the price went up. A Phoenix missile cost 80 percent more in the mid-1980s than it had in the late 1970s. An F-15 fighter plane cost about 50 percent more, a TOW or Sparrow missile about 40 percent more. Even during the spend-up the defense budget could not keep up with soaring unit costs, so of course the number of weapons purchased went down. Has there ever been a commercial manufacturing industry in which production went up—and unit price went up too? How many computers would have been sold if memory chips still cost \$300 apiece, instead of \$5?

BUT TO SAY that the weapons cost more is only to raise another question. What drives their prices?

Perhaps the answer is simply increased profit. Without question, military contracting became much more profitable after 1981 than it had been for many years before. For American manufacturers as a whole, the early 1980s were a time of sorrow, caused mainly by export problems (which in turn were caused mainly by the overvalued dollar, which was mainly because of a high rate of government spending and borrowing, which leads us back to the spend-up). But during this gloomy era the defense

business was remarkably good. To determine just how good, the Navy Department commissioned an audit of profits among twenty-two major defense contractors. According to the report, which was released last summer, companies that undertook both government contracts and commercial work found it far more lucrative to sell to the government. In 1984 sales to the government (mainly the Defense Department) represented 42 percent of Boeing's business but accounted for 94 percent of its profits. For Lockheed the government represented 85 percent of sales and 95 percent of profits. For McDonnell-Douglas the government was 69 percent of sales and 98 percent of profits. Raytheon made less than half its sales to the government but made 79 percent of its profits through those sales.

Perhaps profits rose because of contracts that perversely reward companies for jacking costs up, not holding them down. Perhaps prices and profits rose because the government tried to buy so much so quickly, creating bottlenecks. Perhaps the sky's-the-limit atmosphere of defense spending in the early 1980s tempted some contractors to grab for all they could get. Perhaps the government wanted to ensure that the companies making up the "defense/industrial base" remained solvent and financially strong. Whatever the combination of reasons, the result was clear: American manufacturers could make more money producing weapons than doing practically anything else, such as competing with the Japanese.

It was not always this way. In the late 1970s government business was less profitable for these companies than commercial sales. In those days the companies' typical "return on sales"—operating profit divided by sales—was ten percent for private business and eight or nine percent for government contracts. In 1981 the positions reversed. Ever since then government business has been more profitable (nine percent return on sales), and commercial sales less (seven or eight). By 1984 the major defense contractors earned an 11 percent return on assets in their commercial sales. For government contracts their return on assets was 26.7 percent. The FMC corporation, which manufactures the controversial Bradley Fighting Vehicle, received a 54 percent return on assets on government business in 1984.

The life history of the one weapon Caspar Weinberger has canceled after it

went into production, the anti-aircraft gun called Sergeant York or DIVAD, helps explain where six years of heavy military spending have led. DIVAD earned a profit for its manufacturer, Ford Aerospace—under the cancellation agreement the government will pay for 146 DIVADs, although Ford delivered only sixty-five. But corporate profitability was of course not the explicit reason that DIVAD was built. As Gregg Easterbrook first explained in these pages, DIVAD was an attempt to automate a function that human beings had previously performed: aiming anti-aircraft guns at planes as they maneuvered and dodged. DIVAD was costlier than previous systems, it was more delicate and temperamental—and it could not do the job. Radar and computers could not predict a pilot's next maneuver, and they could not even guess as well as human gunners could. Last December a Nicaraguan contra shot down a Soviet Mi-8—exactly the kind of super-helicopter DIVAD was designed to confront—with an SA-7 missile that probably cost around \$10,000 to manufacture. The one American F-111 that went down during the raid on Libya was hit by gunfire, not some advanced radar-guided system. DIVAD represented “modernization” for its own sake, divorced from the realities of war.

Modernization—an emphasis on more expensive, delicate, and theoretically capable weapons—is the theme of the spend-up years, and it explains why our forces have not grown larger and are, on average, getting older. For more than a generation the American arsenal has evolved toward smaller numbers of more costly and delicate pieces of equipment, each of which is in principle able to do far more than the preceding version. The stated reason for this progression is not simply America's technological superiority but also the Soviet Union's numerical edge. Because they have more tanks and planes, we build fewer but more complex tanks and planes—and then we're more outnumbered than before. When American military spending intensified, starting in the late Carter years, the Pentagon decided not to deviate from this pattern but to intensify it, at full speed. Our military planners have staked their future, and ours, on a smaller, more fragile, but only partly modernized force.

This kind of modernization is driven by the habits of a peacetime military, in which weapons can be judged on their

theoretical potential, rather than on how they stand up to dirty, dusty wartime conditions when used by confused troops. But it also reflects a deliberate policy choice, based on America's comparative advantage over the Soviet Union, and on the historic importance of technology in war. In one sense modernization is the only thing that matters in combat. Cavalry does not count for much these days, no matter how numerous the horses. Nuclear propulsion allows missile submarines to remain submerged and undetected for months. The newest versions of the Sidewinder missile are more effective than the old ones; advances in engine technology and control systems make newer fighters like the F-16 more maneuverable than their predecessors.

But often, as in the case of DIVAD, modernization is confused with complexity and indiscriminate automation, which may or may not make battlefield sense. The incentives of the procurement system tempt soldiers to stop thinking about the uncertainties of combat and to concentrate on getting budgets approved. In its push for more modern systems—even though they are more expensive and can't be bought in large numbers—the Reagan Administration is betting that all of them represent the right kind of modernization. Aegis cruisers, with elaborate radar and missile systems that can theoretically deter any airborne attack, will be purchased at some \$1 billion apiece—even though the system has never been subjected to realistic, sea-skimming saturation-attack tests. (Nearly all of its tests have been against single attackers.) The F-15 has been America's high-cost, first-line, modern fighter plane. Its high maximum speed and extensive electronic systems account for much of its \$20-million-plus unit cost, but the Air Force has said they are necessary if the plane is to prevail in aerial combat. Now some F-15s are being built in a \$40 million “Strike Eagle” bomber version, which is so laden with electronic gear and external fuel tanks that it is no longer useful as a fighter, the purpose for which the F-15 was originally designed. The Air Force will buy Lockheed's C-5B transport planes, at \$270 million apiece, rather than much cheaper altered versions of the Boeing 747. The Army will forge ahead with the modernized Bradley Fighting Vehicle, a “tank supplement,” or personnel carrier, that costs as much as a tank. The vehicle it is replacing, the

M-113, costs about \$130,000 (that's right—thousands, not millions), or less than one tenth as much as the Bradley.

By placing our chips on a complex, costly force, the Administration is finally gambling with our survival, if the machines don't work when called on. But this gamble creates problems even in time of peace. More than five years ago a Pentagon analyst named Franklin Spinney said that complex, modernized weaponry had forced the military into a self-aggravating cycle of shrinking forces and decaying readiness. Generation after generation of complex machinery had cost more than predicted and turned out to be unexpectedly hard to maintain. Because costs kept rising, the machinery was bought in smaller quantities and therefore became more expensive still. As costs still kept rising, last-minute cutbacks always had to be made, and they typically came out of the readiness accounts. The result was a shrinking force with chronic readiness problems.

Spinney's findings were derided as “merely historical in nature” by the Reagan Administration, but his predictions about cost growth and readiness cutbacks have been borne out. Weinberger's latest “posture statement,” or *apologia pro vita sua*, is full of laments about “unexpected” budget constraints and “unforeseen” pressure to reduce operating funds. The place to make the cuts, the statement suggests, is in the readiness accounts. After six years of big budgets, readiness never really rose and is about to ratchet down. The Congressional Budget Office recently pointed out that the military is already falling behind in its “war reserve stocks of secondary items,” the material that would keep tanks, airplanes, and soldiers going if we went to war. Since 1980 these war reserves have increased by 106 percent—but the “objectives,” or requirements, have increased by 118 percent. “These increases in objectives do not result from changing assumptions regarding the scope or length of a future war,” the CBO report said. “Rather . . . [the] increases stem from the advent of new weapons that require much more expensive spare parts. . . . Indeed, this may be one of the less visible ways in which more complex weapons add to DoD costs.”

The gamble will pay off if the forces never have to be used. Our main hope is that the Russian military thinks like ours, and is impressed by the spend-up.

—James Fallows

SITTING ON A SEESAW

(Bringing the Month's Rejected American Poetry into Focus)

BY O. V. WIENER

IF ONE WERE constrained, under the conditions of this sort of journalism, to sketch hastily the central purport and character of the disregarded American poetry of the past few weeks, one might well postulate a sort of teeter-totter.

On the one hand—or seat, that is—there weighs the stern concentration on, almost the heady obsession with, the lack of any purport and character at all in the world about and within these poets. As Owen Frisian concludes in some of the most resonant of the recent overlooked poetry:

I don't understand what principle is
at work here
I don't understand what principle
I don't understand

And on the other seat, not quite strong enough to cancel or even to balance permanently this first tendency, there is the pressure of a perhaps all too ready, even factitious, arrogation, often however in a very tiny way, of an ordering grip on life—a tendency also reflected by Frisian, in a second poem.

I've had a pit in my mouth since
April—
A material pit, that I
Divested of an olive,
And that would make a tree. It's
mine.

Frisian, in his *Mud and Other Poems* (turned down by Knopf), tends in this way to swing back and forth from poem to poem, and therefore (a pity, since he is refreshingly in command of his

O. V. Wiener's latest poetry collection, *Only Break, is in the mail*.

means for one so young) to cancel himself out.

A poet who does not cancel herself out, at least not in this way—who adheres stoutly to the affirmation seat—is Lydia P. Messenger, whose *Lines for Then and Now* has just been sent back to her, at special fourth-class rate, by Random House. The author of "To a Youthful Friend" ("The Library lions don't really care?/ Oh, come, I think they do") and "Take Heart, Executives, Blood of the City" ("Now hop a subway pulse to the heart of town/ And spurt to work") is at bottom, one feels, and primarily, a pleasant-minded woman, who does not yield to the temptations of strident feminist trumpeting—as have so many recent poetesses manqué not considered here (because they have all yielded to the temptations of publishing themselves or each other). But Messenger doesn't stand up to scrutiny, after all.

The recently ignored poet with perhaps the most total commitment to the other—the denial—end of the board is Trini Uhl, whose unprintably titled slim volume (last seen by Menemene Press), which brings together his entire output of nearly forty years, goes on mostly in this vein:

Oh
Oh
Who can even
Know for sure
His soul's rotten
Oh.

In his only other mood Uhl assails everyone whom even he might be expected to value.

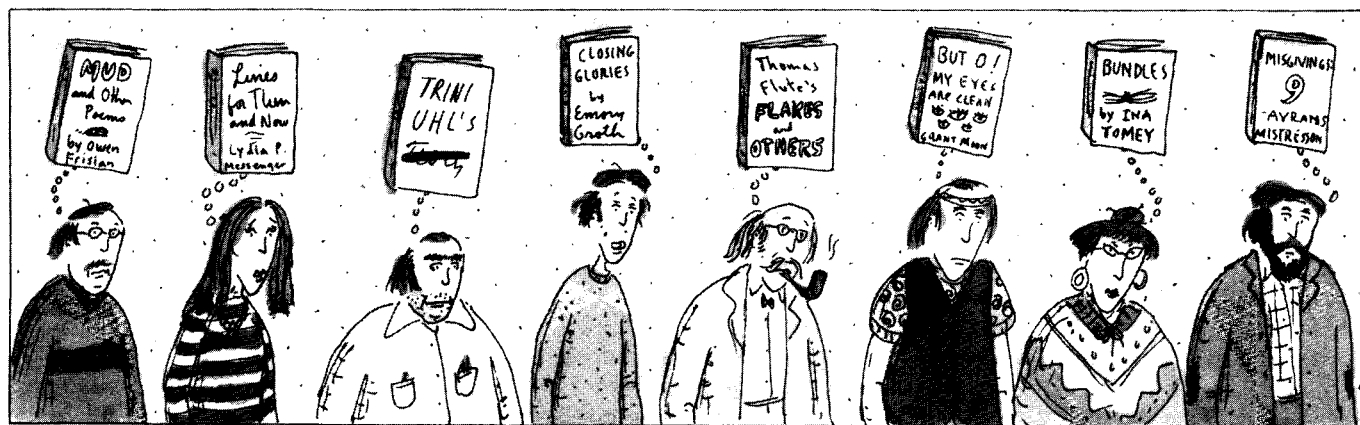
Camus sold out . . . to the Leading
Family Spray Come on Down Sartre!
Au Go-Go Come
On Down Sartre! Au Go-Go Come
on. . . .

There is something almost appealing about Uhl; but if his tropes occasionally charm, his attitude eventually grates, and we look for a less uniform spirit, a talent willing to grapple more widely on the board.

However, one of the boldest of recent failed poetic efforts—virtually a heroic one, at first blush—seems to be an attempt to break away entirely from this seesaw oscillation. No one is likely to come along soon who handles, or finds, language as Emory Groth does. In *Closing Glories* (just returned by University of Maryland Press) he calls to mind Stevens, Lowell, Dylan Thomas, even the later Yeats (and someone else difficult to put one's finger on—Rilke?), and holds his own, in a sense, in that company. It is hard to believe that throughout a volume of twenty-eight long poems such a pitch can be maintained as in these lines from "Homeopathic I":

Night hones no sleek charter here
In metastatic umber: Not until
Its plumaged hover grind
To siftings of Susannah
(Sheer . . . shudder . . . sheen)
Must you chirm that heavy arpeggio
Peggy o'mine.

But Groth's capacity for sustension is perhaps his downfall, for in the end so much robust diction rather wearies, and, further, when we look away from the language and rhythm to Groth's ideas, I fear we find his back turned; until he



turns around, we must be persuaded that Groth breaks away from the prevailing up-and-down pattern only by failing to be truly contemporary—by failing to be in on, as we might say, the real punning.

THOMAS FLUTE has always been a difficult unsuccessful poet to classify, and on the evidence of *Flakes and Others* (lost last week by Munford Printing and Publishing Company), he still is. Flute seems a very nervous sensibility, and his susceptibility to abrupt transcendence must finally be met with some reservation by the more even-tempered. What is one to say, for instance, of this passage from the title poem?

I am issuing note after note
No doubt faint but at large; they
remind you
Of snowflakes: not much but they
float,
Have their shapes as they fall; there
behind you
Sweet Jesus! goes God in a boat.

There is unquestionably an immediacy here, as in many of Flute's shorter poems, that is remarkable; but one could wish it were achieved at less expense in the way of unity of tone.

A new voice, which might almost have been a truly interesting one, is heard in Grant Moon's first rejected volume *But O! My Eyes Are Clean* (Old Directions, just folded). This sprawling stretch of verse implies some talent, but on the whole that talent is drowned in essentially arid surges perhaps typified and self-convicted by the recurrent "Oh, I'm full of it this morning." Before it can engage in any sort of significant action on our figurative board, this verse wobbles from the piquant to the banal in a single line ("Charon me back to cold Virginy, you swinging old bugger Ar!"), and at length dissolves—notably when Moon attempts to deal with material beyond his grasp (Logical Positivism, the sea)—into utter chaos, in which the ground for pushing up and down is completely lost and the board shakes off all riders and begins to rotate uncontrollably into a clattering blur.

An established unpublished talent, to which we might hope to look for an effectual steady, resolving influence, is that of Ina Tomey. Tomey has been producing poetry now, along with supportive criticism and a novel-manuscript of near permanence, for the better part of a decade; her considerable following of

close friends and editorial assistants will be both rewarded and made, one suspects, increasingly impatient by her latest book. In *Bundles* ("This one's not for us either"—Valerian Press) Tomey has as usual invested considerable resources and determination in generally attractive, even at times compelling, lyrics; but, as usual as well, one finds the curious lapses from aptness that no one can ever talk her out of. The poet who can speak of "Oh, / Those golden slippers, / That glisten, and are gone," is also the poet who can write

Clouds
Were substantial as mattress-batting:
Near at hand;
Cows
Seemed almost to tiptoe
In the quiet

—the latter of which images is strained, out of nowhere, and, as anyone who has ever really attended to cattle's gait in the quiet can attest, just wrong. But try to tell her that.

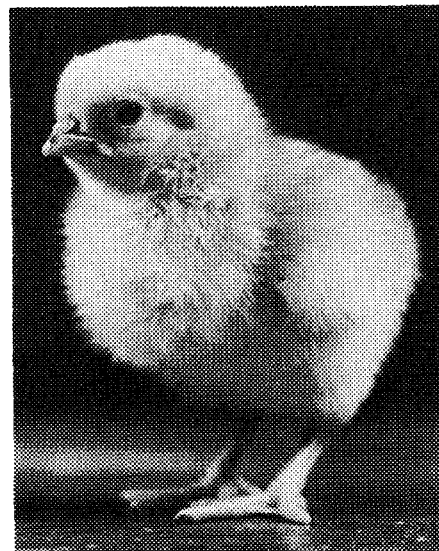
Perhaps, finally, the most finished and telling of this poetry is to be found in Avram S. Mistressson's *Misgivings: 9* (personal letter from someone at Viking). His is a fine steady command of all the tools: epitomized in the nice irony, the innate tact, of the refrain (in "Song") "The behavioral sciences do not mind"; or in these lines, with their deftly calibrated, carefully modulated off-inner-rhyming and universality, from "Reflection":

That I be not wasted
I aim to write a poem
That someone who knows
Knows is a poem.
How do they know?
I can taste it.

Whatever the subject of the poems here—loss at badminton, hurt animals, an unknown Puerto Rican woman and her child—Mistressson brings to it just such imagery evenly apt, rhythm and sentiment firmly balanced, a lyricism keen if sometimes fading. Such disciplined, well-earned tension is the result, we may infer, of an acceptance, a willingness to deal with the stiff pivoting of the seesaw—down and around the heart of the fulcrum, as it were. And here then may stir the potential by which the going pattern might legitimately be broken, the whole teeter-totter shunted horizontally forward—if, that is, such a poet as Mistressson can ever indeed generate the requisite torque, the heft, which are sadly lacking in these poems.

—Roy Blount, Jr.

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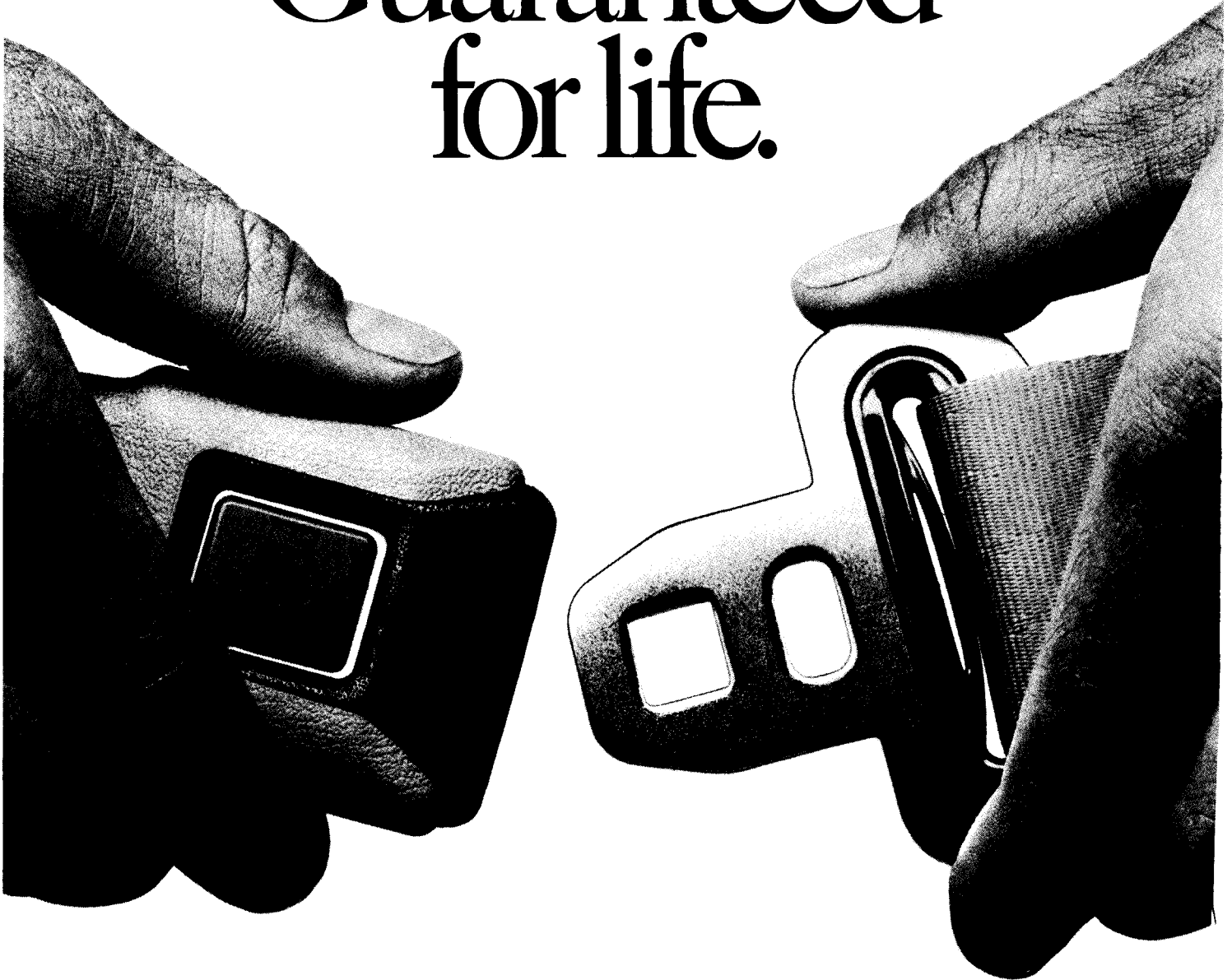
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HONDA

*An inquiry into a few fundamental questions:
How did spaghetti and meatballs, a dish no Italian recognizes, become so popular here? What makes some brands of pasta much better than others? What's so special about fresh pasta? What do Italians know about cooking pasta that Americans don't?*

PASTA

BY CORBY KUMMER

Where It Came From and How It Got Here

THE IDEA THAT MARCO POLO BROUGHT PASTA FROM China to Italy is as congenial to Italians as the idea that the hamburger came from Germany is to Americans. No one disputes that the Chinese have made pasta, from many more kinds of flour than Europeans have, since at least 1100 B.C. Italians insist as a point of national pride that they invented pasta in their part of the world, despite considerable evidence that they did not. They cite as proof a set of reliefs on an Etruscan tomb dating from the fourth century B.C., which depict a knife, a board with a raised edge that resembles a modern pasta board, a flour sack, and a pin that they say was made of iron and used for shaping tubular pasta. The Museum of the History of Spaghetti, owned by Agnesi, a pasta manufacturer near Turin, makes much of these reliefs, as do most histories of pasta—including the standard one, Anna del Conte's *Portrait of Pasta*. The reliefs do not persuade the American historian Charles Perry, who has written several articles on the origins of pasta. "There are

plenty of things to do with a pin besides shape pasta," he says. In fact, Perry says, no sure Roman reference to a noodle of any kind, tubular or flat, has turned up, and that makes the Etruscan theory even more unlikely, given that the Romans dominated Italy soon after the Etruscans did.

The first clear Western reference to boiled noodles, Perry says, is in the Jerusalem Talmud of the fifth century A.D., written in Aramaic. The authors debated whether or not noodles violated Jewish dietary laws. (Today only noodles made of matzoh meal are kosher for Passover.)

They used the word *itriyah*, thought by some scholars to derive from the Greek *itron*, which referred to a kind of flatbread used in religious ceremonies. By the tenth century, it appears, *itriyah* in many Arabic sources referred to dried noodles bought from a vendor, as opposed to fresh ones made at home. Other Arabic sources of the time refer to fresh noodles as *lakhsha*, a Persian word that was the basis for words in Russian, Hungarian, and Yiddish. (By comparison with these words, *noodle*, which dates from sixteenth-century German, originated yesterday.)

In the twelfth century an Arab



geographer, commissioned by the Norman king of Sicily to write a sort of travel book about the island, reported seeing pasta being made. The geographer called it *itriyah*, from which seems to have come *trii*, which is still the word for spaghetti in some parts of Sicily and is also current in the name for a dish made all over Italy—*ciceri e trii*, pasta and chick-pea soup. The soup reflects the original use for pasta, which was as an extender in soups and sometimes desserts. Serving pasta as a dish in itself with a bit of sauce does seem to be an Italian rather than a Greek, Persian, or Arab invention. (*Classic Cuisine of the Italian Jews*, a wonderful book by Edda Servi Machlin, has delicious pasta recipes that show some of the many influences that the Arab world had on Italian food.)

Even if pasta is not quite as old as the Italians would like, it has been securely documented in Italy before 1295, when Marco Polo returned from China. In 1279 a basket of dried pasta was recorded in the estate inventory of a Genoese soldier, indicating that it was considered valuable. The word used was *macaronis*, a word whose derivation historians fight over. The one usually given is *makar*, the Greek for “blessed,” as in sacramental food. In Italy today *maccheroni* refers to tubular dried pasta; in America *macaroni* is synonymous with “elbows” to the public but not to many manufacturers, who use it to refer to any dried pasta made of just flour and water. Manufacturers use *noodle* to refer to a dough with egg, which can be sold fresh or dried. *Spaghetti*, which means “little strings,” is often used generically, for dried pasta without egg. Marco Polo spoke of *lasagne*, which then meant “noodles,” to describe what he saw, which indicates that he was already familiar with the food anyway.

The Marco Polo myth has refused to die. Italians accuse Americans of promulgating it, beginning with an influential article in a 1929 issue of *Macaroni Journal* (now *Pasta Journal*), an American trade magazine, which has inspired countless advertisements, restaurant placemats, cookbooks, and even movies. (From 1919 on, *Macaroni Journal* occasionally published articles purporting to give the history of pasta, usually—though not always—labeling the less plausible ones as lore. The 1929 story began, “Legend has it . . .”) In the 1938 film *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, Gary Cooper points to a bowl of noodles and asks a Chinese man what he calls them. “In our language,” the man replies, “we call them *spa get*.”

In the centuries after Marco Polo’s voyage pasta continued to be a luxury in Italy. By 1400 it was being produced commercially, in shops that retained night watchmen to protect the goods. The *vermicelli*, as dried pasta was known, was kneaded by foot: men trod on dough to make it malleable enough to roll out. The treading could last for a day. The dough then had to be extruded through pierced dies under great pressure, a task accomplished by a large screw press powered by two men or one horse.

This somewhat gamy procedure was not used for other kinds of dough, but commercial pasta dough has never been normal dough. The flour used to make it—semo-

lina—is granular, like sugar, and has a warm golden color. Semolina makes a straw-colored dough that must be kneaded for a long time, which is why it has always been far more common in commercial than in homemade pasta. Semolina is milled from durum wheat (*Triticum durum*; *durum* means “hard”), a much harder grain than common wheat (*Triticum vulgare*), which is used to make ordinary flour. (The harder the grain, the more energy required to mill it.) All durum makes firmer cooked pasta than common flour does, but not all durum is alike in hardness or quality. The kind of durum milled into semolina and how a manufacturer makes and dries the dough determine the firmness of the pasta when it is cooked.

Durum wheat was suited to the soil and weather of Sicily and Campania, the region around Naples, and so the pasta industry developed there, in the eighteenth century, and led Italian production into this century. Naples had a perfect climate for drying pasta. The alternation of mild sea breezes and hot winds from Mount Vesuvius ensured that the pasta would not dry too slowly, and thus become moldy, or too fast, and thus crack or break. The number of pasta shops in Naples went from sixty to 280 between the years 1700 and 1785. Young English aristocrats making the grand tour in the eighteenth century were shown the city where pasta hung everywhere to dry—in the streets, on balconies, on roofs. Neapolitan street vendors sold cooked spaghetti from stalls with charcoal-fired stoves, working with bowls of grated Romano cheese beside them. Customers would follow the example of the bakers, who lifted the long strands high and dropped them into their mouths. The grand tourists assumed that the fork hadn’t yet caught on in Italy, whereas it was the Venetians who in the sixteenth century had introduced the fork to Europe.

Englishmen went home full of Italy, and became known as *macaronis* for their foreign affectations. In the mid-eighteenth century *macaroni* referred to an overblown hairstyle as well as to the dandy wearing it, which may be why Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in his cap and called the effect *macaroni*. (A species of penguin with an orange-colored crest is called the *macaroni penguin*.) *Doodle* comes from a German word meaning “simpleton”—the same definition that *noodle* had at the time (honest, starchy foods like dumplings have long had bad reputations). The song “Yankee Doodle” was used by the British to ridicule the American colonists, who adopted it in self-defense.

MACARONI CAME TO AMERICA WITH THE ENGLISH, who served it baked with cheese and cream, as was also popular in the north of Italy, and in rich sweet baked custards. Thomas Jefferson is credited with introducing dried pasta without egg to America, but, like the Marco Polo legend, this is a romantic fiction. He did take notes on the manufacturing process during a trip to Naples and even commissioned a friend in Italy to buy him a “maccaroni machine.” He shipped himself two cases of pasta in 1789. By 1798 a Frenchman had opened what may

have been the first American pasta factory, in Philadelphia, and it was a success. Upper-class Americans also bought pasta imported from Sicily, which had snob appeal.

Other factories opened, the price went down, and by the Civil War macaroni was available to the working classes. Books of the period indicate that the common way to serve it was cooked until soft—usually at least half an hour—and baked with cheese and cream. Macaroni and cheese, then, like many other dishes that the English brought to the Colonies, can be considered an old American dish. In the mid-1880s, according to Karen Hess, the food historian, cookbooks published as far from the East as Kansas included recipes for macaroni, some involving a tomato and meat sauce. One writer in Philadelphia advocated macaroni as a food item “more valuable” than bread. Americans did not take it up in large numbers, however. It lost its cachet once the masses could afford it, and the fashionable restaurants of New York did not serve it—or any other Italian dish—even though many of them were run by Italians.

The huge wave of Italian immigration that began toward the end of the century was ultimately responsible for pasta's becoming a staple of the American middle class, but at first the immigrants put the rest of America off the very idea of pasta. From 1880 to 1921 more than five million Italians came to America, three quarters of them from the regions south of Rome, and both their numbers and their strange ways seemed threatening. Harvey Levenstein, a professor of history at McMaster University, in Ontario, and Joseph Conlin, a professor of history at Chico State University, in California, are writing a book about the food that Italian immigrants ate in America. They say that social workers and nutritionists were horrified by the immigrants' pasta, hard cheese, vegetables, fruit, and—worst of all—garlic. Food science, a new discipline in the 1890s (entertainingly described in Laura Shapiro's recently published book *Perfection Salad*), declared that most fruits and vegetables, particularly green vegetables, were of little nutritional value and cost too much.

The Italians ignored the advice to eat right. They cultivated any land they could and grew vegetables and herbs that they could not find in America; they canned vegetables; they spent what the home economists thought were appalling sums on small pieces of imported hard cheese. When reformers tried to set up cooking classes in Italian neighborhoods, they found few pupils. Doctors complained that Italians would not enter hospitals because they considered the food inedible.

The Italians did change their eating habits, although they did so of necessity, not because nutritionists told them to. They ate fewer varieties of fruit, vegetables, and cheese than they had been used to, because of the trouble and expense involved in obtaining what they liked. They ate much more meat, because it was extremely cheap and plentiful by their standards. They acquired a taste for cakes and rich desserts. They also ate more pasta, which, because of its cost, had been a holiday dish for many

southern Italians. The seasonings they used were primarily the classic ones of Campania, even though beginning in 1910 Sicilian immigrants outnumbered Campanian ones. Levenstein and Conlin explain that the Campanians were already established as grocers, and that tomato paste, oregano, and garlic were easier to come by than seasonings typical of other regions—such as pine nuts, wild fennel, and saffron for Sicilians, or ginger for immigrants from Basilicata, the region to the east of Campania.

For whatever reasons, what became Italian-American cuisine started with a base of Campanian food, minus many kinds of vegetables and cheeses and plus a lot of meat. Thus the rise of spaghetti and meatballs, a dish unknown in Italy. It probably had its origin in several baked Neapolitan pasta dishes, served at religious festivals such as Carnival and Christmas, that used meatballs no bigger than walnuts and also called for such ingredients as ham and boiled eggs. Thus, too, the rise of the lavish portions and the reliance on garlic, hot pepper flakes, and oregano, seasonings that seemed to become more and more prominent as the immigrants were assimilated into American culture. Levenstein and Conlin point out that Italian-Americans embraced enthusiastically the Americanized version of their food, and went on thinking of it as just like the food in the old country.

Although hundreds of small pasta factories opened in urban Little Italys, Italians preferred to buy imported pasta, however expensive, because it was made from durum wheat. (American farmers did not grow durum until this century.) The First World War brought imports to a halt, and between 1914 and 1919 the number of American pasta makers rose from 373 to 557. Sales were helped by a new generation of food scientists, whose discovery of vitamins prompted them to recommend eating pasta. Pasta was also cheap at a time when food prices were rising. Recipes for spaghetti and tomato sauce started turning up in women's magazines. American millers found a new use for flour, the consumption of which had decreased as the population moved to cities and began eating “better” diets, which were not based on bread. The millers sponsored “eat more wheat” campaigns in the early 1920s and promoted macaroni as “the divine food” (referring to the word's supposed derivation from the Greek word for “blessed”). Pasta makers began using durum wheat, which they advertised as being higher in protein than soft wheat (it is, but not by much). Campbell's, Heinz, and other manufacturers brought out canned macaroni with tomato sauce, joining Franco-American, which in the 1890s had begun to sell canned spaghetti, stressing that it used a French recipe. Cooking pasta long enough to can it safely institutionalized what was already a long-established practice, one for which Italians still deride Americans—overcooking pasta and thus robbing it of its savor and interest.

Now it was acceptable to promote Italian food, even if the pasta was mush and the tomato sauce was full of sugar and salt. One typical recipe for tomato sauce omitted garlic and consisted of canned tomato soup with Worcestershire

sauce added. In 1927 Kraft began marketing grated "Parmesan" cheese in a cardboard container with a perforated top and suggested that the cheese be served as a topping for spaghetti with tomato sauce. Spaghetti sales outnumbered those of egg noodles and ran a strong second in popularity to elbow macaroni, called simply macaroni, which was already conventional in salads.

The efforts at promotion worked. Annual per capita consumption went from near zero in 1920 to 3.75 pounds by the end of the decade (as compared with fifty pounds in Italy). Restaurants accounted for much of this rise. Cafeterias, which became tremendously popular in the twenties, served a great deal of spaghetti and tomato sauce. Italians all over the country opened "spaghetti houses" that served spaghetti and meatballs to blue-collar workers. By the end of the twenties Italian restaurants had become the most popular ethnic restaurants in American cities, a lead they now hold nationwide. The Depression made spaghetti less an option than a necessity, and spaghetti and meatballs began appearing regularly on millions of American tables.

Just when pasta was becoming almost as ordinary a meal in America as it had long been in Italy, one Italian was telling his countrymen to stop eating it. In the early thirties Italy was appalled when F. T. Marinetti, the founder of Futurist poetry and painting, published his *Manifesto of Futurist Cuisine*, which called for a ban on all pasta on the grounds that pasta was responsible for "the weakness, pessimism, inactivity, nostalgia, and neutralism" he saw all around him. Italians, who should be thin, the better to ride in "ultralight aluminum trains," should eat only rice as a starch. Macaroni was a "symbol of oppressive dullness, plodding deliberation, and fat-bellied conceit." Knives and forks would go too. Dishes combining strange ingredients chosen for their color as well as their taste would sometimes be eaten and sometimes merely passed under the nose of the diner to excite his curiosity. A cookbook put together by Marinetti and Luigi Fillia, an artist, and published in 1932 included dishes that today sound almost familiar: winter-cherry risotto; a spread of tuna fish, apples, olives, and Japanese peanuts, to be served on a cold egg-and-jam omelet; and an under-ripe date filled with cream cheese and liqueur, wrapped in raw ham and a lettuce leaf, and served with pickled chili pepper and small pieces of Parmesan cheese. The Futurists presaged nouvelle cuisine. The Italians were not interested in the bizarre suggestions and were outraged at the idea of giving up pasta. Even Americans were alarmed. The American National Macaroni Manufacturers Association sent Mussolini a telegram of protest.

Mussolini did not ban pasta. Rather, he initiated the growing of durum wheat in central and northern Italy in an effort to make the country self-sufficient. Factories in the north began making pasta in the 1930s, and electric drying tunnels replaced sea and volcanic breezes. Naples became steadily less important in the manufacture of pasta, and today the province of Campania is only the sixth-largest producer of pasta in the country.



Who Makes the Best Pasta, and How

I RECENTLY VISITED A NUMBER OF PASTA FACTORIES IN Italy to learn how pasta is made and which brands are the best. Disappointingly, none of the factories I saw resembled the smokestack-crammed temples of the Industrial Revolution depicted on boxes. Pasta factories today are anonymous and modern, and their proprietors generally do not welcome tours. The young man guiding me through Braibanti, a factory near Parma, stopped in his tracks when I asked to climb the stairs to one machine to look at the addition of water and eggs to dough for dried egg noodles—one of the few parts of the manufacturing process that makes a difference in quality from brand to brand. "Why exactly do you want to see that?" he asked icily.

Luckily, I was able to see the manufacturing process on a scale that made sense to me—at the small and delightful factory of Martelli, which many cognoscenti consider the best exporter of pasta in Italy. (The company's only peers are tiny factories near Naples, whose products are hard to find even in Italy and are almost unknown here.) The factory is in four or five rooms of two medieval buildings in Lari, a Tuscan hill town twenty miles from Pisa. The buildings are in the shadow of a twelfth-century castle at the top of the hill. The castle appears on the cheerful, bright-yellow packages, whose text is written in what looks like a very neat child's hand.

I arrived on a Saturday afternoon to find Dino and Mario Martelli and their wives, Lucia and Valeria, packing maccheroni. The women wore yellow aprons that matched the packages. These four are the only employees. Dino and Mario's father and uncle started the business in 1926 by buying out a local pasta maker. Today the brothers use the same equipment the company had in the 1940s, before high-temperature drying tunnels became popular. The Martellis make only four shapes—spaghetti; spaghettini, or thin spaghetti; maccheroni; and penne, diagonally cut ridged tubes named for quill pens. The Martelli factory has only one "pasta line," as the machine that mixes, kneads, extrudes, and dries dough is called. The one at Martelli is small—about eight feet high, seven feet wide, and eighteen feet long.

The brothers mixed a batch of dough for spaghetti to show me the process. They buy durum from Canada, the United States, and elsewhere and have it ground at a mill nearby, so that it will be fresh. Italian manufacturers are known for their skill at blending many durums to achieve the color and texture they seek. Americans are rarely as discriminating. This disparity, more than anything else, accounts for the superiority of Italian over American pasta.



Mixing and kneading take from thirty to forty minutes at Martelli, as opposed to the twenty usual in other factories; the Martellis say that long kneading improves flavor. The dough is forced at great pressure through holes in one of four dies, each of which is shaped like a big hockey puck; the choice of die determines the shape of the pasta as it is extruded. If pins are suspended from wires in each hole the pasta will be hollow after it is forced through the die; the hole is bigger where the dough enters than where it leaves, so the two sides of the tube are joined as the dough streams out. If the holes are notched where the dough enters them, the pasta will be curved. The Martellis use only bronze dies, because the rough, porous surface these create makes for better sauce absorption. Teflon-lined dies, which most manufacturers use today, produce pretty, polished surfaces that don't hold sauce well. The Martellis are careful not to apply too much pressure or to allow the temperature of the dough to rise too high during extrusion, lest the proteins in the semolina be denatured, making the cooked product soft.

How long and at what temperature pasta is dried are also important to the quality of cooked pasta. The Martellis use an automatic dryer only for the first stage of drying, which lasts about an hour. The pasta stays in the tunnel for several more hours to enable the humidity in the center and on the surface to equalize. The brothers then carry it on poles or screens to one of several drying closets, which have appealing doors of wood and glass. Other manufacturers send the pasta through another and much longer tunnel for between six and twenty-eight hours, often at temperatures so high that they risk denaturing the protein. At Martelli the pasta stays in the closets, which have curved, tin-lined walls to distribute air from small fans at the top, for two days or more (the pasta left to Naples winds could take as long as a week to dry). The comparatively low temperatures greatly improve flavor, according to the Martellis, who claim to be the only manufacturers left who use drying closets. They doubtless are the only manufacturers to dry pasta in closets that have a view of miles of Tuscan hills and valleys interrupted only by grapevines and castles.

When the pasta is dry, it travels through what looks like a laundry chute to the adjacent building, where it is packed and crated. The Martellis don't cut the spaghetti and spaghettini; as a sign of their craftsmanship they leave it rounded where the strands have hung on the poles. The shop's production is small, but the family claims to like it that way. Martelli pasta is a luxury item in Italy, where it is sold in a few gourmet shops, and in America, where it is available from the Williams-Sonoma chain of kitchen shops and from Dean & DeLuca (the telephone number for mail-order service is 800-221-7714).

My visits to other factories in Italy and the United States confirmed the differences that the Martellis had pointed out. The kneading was faster, the dies were Teflon, the drying tunnels were so long that the rooms holding them looked like sound stages. One factory I visited—the most

determinedly high-tech—was Fini, which consists of a long, low white structure adjoining a sixteenth-century building that until 1974 housed the factory. Originally a monastery, it is now the office building, and at the main entrance big sliding glass doors lead to a chapel, which has a carved Madonna in a niche, topped by a blue neon halo. The new factory building is almost overwhelmingly luxurious. The floors are terra-cotta tile, the walls white stucco, and there are stainless-steel doors and counters everywhere. One storage room has wooden floor-to-ceiling shelves finished as carefully as library shelves and filled with wheels of Parmesan cheese. Modena, a city midway between Bologna and Milan, where Fini is situated, has the highest per capita income of any city in Italy, so perhaps the luxury isn't surprising. In the center of the city Fini maintains two excellent food shops and a restaurant that is considered one of the best in the country for traditional Italian food.

Fini makes only egg pasta. The dough is extruded in long sheets that are then either cut into long ribbons, which are sold dried, or punched into shapes that are filled and shipped frozen, to be sold either frozen or thawed. The fillings are made with the same quality of Parmesan cheese and meats that Fini sells separately (the company opened at the turn of the century as a purveyor of cured meats and sausages).

The differences between Fini and Prince, one of the largest manufacturers in the United States, were instructive. The eggs, for example, are fresh at Fini and at every Italian factory I visited: my Italian guides made much of how frequently their eggs are delivered and how difficult it is to keep the storage tanks immaculate and at the right temperature. The guide at Prince showed me blocks of frozen eggs and said that powdered eggs are frequently used; a woman in Prince's test laboratories told me that frozen and powdered eggs are the standard in America. The guide boasted about the speed of the Italian high-temperature drying tunnels that Prince had installed. The American factory seemed far more concerned with volume than with quality.



The Pasta War

INDULGING A TASTE FOR ITALIAN PASTA MIGHT SOON become more expensive than it is, if American pasta makers have their way. The Italian manufacturers I visited assumed that I had come to discuss a nasty trade war taking place between the United States and the European Economic Community over Italian pasta. The controversy began in 1975, when the EEC started subsidizing exports of pasta, in order, it said, to make up for the higher

price that manufacturers pay the EEC for European durum. The "restitution," as the EEC called it, allowed Italians to compete with American makers on inexpensive pasta, not just fancy brands.

This was too much for American pasta makers, who could tolerate high-priced imports but not cheap ones. In 1981 their trade group, the National Macaroni Manufacturers Association, protested to the U.S. trade representative in strong terms. It accused importers of undercutting American manufacturers by as much as 25 percent on wholesale prices and 15 percent on retail. The group, which was founded in 1904, was faced with the first hot political issue of its life. In 1983 it renamed itself the National Pasta Association, moved from Palatine, Illinois, to Washington, D.C., and continued the fight. It met with little success. In February of 1985 the NPA described itself in *Pasta Journal* as "gripped by a feeling of helplessness."

Just two months later the office of the U.S. Trade Representative began looking for a way to retaliate against a tariff that the EEC had imposed on American citrus products in order to promote the Mediterranean citrus industry. The White House announced that unless the United States could reach an agreement with the EEC on the citrus tariff, it would impose a 40 percent tariff on European pasta without egg and a 25 percent tariff on pasta with egg, to go into effect at the end of October. The EEC did not lift the citrus tariff; moreover, between July and October the EEC increased its pasta subsidy by 176 percent. The American tariff went into effect on schedule and has caused a furor in Italy, which sees itself as penalized for a problem (the citrus tariff) that it has nothing to do with. Manufacturers of expensive Italian pasta are especially upset that the tariff is calculated according to wholesale price rather than weight. This hurts their products more than it hurts the cheap imports that the American manufacturers set out to restrain.

Today there is a standoff: the EEC has slapped tariffs on American lemons and walnuts (which doesn't help Italy); it continues to subsidize pasta; and it is unlikely to remove the tariff on American citrus soon. The National Pasta Association plans to hang on to its rather skewed victory. As soon as the tariff went into effect, it mailed promotional literature (accompanied by packages of domestic pasta) to congressmen telling them to remember that American pasta must be protected. Before the tariff was imposed, the NPA predicted that, unchecked, Italian pasta could claim a 20 percent market share by 1988 or 1989—something extremely unlikely, given that it had only a 4.5 percent market share at the time. Prices of Italian pasta in stores have remained competitive, in part because of the EEC subsidy and in part because of discounting by importers. The volume of Italian pasta imported into the United States is as high as it was before the tariff, and American manufacturers are taking note. Prince, for example, is already making a line of "President's Silver Award" pasta, priced at roughly double the price of its other pasta and packaged in a black box—this year's sign of an upscale product.

How to Cook Dried Pasta So You Can Taste It

ITALIAN BRANDS OF DRIED PASTA, WHATEVER THEY COST, taste better, I think, than most American ones—they have a clean, slightly nutty flavor and above all a texture that stays firm until you finish eating. Taste and texture make all the difference in pasta, but judging by what most American restaurants and home cooks serve, they are unknown attributes of pasta in this country. Many people are surprised to learn that dried pasta can have any flavor at all, let alone stay firm and taste lighter than what they are used to. I recently advised a woman who regularly served truffled omelets and caviar and blinis to her children while they were growing up to buy an imported Italian pasta, something she had never done. The brand she found at her supermarket was Spigadoro, a commonly distributed import whose quality Italians rank solidly in the middle. "I was so knocked out by the difference that I kept cooking a little more until the box was gone in one night," she reported.

Italians criticize Americans for adding soft flour to pasta, and with reason. One American manufacturer boasts in block letters on its packages, "SEMOLINA plus FARINA" (farina is a blend of common wheat flours). This, as one importer of Italian pasta put it, is like boasting about mixing diamonds with rocks. Pasta made with common flour, which is less expensive than semolina, leaves the cooking water white with starch, and quickly turns soggy on the plate, even if it is drained when it seems to be what Italians call *al dente*—literally, "to the tooth." Italian manufacturers almost never add common flour to pasta: the practice is illegal and a company must go out of its way to cheat. American manufacturers can add flour or not as they please, because there are no laws restricting them to semolina. Even so, many American manufacturers, such as Prince, Ronzoni, and Hershey Foods, which markets six brands of pasta, use only semolina.

You can't tell from looking through the cellophane much about how dried pasta will cook or taste. It should have an even buff color; gray could mean the presence of soft flour. Don't be alarmed if you see tiny black spots. Semolina is milled much more coarsely than ordinary flour, and flecks of bran usually show. A finely pitted, dull surface is far preferable to a glossy one. It suggests that the pasta was made with a bronze die and will hold sauce better.

The regions in Italy famous for the quality of their dried pasta are Campania and Abruzzo. Two of the best brands, Del Verde and De Cecco, are made in Abruzzo. Fortunately, these are also the two most widely distributed imports. Other good brands include La Molisana (from Molise), Braibanti, most of which is marketed as Sidari (from Emi-

lia), and Colavita (from Molise). Gerardo di Nola, made in Campania, is a cult brand that I've never been able to find. You should buy or order Martelli at least once, if only to have a standard against which to judge other dried pasta. If you can't find any of these brands locally, try any Italian brand available. Besides Spigadoro, made in Umbria, a widely distributed standard Italian brand is Barilla, made in Emilia; Barilla is the world's largest pasta manufacturer.

Gauging portion sizes trips up nearly everyone. The standard portion in Italy, and the size recommended on packages, is two ounces. This is fine for a first course to cut the appetite without killing it. I find three ounces an ideal portion for a main course, but hungry people might prefer four. I use a scale, because I cannot judge by eye, and the trick of putting my thumb to my index finger doesn't work when measuring short pasta. Neither does using liquid measures. A half-cup of farfalle, or bows (*farfalle* means "butterflies"), is not the same as a half cup of ziti, or ridged tubes (*ziti* means "bridegrooms" in southern Italy; the shape was traditionally served at weddings in Sicily). "Portion measurers" for long pasta, usually flat wooden oblongs with holes, are useless, because the size of the portion will vary with the thickness of the pasta.

To cook pasta you need a lot of water, so that it will come back to the boil soon after you add the pasta, so that there will be more than enough water for the pasta to absorb (pasta usually doubles in volume when cooked), and so that the pasta will keep moving as it cooks and not stick together. Start with a gallon for the first quarter pound and add one quart for each additional quarter pound. When the water reaches a rolling boil, add a tablespoon of salt for each gallon of water, which will season the pasta (you can add lemon juice if you prefer to avoid salt). Cooks differ on whether or not to add oil to the water to prevent sticking. Italians think that it makes pasta absorb water unevenly. Harold McGee, the author of *On Food and Cooking: The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*, finds this unlikely, and also thinks that oil won't keep the pasta from sticking unless you add it to cooked pasta. But he does say that oil reduces the foam on the surface and helps prevent water from boiling over. Barbara Kafka suggests in her book *Food for Friends* that you put several tablespoons of oil into the pot just before you drain it; this will discourage sticking without making the pasta so oily that the sauce slides off.

Add the pasta all at once. Bend long pasta into the water with a two-pronged cooking fork or a wooden spoon. Separate any kind of pasta, so that it doesn't stick, before the water comes back to the boil, and keep it moving as it cooks. The water should be at an active, if not passionate, boil. Don't leave the room.

(Italians say never ever break long pasta as you add it—you should learn to eat it like a man. This means not twirling it against a spoon, a practice fit only for milquetoasts, but instead securing two or three strands with a fork and twirling them against the edge of a plate. This is accomplished more easily in the wide, shallow soup bowls in which Italians serve pasta, but it is quite possible to do on

a flat plate. There will be dangling ends. Accept them.)

Start timing when the water comes back to the boil. Test after three minutes for dried pasta with egg or five minutes for dried pasta without. The only sure way to test is by biting into a piece. If you wait until it sticks when thrown against a wall—a custom I had always assumed was Italian but can find no Italian to own up to—it will probably be overdone. Breaking a piece apart to examine the interior is also chancy. Pasta is done when the color is uniform, but since it continues to cook after you drain it, you need to know exactly how tiny a dot of uncooked dough should remain in the center before you drain. I have never seen an Italian cook hold a piece of broken pasta up to the light. Everyone tastes the pasta he is making until it is slightly firmer than he wants it to be, and then drains it.

Rather than drain pasta in a colander, Italian cooks usually lift it out of the pot with tongs or a strainer. In this way the pasta stays wet, so that as it finishes cooking out of the pot, it has water to absorb; otherwise it would stick to itself immediately. If you intend to make pasta with any frequency, look for a pot with a colander insert, which will enable you to lift all the pasta out at once. Ignore instructions to add cold water to the pot to stop cooking, because the water left on the drained pasta won't be hot enough to evaporate and will make the pasta slimy. For the same reason it is a bad idea to rinse the pasta after it is cooked—a cardinal sin in Italy. If you use a colander, be sure that it is solidly placed in the sink, that there is nothing in the sink that you don't want bobbing near your pasta, and that you take your glasses off first.

After cooking, good pasta should look moist rather than gummy. All the pieces should be separate and have a uniform texture, but they won't if you undercook the pasta. The water should be clear. If it is floury, there was ordinary flour in the pasta. Save some of the water the pasta was cooked in. Even if it looks clear it will have some starch, which can be useful for thinning a sauce and binding it at the same time. The cooking water can also be useful for adding to the pasta as it finishes cooking, in case you drained it too much.

However you drain cooked pasta, transfer it right away to a warm bowl. The plates should be hot too. Now is the time to add some oil or butter if you are afraid that the pasta will be sticky. This is also the time to add hard grated cheese if you are using it, because it will melt evenly. Don't use too much—a teaspoon or two per portion should suffice—and think twice before using any. Cheese is contraindicated for many sauces. When it is used, it is as a seasoning. The best is Parmesan, and the best Parmesan is Parmigiano-Reggiano. Some cheese stores try to pass off Argentine cheese as the real thing, but it is salty and flat by comparison with the nutty, dry, mellow original. (American Parmesan does not bear even a passing resemblance to Italian.) Look for "Parmigiano-Reggiano" on the rind: it is stamped on every square centimeter. Buy small pieces with rind on—they will keep better—and grate only as much as you need. It is difficult to find a good version of

the other common grating cheese—pecorino Romano, which is made of sheep's milk.

Add about two thirds of the sauce you intend to use and gently stir it in. Don't lift the pasta two feet over the bowl as you stir, or it will cool off. And don't add too much sauce. It should just coat the pasta with no excess at all. Pasta doused in sauce revolts Italians, who when they see it suddenly understand why Americans say that pasta is fattening. (A recipe for baked ziti in *Pastahhh*, an NPA newsletter, calls for one and a half pounds of meat, one pound of ricotta, a half pound of mozzarella, and two cups of white sauce for one pound of pasta—American abundance carried to a perilous extreme. Two tablespoons of a thick sauce or a quarter to a third of a cup of a liquid one should suffice per portion. Put the last spoonful on top of each serving, so that the diner can see what the sauce looks like and have something to do.

Another way to mix sauce and pasta is to drain the pasta when it is harder than *al dente* and heat it for no more than a minute with the sauce. This is helpful for fish-and-wine or stock-based sauces, which do not coat pasta readily: the pasta will absorb sauce as it finishes cooking.

Don't waste a second trying to make the plate look any better. Pasta dishes should be served immediately and thus do not lend themselves to presentation, which may be one reason why the French came only recently to pasta. For example, when you see a photograph like one that appears in *The Joy of Pasta*, showing spaghetti surrounded by a neat circle of carrot batons and slices of artichoke sprinkled with red pepper flakes, you can be sure that the dish tasted terrible. It took too long to arrange. *Gourmet*, which recently ran a picture of a plate of homemade pasta on its cover for a story called "Pasta à la Française," resorted to pretty china and carefully strewn sprigs of dill to make it look nice. You need never worry about serving a beautifully composed plate of pasta—only about being served one.



Is Fresh Pasta Better?

MOST AMERICAN BOOKS ON PASTA GIVE PLENTY OF good recipes for dried pasta but say outright that the really classy kind—the only kind fit for showing off the most luxurious and painstaking sauces—is fresh. Pasta shops and high-priced lines of fresh pasta have reinforced this idea. Fresh pasta, however, is another kind of dish altogether and one that many discerning people don't prefer. The legions of Americans making pasta by hand may be the same people who made French bread fifteen years ago. Both practices are anomalous to Europeans. French housewives never make bread; they buy it. And very few Italians make or even buy homemade pasta anymore.

I asked a fashionable Milanese woman, Lucia Mistretta, about fresh pasta; not only is she an excellent cook but her husband, Giorgio, writes restaurant reviews and guides. Without missing a beat she gave me the authentic recipe for egg pasta as prepared in the region of Emilia, which is famous for it (100 grams of flour to one egg), and cited regional variations and alterations for filled shapes. She then explained that she always serves dried pasta, even at dinner parties, because it's what she thinks of as true Italian pasta, and that nearly everyone she knows, even in Emilia, considers fresh pasta a rare exception to the rule of dried. "If it's a rainy Sunday and I can't think of anything better to do, I might make fresh pasta," she said. "And if I told my guests that I had made pasta by hand, we would all understand that I meant with the rolling machine."

Even after mastering fresh pasta, which takes patience, you might well decide that dried is more interesting to eat, besides being a great deal more varied and less time-consuming to prepare. Still, if you ever want a lasagna with the proper very long, thin, wide noodles, or a delicious filled pasta, or if you want to try sauces using wild mushrooms or game—examples of many that are traditional only with fresh pasta—you must learn to make your own.

Exotic fillings in bright-colored pastas are an area of fierce competition among chefs all over the country. For example, within a ten-minute walk of my house, in Boston, which is neither in nor near an Italian neighborhood (and is distant from any center of gastronomic innovation), there is a traditional Tuscan restaurant, the Ristorante Toscano, where Vinicio Paoli makes tortelli filled with wild boar; a fresh-pasta shop, Pasta Pronto, where Richard Bosch makes lobster ravioli (news a few years ago, now standard), and a *nuova cucina* restaurant, Michela's, where Todd English makes tomato agnolotti filled with goat cheese, wild leek, and porcini mushrooms. I have responded to the challenge of having so many talented cooks in such close proximity by putting filled pastas to one of their most important tasks—using up leftovers. Even subjected to such an indignity, ravioli, say, or tortellini are always impressive.

Once you have made pasta that is neither mushy nor rubbery and you have experimented with the ways different shapes and thicknesses combine with different sauces . . . the end of this sentence is not "you'll never accept substitutes." You'll accept substitutes gladly, if you can find good ones. But only after you have succeeded in making fresh pasta will you be able to judge what's available commercially.

I made pasta every night for a few weeks and became proficient. It was an uphill struggle. I got myself into trouble by insisting on learning how to perform each step without the aid of a machine. The hardest thing to learn to do by hand was rolling out the dough. Marcella and Victor Hazan, in *More Classic Italian Cooking*, are so persuasive about the superiority of hand-rolled pasta that I was determined to experience for myself the small but crucial variations in thickness, and the enhanced absorption of sauce they promise. Luckily, a master pasta maker agreed to let

me watch him. At the end I came to a few conclusions about what should and should not be done by hand.

Sandro Fioriti, a chef from Umbria who has made Sandro's, his delightful restaurant in New York City, famous for its pasta, spent four hours with me one Saturday afternoon and taught me more about making pasta than I thought there was to learn. We mixed pasta by hand, in a processor, and in a mixer with a dough hook; kneaded pasta by hand, with a dough hook, and in a rolling machine, the kind most people use at home; rolled pasta by hand and in a rolling machine; and cut pasta by hand and with a rolling machine. We also compared Italian with American flour. Fioriti was unfazed by so much work before a long night in his restaurant. He is a giant of a man with arms the size of a teenager's legs, and a dozen batches of pasta (big ones—most of them contained a dozen eggs) are nothing to him.

The results of the many comparisons we made pointed to the absolute necessity of doing one thing by hand—and to my joy, it wasn't rolling. It was cutting. Fioriti put two dishes of tagliatelle in front of me, one cut by machine and one cut by hand. They had both been rolled by machine. He ladled a bit of tomato sauce over each. The sauce stayed where it was over the hand-cut noodles, which slowly but surely absorbed it when I mixed them. The sauce on the machine-cut noodles immediately slid to the bottom and wanted to stay there even as I tossed the noodles. I felt like I was watching Brand X in a paper-towel commercial.

Fioriti explained. The rolling machine works like a wringer. Pasta dough is rolled between two steel cylinders

that can be adjusted so that the sheet becomes progressively thinner. The rollers have some play, in order to accept a thick ball at the beginning (at the machine's widest setting it completes the job of kneading). The rollers do not compress the dough and make its surface slick, as many purists argue. What does do this, Fioriti explained, is using the machine's cutting attachment, because its serrated rollers have no play at all. All of the pasta at Sandro's is rolled by machine and cut by hand, and purists say they like it.

You can buy a rolling machine, then, with a clear conscience, if you promise never to use the cutting attachment. The brand with the best reputation is Imperia; Atlas is another good one. Buy the machine that makes the widest sheet, even if it is a bit more expensive (rolling machines cost from \$20 to \$40), because it is much more convenient. Machines come with a removable crank and a C-clamp to anchor them to a counter. Electric extruding machines don't work the dough long enough, and the pasta they make is often gummy and unpleasant.

At home I was able to reproduce the results that Fioriti had achieved. The pasta cut by hand, whether it was rolled by hand or by machine, absorbed sauce, and the pasta cut by machine repelled it. I couldn't see much difference between the pasta stretched by hand and the pasta stretched by machine. Yes, there were variations in the thickness of the hand-rolled pasta and yes, they were noticeable. But I don't think they were worth the effort of stretching and swearing at the dough. The uneven edges and different widths that result from hand-cutting are artistry enough.

FAIRY TALE

The wronged spirit brought the child
a basket of riches:
two parents, justice and mercy;
a beauty both *stunning and organic*;
fame beyond the wide walls of the castle;
and intelligence, lying like an asp
at the bottom of the basket.
With this last gift she could discern
the flaw in nature
and all of nature's fruits.

Thus she came to her
majority already skilled,
having pressed bright flowers
to a film, having memorized

the verses of the day.
For months, she did not eat,
she did not traffic with the agencies
of change: she had cast her will entirely

against decay. Even when
the wild tangle emerged
from the careful lawns, and ebony birds
came down from the woods
to roost in the chiseled turrets
and foul the court, she would not stir
nor in any way disturb
the triumph that would greet the shallow prince:
a soul unencumbered
in a neutral body.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt

IPASS ON TWO PIECES OF ADVICE FOR MAKING HOME-made pasta: the first few times you try, have something else ready for dinner, and don't work in front of strangers. For good recipes turn to *More Classic Italian Cooking*, by the Hazans, *The Fine Art of Italian Cooking*, by Giuliano Bugialli, and *The Authentic Pasta Book*, by Fred Plotkin—my favorite book on pasta. Plotkin offers very good (and largely authentic) recipes, written for one or two portions, which I find a great convenience, and a running travelogue that could make anyone long for Italy.

There are many variations, of course, to the basic pasta dough. Of the colored pastas, which are beginning to look like paint samples, I condone green, because you can taste the spinach in it. Red is suspect, on the grounds of being trendy, but Plotkin does have an appealing recipe for tomato-and-carrot dough in his book. Anything else is out of the question. Don't be misled when you see beet pasta or squid-ink pasta on a menu. There will be beets or squid ink in the dough, all right, but only for the color. You won't be able to taste them at all, unless they also appear in the sauce (yet both have flavors worth tasting, especially the briny, musky, rich flavor of squid ink).

Handmade noodles come in three basic widths. The widest measures about a quarter of an inch and is called tagliatelle (*tagliare* means "to cut") in the north and fettuccine (from the word for "ribbon" or "band," the kind used for tying cartons) in the south. The next widest measures at most an eighth of an inch and is called tagliarini, tagliolini, or, incorrectly, linguine—the name properly refers only to dried pasta. Narrower cuts are rare because they're not easy to do by hand. The finest of all is called capelli d'angeli or angel's hair. For whatever noodle you choose, allow five or six ounces a portion: fresh pasta contains much more liquid than dried and portions weigh more before cooking. The classic sauces for fresh pasta are cream and butter and cheese, or a simple tomato sauce, or any ragu. The idea is to display the noodles, and the usual way is with a rich sauce without sharp flavors or hard textures.

Fresh pasta cooks in anywhere from a few seconds after the water returns to a boil for thin noodles to ninety seconds for very wide ones. Several minutes more will be necessary for fresh pasta that you have allowed to dry by storing it, covered, out of the refrigerator. The noodles should not taste like raw dough and should have only a hint of a bite. Don't expect them to be *al dente*. The danger is letting them become soggy or having them outright fall apart.

The central question of fresh pasta is, Is it worth it? I ask myself that every time I sit down to another bowl of it, and the answer is that I don't like homemade noodles that much. There is a certain purity to eating fresh pasta, in biting into something uncoated and incrustated yet distinct. I don't long for this sensation, but you can certainly feel proud of yourself for having achieved it.

For perfectly acceptable dried egg noodles that you can lie about having made fresh, look for the Italian brands Fini or Dallari, or Al Dente, made in Michigan. Avoid egg

noodles from large American producers, who are required to put only 5.5 percent egg solids in the dough and who rarely use fresh eggs; Italian producers are required to put in 20 percent egg solids and may not use powdered eggs. On the basis of most of the fresh pasta I have bought from pasta shops, I recommend going to them for cheese, anchovies, tomato paste, canned tomatoes, and dried pasta.

The best reason to make pasta at home is that doing so lets you choose your own fillings for ravioli, tortellini, and many other shapes. I'm always proud of myself when I bite into a filled pasta I have made. The tenderness of the pasta against the savory, sometimes chewy filling seems suave and satisfying. Most filled pastas require no sauce at all, just a bit of melted butter and herbs. Plotkin gives helpful instructions on cutting and filling different shapes, an elementary procedure; so do Bugialli and Hazan. They also give recipes for fillings, though these are easily improvised.

Unfortunately, there are few commercial filled pastas to brag about. Most of the boxed ones rely on cheddar cheese for their fillings, which is cheaper and easier to use than ricotta or Parmesan. Two Italian companies have been experimenting with more elaborate filled pastas, using cheese and vegetables, because the United States forbids imports of domestic Italian pork. This law has been in effect for nineteen years. The result has been a boon to vegetarians. Fini now exports more spinach-and-ricotta tortelli than any meat-filled pasta, and Bertagni, a firm in Bologna, has (at the instigation of Louis Todaro, one of its American distributors) begun making porcini mushroom, pesto, pumpkin, fish, and gorgonzola fillings in addition to its usual spinach and cheese ones. The Bertagni specialty filled pastas, which are shipped frozen and marketed either frozen or defrosted, are excellent, and are the closest thing to having a *pastificio* down the street. (The Bertagni dried filled pastas are only so-so.) Fini's filled pastas, which, like Bertagni's, were created in collaboration with the company's American distributor (in Fini's case Giorgio De Luca), are also quite good.

Sauces With and Without Tomato

ITALIANS HAVE CODIFIED WHICH SAUCE GOES WITH which pasta, and the code allows for a good deal of exchange. Luigi Veronelli gives a short outline in *The Pasta Book*, which was recently published here. In the broadest terms, long shapes go with tomato sauce and short shapes go with meat and vegetable sauces. Here are some more-specific and breakable rules for sauces that go with dried pasta without egg. For long thin pastas, such as spaghetti and vermicelli (which are nearly identical) and

linguine and trenette (also nearly identical): fish and seafood sauces. For these pastas plus thicker long pasta, such as spaghetti, perciatelli (from the word for "pierced," because it is hollow), and bucatini (thicker than perciatelli, also hollow): cream, butter, and cheese sauces; tomato sauces; sauces with strong flavors such as hot pepper, garlic, anchovies, or olive paste. For short pastas, such as rotini (spirals), ziti, penne, and rigatoni (big ridged tubes), and hollowed-out pastas, such as lumache (snails), conchiglie (shells), and elbows: meat sauces and vegetable sauces, because the shapes catch meat sauce and enable you to pick up chunks of vegetable and pasta at the same time. For very short pastas: sauces with dried peas, lentils, chick-peas, or fava or other beans (the combination of pasta and beans is usually found in soup). For flat pastas, such as farfalle and rotelle (wheels): sauces with cream or cheese or delicate vegetable sauces—such as ricotta and spinach, asparagus, and puree of winter squash with nutmeg.

Many of these and similar guidelines make sense. But it appears that the real reason there are so many shapes of dried pasta without egg, especially the hundreds of fanciful ones, is less to enable pasta to go with specific sauces than to provide variety in something that Italians eat once or twice a day. "It's like shoes," Eugenio Medagliani, a manufacturer and retailer of cookware, explained to me at his store in Milan. Medagliani is an amateur scholar and has assembled a luxurious dictionary of pasta shapes. "There are hundreds of different types, even though you just want to walk comfortably." Despite all the variations, commercial pastas fall into easily identified groups: long and short, flat and round, with and without holes.

It is less easy to codify the hundreds of Italian pasta sauces. Most books on pasta are arranged by type of sauce—for example, the scholar and food-magazine editor Vincenzo Buonassisi's *Nuovo Codice della Pasta*, which contains more than 1,300 recipes, and Veronelli's book. These books also have chapters on filled pastas and pastas baked with sauce. I was taken with an explanation of the families of pasta sauces which appeared in *CIAO*, a bimonthly newsletter on Italian food written by Nancy Radke (a year's subscription costs \$14; write to 136 Sky-Hi Drive, West Seneca, New York 14224), and I have used it as well as the books as a basis for the list that follows.

Most Italian pasta sauces call for olive oil rather than butter or cream, which is good news for anyone concerned about cholesterol. Recent studies claim that olive oil is more healthful than any other fat. Use a light, medium-priced olive oil for cooking and add a dash of expensive imported olive oil just before serving (two excellent brands are Ardoino and Mancianti).

Ragu is the most famous sauce and the one we think of as spaghetti sauce. A good ragu takes a long time, as readers of Marcella and Victor Hazan's *Classic Italian Cooking* know—the ragu it offers takes at least three and a half hours to cook, and the Hazans recommend five. Many ragu sauces were once made with large pieces of meat

braised until they fell apart, but now almost every ragu sauce uses either meat in small cubes or ground meat. Like stews, ragu calls for cheap cuts, which benefit from long cooking. All kinds of meat and poultry are used, and also unsmoked bacon (pancetta) and sausage. A ragu starts with a sautéed mixture, called a battuto, of onion, carrot, celery, parsley, and sometimes garlic and herbs such as sage and rosemary. The meat is then added and browned very lightly. Wine and sometimes milk are added and slowly evaporated. In most ragu sauces the next ingredient is tomatoes, which are cooked down slowly, but sometimes wine and broth are the only liquids. The sauce can be thickened with tomato paste or grated cheese or both. Sometimes it is enriched with cream. It is served either with fresh pasta, which absorbs it well and thus shows it off, or with short tubes of dried pasta, which trap the sauce in their ridges and holes.

Fish sauces also start with a battuto, sometimes just with garlic and often with hot red pepper flakes. Seafood is then added and heated until it is barely cooked. If the sauce is to be white, white wine is added and evaporated, and after the addition of an appropriate herb, such as basil, oregano, or mint, the sauce is ready. If the sauce is to be red, the seafood is reserved on a covered plate while the tomato is added and cooked down; then it is heated briefly with the sauce before being mixed with pasta. Many new recipes start with butter and call for cream at the end, a French influence of which most Italians disapprove, on the grounds that it masks the flavor of the fish. Cheese does not go with fish sauce.

Vegetable sauces are among the richest in variety. The battuto often includes hot red pepper and a large dose of olive oil and, if the recipe is from the south, anchovies. Although tomatoes are often used as the base of the sauce, they are not essential. Often the liquid is broth. For example, try a sauce with a sliced and sautéed onion with hot pepper flakes, and blanched broccoli florets, or blanched slices of zucchini and carrot, or cubes of grilled eggplant and olives (I'm getting into the territory of the *Chez Panisse Pasta, Pizza, and Calzone Book*, which seems to start every recipe with something grilled). This is another group that has had to withstand the butter-and-cream brigades, whose decisive victory was pasta primavera, a dish of disputed paternity popularized by the New York restaurant Le Cirque. Italians make many dishes with pasta and vegetables but almost never use so many vegetables in one sauce, and they rarely bind the sauces with cream, as the French chef at Le Cirque does. Last year *The New York Times* published the "definitive" recipe for pasta primavera as it had evolved during ten years of popularity at Le Cirque. Many people spent hours preparing the seven vegetables it called for, and seemed pleased—for weeks I heard reports from people who asked if I had made it yet. I never intend to make it, although I would love to order it in situ. At home I'll stick to one or two vegetables at a time.

Much as I disapprove of adding tomato by rote to every sauce, tomato certainly is useful for filling out sauces and

for dressing pasta on its own. It is, after all, the basis of most Italian sauces, even if Italians claim that Americans rely too heavily on it. The standard tomato sauce (pummaraola) typically begins with onion and perhaps a bit of garlic softened in olive oil. Carrot added to this mixture will counter the acidity of canned tomatoes; celery adds body. If you like, you can add a bit of white wine after the vegetables have softened, and cook until it is evaporated, but this detracts from the fresh flavor of the sauce. Then add tomatoes—with their liquid if you're using canned—and fresh basil if you can find it. Oregano is an herb used only in the south. It is by no means automatically paired with tomatoes, the way parsley or basil is. If you are intent on adding it, add only a pinch. Simmer the sauce for no more than twenty minutes. Puree in a food mill. Many famous sauces start with this sauce and add just a few strong ingredients: puttanesca uses anchovies, olives, and capers; Amatriciana uses pancetta and hot pepper.

Italians do put cream in sauces, although many of their white sauces are based on balsamella, or béchamel—the sauce of milk, flour, and butter—and many others use butter and cheese. Some common white sauces are simply melted butter and herbs, and melted butter and cheese, and combinations of soft and hard cheeses. Cream sauces frequently include ham, peas, mushrooms, or sausage.

Aglío-olio, or garlic-oil, sauces usually involve hot pepper and garlic sautéed in oil until it colors lightly but not until it browns (browned garlic would make the sauce bitter). These are not served with cheese if cooked, though they are if uncooked, as in pesto (made with basil and pine nuts and Parmesan cheese) and *tocco de noxe*, a walnut-and-Parmesan sauce that has lately become fashionable. Aglio-olio sauces are usually served with long strands of pasta that allow excess oil to drip off. Radke counsels against bows and corkscrews and other shapes that can spew oil unexpectedly onto your shirt.

Perhaps the most welcome group is uncooked sauces, which can recall summer at any time of year. The best-known is probably fresh tomatoes and basil and olive oil, perhaps with cubed mozzarella. A good and little-known one is olive oil, lemon juice, parsley or basil, and, if you like, hot red pepper or garlic; this sauce is usually served with spaghetti. Olives, anchovies, and capers are the usual condiments for uncooked sauces. A source for elegant and easy sauces that require little or no cooking is *Cucina Fresca*, by Evan Kleiman and Viana La Place. These two Los Angeles chefs (both women) offer many pasta salads, which are virtually unknown in Italy. (Macaroni salad of



the kind that starts with mayonnaise and pimento—"The Middle West is paved with it," reports one man who grew up there—deserves to be unknown everywhere.)

I nominate for consideration in future books an invaluable group—larder sauces that can be assembled with no notice. Aglio-olio belongs at the top of this list, and olive and anchovy sauces next. Many food shops now stock olive paste—finely chopped olives steeped in olive oil. A bit of this makes an excellent pasta sauce. I find that almost any kind of leftovers, with a little doctoring that might involve a sautéed onion or a few herbs or some tomato

paste or stock or cheese, can be turned into a pasta sauce—not an authentic one, perhaps, but one I would serve with a trumped-up Italian name and no apologies.

THAT SO MANY COOKS ARE PUTTING THINGS IN AND over pasta which no Italian would recognize or go near with a fork should not be cause for scorn or even raised eyebrows. Many Italian chefs, too, are experimenting with pasta, and causing controversy. The difference, of course, is that they have been eating pasta all their lives and that they have long experience with appropriate ways to treat it.

Americans have taken some wrong turns on the road to making pasta the national dish. The most conspicuous error is overcooking, which began so early and has become so customary that it will probably be the last to go. One sign of hope is the decline of canned pasta, which made the softest possible version seem normal. Dried pasta becomes more and more popular every year—sales have risen by an average of four percent during each of the past ten years. Importers such as Todaro and De Luca report increasing sophistication among their customers, who want more and more variety in the shapes and colors of pasta. Perhaps most important, pasta has become popular all over America, not just on the coasts and in cities.

Given enough time, Americans might be responsible for the next classical era of pasta. They have already established serving pasta as a one-dish meal all over the world—even among middle-class Italians, who speak of it no longer as a sign of bad breeding or poverty but as an American-inspired convenience. Per capita consumption of pasta is still only 11.2 pounds a year in the United States, as opposed to sixty in Italy. But the gap could close. Maybe someday the argument over the origin of pasta will turn on the insistence of Americans that pasta as the world knows it was introduced in the United States. □

A Short Story



WHERE WE ARE NOW

BY ETHAN CANIN

WHEN I MET JODI, SHE WAS AN ENGLISH MAJOR AT Simmons College, in Boston, and for a while after that she tried to be a stage actress. Then she tried writing a play, and when that didn't work out she thought about opening a bookstore. We've been married eleven years now, and these days she checks out books at the public library. I don't mean she reads them; I mean she works at the circulation desk.

We've been arguing lately about where we live. Our apartment is in a building with no grass or bushes, only a social room, with plastic chairs and a carpet made of Astro-turf. Not many people want to throw a party on Astro-turf, Jodi says. She points out other things, too: the elevator stops a foot below the floors, so you have to step up to get out; the cold water comes out rusty in the mornings; three weeks ago a man was robbed in the hallway by a kid with a bread knife. The next Sunday night Jodi rolled over in bed, turned on the light, and said, "Charlie, let's look at houses."

It was one in the morning. From the fourth floor, through the night haze, I could see part of West Hollywood, a sliver of the observatory, lights from the mansions in the canyon.

"There," I said, pointing through the window. "Houses."

"No, let's look at houses to buy."

I covered my eyes with my arm. "Lovebird," I said, "where will we find a house we can afford?"

"We can start this weekend," she said.

That night after dinner she read aloud from the real-estate section. "Santa Monica," she read. "Two bedrooms, yard, half mile to beach."

"How much?"

She looked closer at the paper. "We can look other places."

She read to herself for a while. Then she said that prices seemed lower in some areas near the Los Angeles airport.

"How much?"

"A two-bedroom for \$160,000."

I glanced at her.

"Just because we look doesn't mean we have to buy it," she said.

"There's a real-estate agent involved."

"She won't mind."

"It's not honest," I said.

She closed the paper and went to the window. I watched a muscle in her neck move from side to side. "You know what it's like?" she said, looking into the street.

"I just don't want to waste the woman's time," I answered.

"It's like being married to a priest."

I knew why she said that. I'm nothing like a priest. I'm a physical-education teacher in the Hollywood schools and an assistant coach—basketball and baseball. The other night I'd had a couple of other coaches over to the house. We aren't all that much alike—I'll read a biography on the weekend, listen to classical music maybe a third of the time—but I still like to have them over. We were sitting in the living room, drinking beer and talking about the future. One of the coaches has a two-year-old son at home. He didn't have a lot of money, he said, so he thought it was important to teach his kid morality. I wasn't sure he was serious, but when he finished I told a story anyway about an incident that had happened a few weeks before at school. I'd found out that a kid in a gym class I was teaching, a quiet boy and a decent student, had stolen a hat from a men's store. So I made him return it and write a letter of apology to the owner. When I told the part about how the man was so impressed with the letter that he offered the boy a job, Jodi remarked that I was lucky it hadn't turned out the other way.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"He could have called the police," she said. "He could have thanked you for bringing the boy in and then called the police."

"I just don't think so."

"Why not? The boy could have ended up in jail."

"I just don't think so," I said. "I think most people will respond to honesty. I think that's where people like us have to lead the way."

It's an important point, I said, and took a drink of beer to take the edge off what I was saying. Too much money makes you lose sight of things, I told them. I stopped talking then, but I could have said more. All you have to do is look around: in Beverly Hills there's a restaurant where a piece of veal costs thirty dollars. I don't mind being an assistant coach at a high school, even though you hear now about the fellow who earns a hundred thousand dollars with the fitness truck that comes right to people's homes. The truck has Nautilus, and a sound system you wouldn't expect. He keeps the stars in shape that way—Kirk Doug-

las, the movie executives. The man with the truck doesn't live in Hollywood. He probably lives out at the beach, in Santa Monica or Malibu.

But Hollywood's fine if people don't compare it with the ideas they have. Once in a while, at a party, someone from out of town will ask me whether any children of movie stars are in my classes. Sometimes Jodi says the answer is yes but that it would violate confidentiality to reveal their names. Other times I explain that movie stars don't live in Hollywood these days, that most of them don't even work here, that Hollywood is just car washes and food joints, and that the theater with the stars' footprints out front isn't much of a theater anymore. The kids race hot rods by it on Thursday nights.

Hollywood is all right, though, I say. It's got sun and wide streets and is close to everything.

But Jodi wants to look anyway.

NEXT SUNDAY I DRIVE, and Jodi gives directions from the map. The house is in El Segundo. While I'm parking I hear a loud noise, and a 747 flies right over our heads. I watch it come down over the freeway.

"Didn't one of them land on the road once?" I ask.

"I don't remember it," Jodi says. She looks at the map. "The house should be on this block."

"I think it was in Dallas. I think it came right down on top of a car."

I think about that for a minute. It shakes me up to see a huge plane so low. I think of the people inside the one that landed on the road—descending, watching the flaps and the ailerons, the houses and automobiles coming into view.

"The ad says there are nice trees in back," Jodi says.

She leads us to the house. It's two stories, yellow stucco walls, with a cement yard and a low wire fence along the



sidewalk. The roof is tar paper. Down the front under the drainpipes are two long green stains.

"Don't worry," she says. "Just because we look doesn't mean anything." She knocks on the door and slips her arm into mine. "Maybe you can see the ocean from the bedroom windows."

She knocks again. Then she pushes the door a little, and we walk into the living room. There are quick footsteps, and a woman comes out of the hallway. "Good afternoon," she says. "Would you sign in, please?"

She points to a vinyl-covered book on the coffee table, and Jodi crosses the room and writes something in it. Then the agent hands me a sheet of paper with small type on it and a badly copied picture. I've never shopped for a house before. I see two columns of abbreviations, some numbers. It's hard to tell what the picture is of, but then I recognize the long stains under the drainpipes. I fold the sheet and put it into my pants pocket. Then I sit down on the couch and look around. The walls are light yellow, and one of them is covered with a mirror that has gold marbling in it. On the floor

is a cream-colored shag rug, with a matted area near the front door where a couch or maybe a trunk once stood. Above the mantle is a painting of a blue whale.

"Do the appliances and plumbing work?" Jodi asks.

"Everything works," the agent says.

Jodi turns the ceiling light on and off. She opens and closes the door to a closet in the corner, and I glimpse a tricycle and a bag full of empty bottles. I wonder what the family does on a Sunday afternoon when buyers look at their house.

"The rooms have a nice feel," the agent says. "You know what I mean?"

"I'm not sure I do," I say.

"It's hard to explain," she says. "but you'll see."

"We understand," Jodi says.

In the marbled mirror I watch Jodi's reflection. Three windows look onto the front yard, and she unlatches and lifts each one.

"I like a careful buyer," the agent says.

"You can never be too thorough," Jodi answers. Then she adds, "We're just looking."

The agent smiles, drumming her fingers against her wrist. I know she's trying to develop a strategy. In college I learned about strategies. I worked for a while selling magazines over the phone: talk to the man if you think they want it; talk to the woman if you think they don't. I was thinking of playing ball then, semi-pro, and the magazine work was evenings. I was twenty-three years old. I thought I was just doing work until I was discovered.

"Why don't you two look around," I say now to the agent. "I'll stay here."

"Perfect," she says.

She leads Jodi into the next room. I hear a door open and shut, and then they begin talking about the floors, the walls, the ceiling. We aren't going to buy the house, and I don't like being here. When I hear the two of them walk out through the back door into the yard, I get up from the couch and go over to look at the painting above the mantle. It's an underwater view, looking below the whale as it swims toward the surface. Above, the sunny sky is broken by ripples. On the mantle is a little pile of plaster powder, and as I stand there, I realize that the painting has just recently been hung. I go back to the couch. Once on a trip up the coast I saw a whale that the tide had trapped in a lagoon. It was north of Los Angeles, along the coastal highway, in a cove sheltered by two piers of man-moved boulders. Cars were parked along the shoulder. People were setting up their cameras while the whale moved around in the lagoon, stirring up the bottom. I don't like to think about trapped animals, though, so instead I sit down and try to plan what to do tomorrow at practice. The season hasn't started yet, and we're still working on base-running—the double steal, leading from the inside of the bag. Baseball isn't a thing you think about, though; baseball *comes*. I'm an assistant coach and maybe could have been a minor-league pitcher, but when I think of it I realize I know only seven or eight things about the whole game. We learn so slowly, I think.

I get up and go over to the painting again. I glance behind me. I put my head next to the wall, lift the frame a little bit, and when I look I see that behind it the plaster is stained brown from an interior leak. I take a deep breath and then put the frame back. From outside in the yard I hear the women speaking about basement storage space, and rather than listen I cross the room and enter a hallway. It smells of grease. On the wall, at waist level, are children's hand marks that go all the way to the far end. I walk down there and enter the kitchen. In it is a Formica table and four plastic chairs, everything made large by the low ceiling. I see a door in the corner, and when I cross the room and open it I'm surprised to find a stairway with brooms and mops hung above the banister. The incline is

steep, and when I go up I find myself in the rear of an upstairs closet. Below me Jodi and the agent are still talking. I push through the clothes hanging in front of me and open the door.

I'm in the master bedroom now. A king-sized bed stands in front of me, but something's funny about it, and when I look closer I think that it might be two single beds pushed together. It's covered by a spread. I stop for a moment to think. I don't think I'm doing anything wrong. We came here to see the house, and when people show their homes they take out everything of value so that they won't have to worry. I go to the window. Framing it is a new-looking lace curtain, pinched up in a tieback. I look out at a crab-apple tree and some telephone wires and try to calculate where the ocean might be. The shadows point west, but the coastline is irregular in this area and juts in different directions. The view of the crab apple is pretty, spotted with shade and light—but then I see that in the corner behind the curtain the glass is splintered and has been taped. I lift the curtain and look at the pane. The crack spreads like a spiderweb. Then I walk back to the bed. I flatten my hands and slip them into the crevice between the two mattresses, and when I extend my arms the two halves come apart. I push the beds back together and sit down. Then I look into the corner, and my heart skips because I see that against the far wall, half-hidden by the open door, is an old woman in a chair.

"Excuse me," I say.

"That's all right," she says. She folds her hands. "The window cracked ten years ago."

"My wife and I are looking at the house."

"I know."

I walk to the window. "A nice view," I say, pretending to look at something in the yard. The woman doesn't say anything. I can hear water running in the pipes, some children outside. Tiny, pale apples hang among the leaves of the tree.

"You know," I say, "we're not really looking at the house to buy it."

I walk back to the bed. The skin on the woman's arms is mottled and hangs in folds. "We can't afford to buy it," I say. "I don't make enough money to buy a house and—I don't know why, but my wife wants to look at them anyway. She wants people to think we have enough money to buy a house."

The woman looks at me.

"It's crazy," I say, "but what are you going to do in that kind of situation?"

She clears her throat. "My son-in-law," she begins, "wants to sell the house so he can throw the money away." Her voice is slow, and I think she has no saliva in her mouth. "He has a friend who goes to South America and swallows everything, and then comes back through customs with a plastic bag in his bowel."

She stops. I look at her. "He's selling the house to invest the money in drugs?"

"I'm glad you don't want to buy," she says.

I MIGHT HAVE HAD A SMALL CAREER IN BASEBALL, BUT I've learned in the past eleven years to talk about other things. I was twenty-three the last pitch I threw. The season was over and Jodi was in the stands in a wool coat. I was about to get a college degree in physical education. I knew how to splint a broken bone and how to cut the grass on a golf green, and then I decided that to turn your life around you had to start from the inside. I had a coach in college who said he wasn't trying to teach us to be pro ball-players; he was trying to teach us to be decent people.

When we got married, I told Jodi that no matter what happened, no matter where things went, she could always trust me. We'd been seeing each other for a year, and in that time I'd been reading books. Not baseball books. Biographies: Martin Luther King, Gandhi. To play baseball right you have to forget that you're a person; you're muscles, bone, the need for sleep and food. So when you stop, you're saved by someone else's ideas. This isn't true just for baseball players. It's true for anyone who's failed at what he loves.

A friend got me the coaching job in California, and as soon as we were married we came west. Jodi still wanted to be an actress. We rented a room in a house with six other people, and she took classes in dance in the mornings and speech in the afternoons. Los Angeles is full of actors. Sometimes at parties we counted them. After a couple of years she started writing a play, and until we moved into where we are now we used to read pieces of it out loud to our six housemates.

By then I was already a little friendly with the people at school, but when I was out of the house, even after two years in Los Angeles, I was alone. People were worried about their own lives. In college I'd spent almost all my time with another ballplayer, Mitchell Lighty, and I wasn't used to new people. A couple of years after we graduated, Mitchell left to play pro ball in Panama City, and he came out to Los Angeles on his way there. The night before his plane left, he and I went downtown to a bar on the top floor of a big hotel. We sat by a window, and after a few drinks we went out onto the balcony. The air was cool. Plants grew along the edge, ivy was woven into the railing, and birds perched among the leaves. I was amazed to see the birds resting there thirty stories up on the side of the building. When I brushed the plants the birds took off into the air, and when I leaned over to watch them, I became dizzy with the distance to the sidewalk and with the small, rectangular shapes of the cars. The birds sailed in wide circles over the street and came back to the balcony. Then Mitchell put his drink on a chair, took both my hands, and stepped up onto the railing. He stood there on the metal crossbar, his wrists locked in my hands, leaning into the air.

"For God's sake," I whispered. He leaned farther out, pulling me toward the railing. A waiter appeared at the sliding door next to us. "Take it easy," I said. "Come on down." Mitchell let go of one of my hands, kicked up one leg, and swung out over the street. His black wingtip shoe

swiveled on the railing. The birds had scattered, and now they were circling, chattering angrily as he rocked. I was holding on with my pitching arm. My legs were pressed against the iron bars, and just when I began to feel the lead, just when the muscles began to shake, Mitchell jumped back onto the balcony. The waiter came through the sliding door and grabbed him, but in the years after that—the years after Mitchell got married and decided to stay in Panama City—I thought of that incident as the important moment of my life.

I don't know why. I've struck out nine men in a row and pitched to half a dozen hitters who are in the majors now, but when I think back over my life, about what I've done, not much more than that stands out.

AS WE LIE IN BED THAT NIGHT, JODI READS ALOUD from the real-estate listings. She uses abbreviations: BR, AC, D/D. As she goes down the page—San Marino, Santa Ana, Santa Monica—I nod occasionally or make a comment.

When I wake up later, early in the morning, the newspaper is still next to her on the bed. I can see its pale edge in the moonlight. Sometimes I wake up like this, maybe from some sound in the night, and when I do, I like to lie with my eyes closed and feel the difference between the bed and the night air. I like to take stock of things. These are the moments when I'm most in love with my wife. She's next to me, and her face when she sleeps is untroubled. Women say now that they don't want to be protected, but when I watch her slow breathing, her parted lips, I think what a delicate thing a life is. I lean over and touch her mouth.

When I was in school I saw different girls, but since I've been married to Jodi I've been faithful. Except for once, a few years ago, I've almost never thought about someone else. I have a friend at school, Ed Ryan, a history teacher, who told me about the time he had an affair, and about how his marriage broke up right afterward. It wasn't a happy thing to see. She was a cocktail waitress at a bar a few blocks from school, he said. Ed told me the whole long story, about how he and the waitress had fallen in love so suddenly that he had no choice about leaving his wife. After the marriage was over, though, Ed gained fifteen or twenty pounds. One night, coming home from school, he hit a tree and wrecked his car. A few days later he came in early to work and found that all the windows in his classroom had been broken. At first I believed him when he said he thought his wife had done it, but that afternoon we were talking and I realized what had really happened.

We were in a lunch place. "You know," Ed said, "sometimes you think you know a person." He was looking into his glass. "You can sleep next to a woman, you can know the way she smiles when she's turned on, you can see in her hands when she wants to talk about something. Then you wake up one day and some signal's been exchanged—and you don't know what it is, but you think for the first

time, *Maybe I don't know her*. Just something. You never know what the signal is." I looked at him then and realized that there was no cocktail waitress and that Ed had broken the windows.

I turn in bed now and look at Jodi. Then I slide the newspaper off the blanket. We know each other, I think. The time I came close to adultery was a few years ago, with a secretary at school, a temporary who worked afternoons. She was a dark girl, didn't say much, and she wore turquoise bracelets on both wrists. She kept finding reasons to come into my office, which I share with the two other coaches. It's three desks, a window, a chalkboard. One night I was there late, after everyone else had gone, and she came by to do something. It was already dark. We talked for a while, and then she took off one of her bracelets to show me. She said she wanted me to see how beautiful it was, how the turquoise changed color in dim light. She put it into my hand, and then I knew for sure what was going on. I looked at it for a long time, listening to the little sounds in the building, before I looked up.

"Charlie?" Jodi says now in the dark.

"Yes?"

"Would you do whatever I asked you to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, would you do anything in the world that I asked you to do?"

"That depends," I say.

"On what?"

"On what you asked. If you asked me to rob someone, then maybe I wouldn't."

I hear her roll over, and I know she's looking at me. "But don't you think I would have a good reason to ask you if I did?"

"Probably."

"And wouldn't you do it just because I asked?"

She turns away again and I try to think of an answer. We've already argued once today, while she was making dinner, but I don't want to lie to her. That's what we argued about earlier. She asked me what I thought of the house we looked at, and I told her the truth, that a house just wasn't important to me.

"Then what is important to you?"

I was putting the forks and knives on the table. "Leveling with other people is important to me," I answered. "And you're important to me." Then I said, "And whales."

"What?"

"Whales are important to me."

That was when it started. We didn't say much after that, so it wasn't an argument exactly. I don't know why I mentioned the whales. They're great animals, the biggest things on earth, but they're not important to me.

"What if it was something not so bad," she says now, "but still something you didn't want to do?"

"What?"

The moonlight is shining in her hair. "What if I asked you to do something that ordinarily you wouldn't do yourself—would you do it if I asked?"

"And it wasn't something so bad?"

"Right."

"Yes," I say. "Then I would do it."

"WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO," SHE SAYS ON Wednesday, "is look at another house." We're eating dinner. "But I want them to take us seriously," she says. "I want to act as if we're really thinking of buying it, right on the verge. You know—maybe we will, maybe we won't."

I take a sip of water, look out the window. "That's ridiculous," I say. "Nobody walks in off the street and decides in an afternoon whether to buy a house."

"Maybe we've been looking at it from a distance for a long time," she says, "assessing things." She isn't eating her dinner. I cooked it, chicken, and it's steaming on her plate. "Maybe we've been waiting for the market to change."

"Why is it so important to you?"

"It just is. And you said you'd do it if it was important to me. Didn't you say that?"

"I had a conversation with the old woman in the yellow house."

"What?"

"When we looked at the other house," I say, "I went off by myself for a while. I talked with the old woman who was sitting upstairs."

"What did you say?"

"Do you remember her?"

"Yes."

"She told me that the owner was selling the house so he could use the money to smuggle drugs."

"So?"

"So," I say, "you have to be careful."

THIS SUNDAY JODI DRIVES. THE DAY IS BRIGHT AND blue, with a breeze from the ocean, and along Santa Monica Boulevard the palm fronds are rustling. I'm in my suit. If Jodi talks to the agent about offers, I've decided I'll stay to the back, nod or shrug at questions. She parks the car on a side street and we walk around the corner and go into the lobby of one of the hotels. We sit down in cloth chairs near the entrance. A bellman carries over an ashtray on a stand and sets it between us; Jodi hands him a bill from her purse. I look at her. The bellman is the age of my father. He moves away fast, and I lean forward to get my shoulder loose in my suit. I'm not sure if the lobby chairs are only for guests, and I'm ready to get up if someone asks. Then a woman comes in and Jodi stands and introduces herself. "Charlie Gordon," I say when the woman puts out her hand. She's in a gray pin-striped skirt and a jacket with a white flower in the lapel. After she says something to Jodi, she leads us outside to the parking circle, where a car is brought around by the valet, a French car, and Jodi and I get in back. The seats are leather.

"Is the weather always this nice?" Jodi asks. We pull out onto Wilshire Boulevard.

"Almost always," the woman says. "That's another thing I love about Los Angeles—the weather. Los Angeles has the most perfect weather on earth."

We drive out toward the ocean, and as the woman moves in and out of the lines of traffic, I look around the car. It's well kept, maybe leased. No gum wrappers or old coffee cups under the seat.

"Then you're looking for a second home?" the woman says.

"My husband's business makes it necessary for us to have a home in Los Angeles."

I look at Jodi. She's sitting back in the seat, her hand resting on the armrest.

"Most of the year, of course, we'll be in Dallas."

The street is curved and long with a grass island in the middle and eucalyptus along its length, and each time the car banks, I feel the nerves firing in my gut. I look at Jodi. I look at her forehead. I look at the way her hair falls on her neck, at her breasts, and I realize, the car shifting under us, that I don't trust her.

We turn and head up a hill. The street twists, and we go in and out of the shade from a bridge of elms. I can't see anything behind the hedges.

"The neighborhood is lovely," the woman says. "We have a twenty-four-hour security patrol, and the bushes hide everything from the street. We don't have sidewalks."

"No sidewalks?" I say.

"That discourages sightseeing," Jodi says.

We turn into a driveway. It heads down between two hedges to the far end, where a gravel half-circle has been cut around the trunk of a low, spreading fig tree. We stop, the agent opens Jodi's door, and we get out and stand there, looking at the house. It's a mansion.

The walls are white. There are clay tiles on the roof, sloped eaves, hanging vines. A narrow window runs straight up from the ground. Through it I can see a staircase and a chandelier. In college once, at the end of the season, the team had a party at a mansion like this one. It had windows everywhere, panes of glass as tall as flagpoles. The fellow who owned it had played ball for a while when he was young, and then gotten out and made big money. He was in something like hair care or combs then, and at the door each of us got a leather travel kit with our name embossed and some of his products inside. At the buffet table the oranges were cut so that the peels came off like the leather on a split baseball. He showed us through the house and then brought us into the yard. He told us that after all these years the game was still inside him. We stood on the lawn. It was landscaped with shrubs and willows, but he said he had bought the place because the yard was big enough for a 400-foot straightaway center field.

Now the agent leads us up the porch stairs. She rings the bell and then opens the door; inside, the light is everywhere. It streams from the windows, shines on the wood,

falls in slants from every height. There are oriental carpets on the floor, plants, a piano. The agent opens her portfolio and hands us each a beige piece of paper. It's textured like a wedding invitation, and at the top, above the figures, is an ink drawing of the house. The boughs of the fig tree frame the paper. I look down at it in my hand, the way I used to look down at a baseball.

The agent motions us into the living room. From there she leads us back through a glass-walled study, wisteria and bougainvillea hanging from the ceiling, down a hallway into the kitchen. Through the windows spread the grounds of the estate. Now is the time, I think to myself, when I should explain everything.

"I think I'll go out back," Jodi says. "You two can look around in here."

"Certainly," the agent says.

After she leaves, I pretend to look through the kitchen. I open cabinets, run the water. The tap has a charcoal filter. The agent says things about the plumbing and the foundation; I nod and then walk back into the study. She follows me.

"I know you'll find the terms agreeable," she says.

"The terms."

"And one can't surpass the house, as one can see."

"You could fit a diamond in the yard."

She smiles a little bit.

"A baseball diamond," I say. I lean forward and examine the paned windows carefully. They are newly washed, clear as air. Among them hang the vines of bougainvillea. "But some people look at houses for other reasons."

"Of course."

"I know of a fellow who's selling his house to buy drugs in South America."

She looks down, touches the flower in her jacket.

"People don't care about an honest living anymore," I say.

She smiles and looks up at me. "They don't," she says. "You're absolutely right. One sees that everywhere now. What line of work are you in, Mr. Gordon?"

I lean against the glassed wall. Outside, violet petals are spinning down beneath the jacarandas. "We're not really from Dallas," I say.

"Oh?"

Through the window I see Jodi come out onto the lawn around the corner of the house. The grass is beautiful. It's green and long like an outfield. Jodi steps up into the middle of it and raises her hands above her head, arches her back like a dancer. She was in a play the first time I ever saw her, stretching like that, onstage in a college auditorium. I was in the audience, wearing a baseball shirt. At intermission I went home and changed my clothes so that I could introduce myself. That was twelve years ago.

"No," I say to the agent. "We're not really from Dallas. We moved outside of Dallas a while back. We live in Highland Park now."

She nods.

"I'm an investor," I say. □

The first installment of this two-part article described why black urban ghettos are poorer and more isolated today than they have ever been. The question remaining is how to reverse the effects of what has become a self-sustaining culture

THE ORIGINS OF THE UNDERCLASS

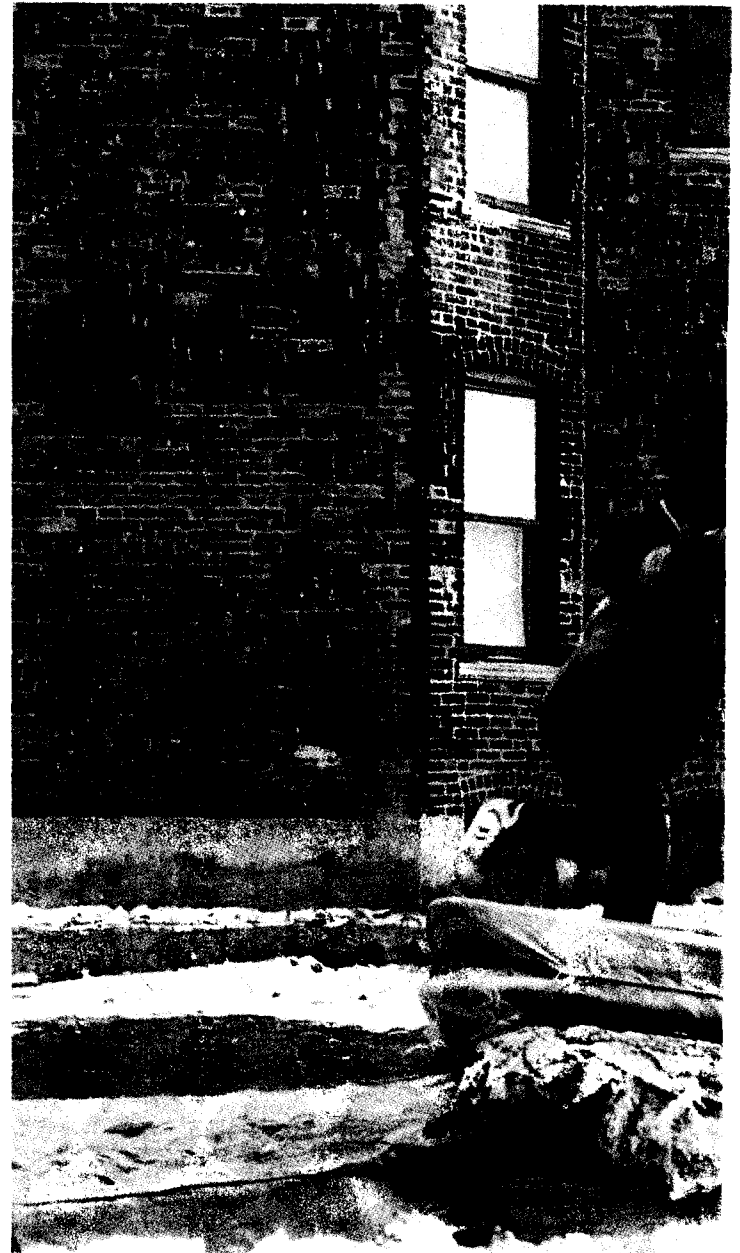
BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

I. European Norms

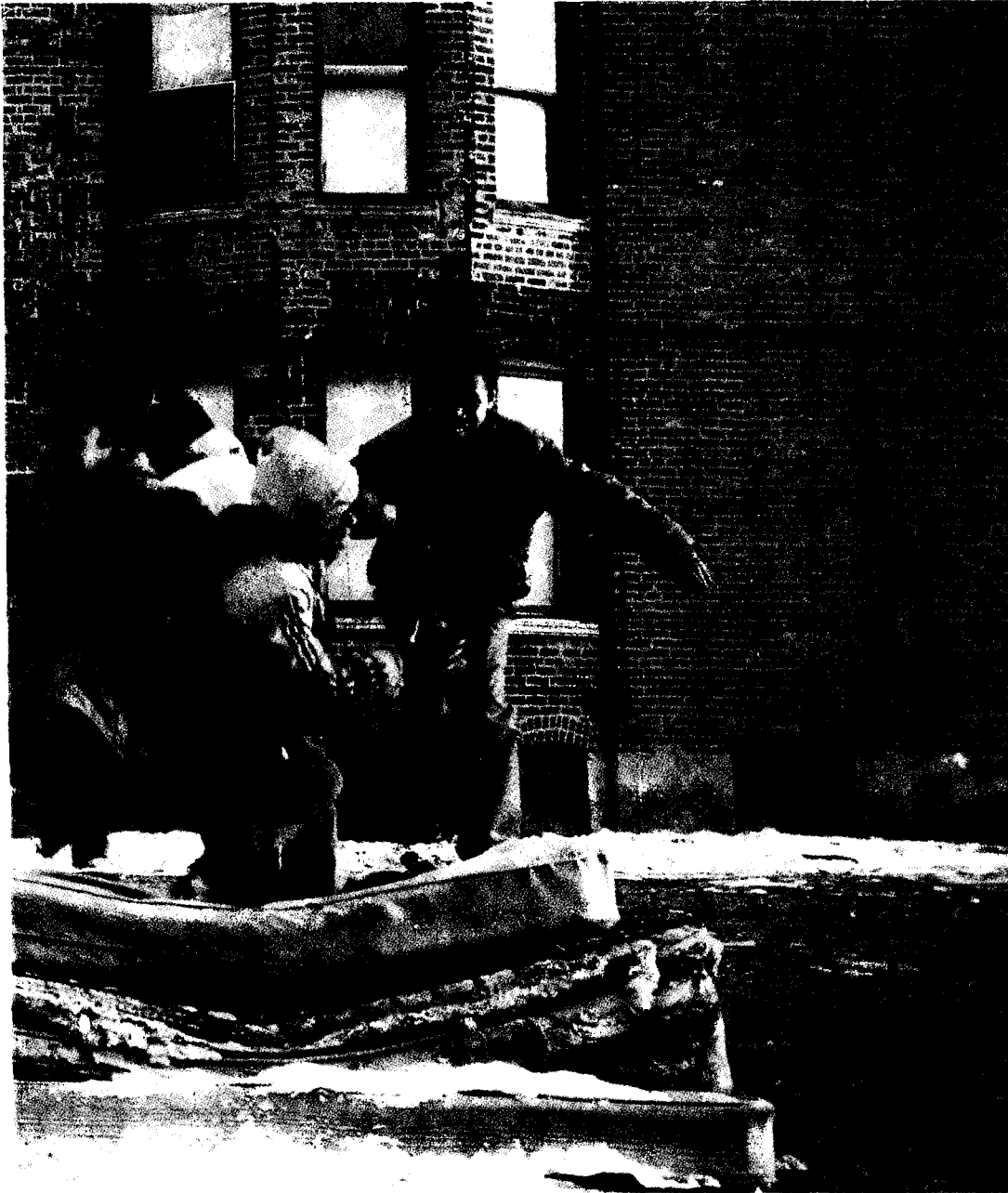
TODAY'S BLACK GHETTOS WERE CREATED BY TWO migrations: first the migration of rural and small-town black southerners to cities, usually in the North; then, for the past twenty years, the migration of the cities' black middle and working classes to middle-class neighborhoods. The problems that now seem overwhelming in the ghettos—out-of-wedlock childbearing, unemployment, crime, poor educational achievement—have existed in the ghettos for more than half a century. When the ghettos were multi-class societies, their leadership tried to keep the problems in check by preaching a classic immigrant ethic of assimilation—if not into white society, at least into a society with middle-class values.

In the late sixties, however, when the leadership left the ghettos, it stopped preaching to those who stayed behind. In fact, far from preaching to the ghettos, the official voices of society, both black and white, began defending the ghetto culture, arguing that it was merely a rational response to social and economic conditions and would change only when those conditions were changed by whites, and that to condemn it was to impose white values on a distinctive, valid, resilient culture.

Earlier this year Joyce Ladner, a professor of social work at Howard University, wrote in the National Urban League's annual report on the state of black America that no problem is "more threatening to future generations" of blacks than teen-age pregnancy. In 1971, though, in her book *tomorrow's tomorrow*, Ladner was writing, "Conceivably, there will be no 'illegitimate' children and 'promiscuous' women in ten years if there are enough middle-class white women who decide that they are going to disavow the societal canons regarding childbirth and premarital



sexual behavior." The next year the National Urban League published a book called *The Strengths of Black Families*; in the foreword Andrew Billingsley, a sociologist who is now at the University of Maryland, wrote, "The operation of General Motors, the State Department, and the Ford Foundation have more to do with the structure and functioning of Black family life than the attitudes, desires, and personal proclivities of all the young men and young women who have been the subject of sociological analyses." In his 1968 book *Black Families in White America* Billingsley complained about "the deeply held view that patterns of responses generated, practiced, or sanctioned in the white community are normal, and that any deviations from those norms which might be relevant or common in the black community are abnormal, deviant, and to be highly disvalued." As a solution he suggested that "all the



Children at play on Chicago's South Side. "Everything that has happened to lower-class blacks over the decades seems to have separated them from society even more."

major institutions of society should abandon the single standard of excellence based on white European cultural norms."

I saw this coincidence of the defense of ghetto culture and the migration out of the ghetto most plainly during time I recently spent in the ghetto in Chicago, when I met Al Sims, who was running a small branch office of the Urban League out of a former parochial school in the middle of the Cabrini-Green housing project, Chicago's most notorious. Sims was born in New Orleans and moved north with his family at the age of six. His father was a farm laborer in Louisiana; he came to Chicago in 1956, worked in construction, and after a year sent for his wife and nine children and installed them in an apartment at Cabrini-Green. "I remember very vividly getting off the train at Twelfth and Michigan and being picked up and taken

here," Sims said. "It seemed like Shangri-la." Cabrini-Green was then all low-rise, and it housed many Second World War veterans and their families, both black and white. Today it is mostly high-rise and all black. The population of the high-rises is as much as 75 percent poor; 65 percent are under twenty-one and 80 percent are in female-headed families. The project has virtually no church attendance or legitimate business activity. The high school that serves it has a dropout rate of 89 percent. Four major gangs and close to a hundred subfactions are active there.

All nine Sims children made it out of Cabrini-Green and into the middle class. "We were poor as dirt," Sims said. "But at a certain hour I had to be home. Mr. Sims wouldn't have it any other way. I credit my father. And the six or seven guys I hung out with, my buddies, they had smaller

families, but they turned into zero. Tapped out. And they didn't have fathers."

These days, he said, stories like his don't often happen. Why not? He said, "I believe America can make what it wants to work, work. White America would not allow white people to live like this. No way. The concept of genocide is very real, it gains meaning, when you think about black people in this town."

He was fatalistic about ghetto culture—it was not something within the power of the residents of Cabrini-Green to control, because the outside forces that had created it were so powerful. Couldn't teenagers stop having children, and finish school, and get jobs, and get out? "It's just not going to happen that way. We can't turn back the clock and have Ozzie and Harriet."

Sims had mentioned that he had a young daughter; I asked him what he would do if, as an unmarried teenager, she got pregnant. He looked at me with utter shock; we were no longer talking abstract social forces. "I would die. That would kill me," he said.

OF THE MILLIONS OF BLACK AMERICANS WHO HAVE RISEN from poverty to the middle class since the mid-sixties, virtually all have done so by embracing bourgeois values and leaving the ghetto. So it is worth exploring why black and white leaders have fiercely resisted telling these secrets to the people left behind.

One reason is pure compassion—a feeling that anyone who understood where the problems of the ghetto had come from and how deep-seated they were could not expect lower-class blacks simply to set them aside. Another, maybe more important, reason is that for almost two centuries whites, especially in the South, have argued that

blacks make up a separate caste, because they are immoral, irresponsible, and of inferior intelligence. In the black view, what whites have done, to justify keeping all blacks down, is to point to problems that the whites themselves have created, through centuries of slavery, segregation, and enforced poverty and ignorance. So a tradition has grown up of not discussing within the hearing of whites issues like out-of-wedlock childbirth, poor educational achievement, and crime. This prohibition was especially strong in the late sixties, when the old racial barriers were finally being broken down, and it is still strong. Over and over I heard from middle-class blacks the belief that public discussions of ghetto problems would affect the way they were treated, or at least thought of, by whites.

Glenn Loury, a professor at Harvard who is a prominent member of a new generation of conservative black intellectuals, last year in an article in *The Public Interest* offered a more cynical explanation for the resistance of established blacks to soul-searching about the underclass:

More fortunate blacks benefit, through the political system, from the conditions under which the poorest blacks must live. . . . The growing black 'underclass' has become a constant reminder to many Americans of a historical debt owed to the black community. Were it not for the continued presence of the worst-off of all Americans, blacks' ability to sustain public support for affirmative action, minority business set-asides, and the like would be vastly reduced. . . . The evidence suggests that, for many of the most hotly contested public policies advocated by black spokesmen, not much of the benefit "trickles down" to the truly poor.

Loury told me recently that after he wrote an earlier article criticizing the black leadership, Benjamin Hooks, the executive director of the National Association for the Ad-

Al Sims outside the Cabrini-Green housing project, 1015 North Larrabee. "He was fatalistic about ghetto culture. 'We can't turn back the clock and have Ozzie and Harriet.'"





*A child and her doll.
"White society is so distant
that in the ghetto I rarely
heard any hint of the
intense race consciousness
that pervades the rest of
black society."*

vancement of Colored People, called him. "He said, 'Look, I'm a civil-rights leader. Sure. I know these problems exist, but my job is to hold white people's feet to the fire. In these years of Ronald Reagan and turning the clock back, how can I go around criticizing little black kids?' Then I had a private meeting with a group of black leaders: Carl Holman, of the National Urban Coalition; John Jacob, of the National Urban League; Walter Fauntroy [the District of Columbia's representative in Congress]; Joseph Lowery, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Coretta King. I made a one-hour presentation. I said the real problem is the problem of the black poor, and civil-rights activism is largely irrelevant, though not"—he winked—"if you want to own a TV station. I said, 'You people have exhausted a lot of moral capital with your whining.' The reaction was quite amazing. I got no real rebuttal. They said, 'We appreciate your contribution. We're proud of you. A young black scholar like you being on the faculty at Harvard is what we were fighting for in the sixties. But you have to be careful of when and how you say these things.'"

It is not only the black leadership that has a strong interest in avoiding the subject of the underclass. The black equivalent of Middle America does too. The primary link between the black middle class and the underclass has been one of blood kinship. The underclass was not a neatly defined national issue—it was Aunt Mary, whose husband had left her and who had gone on welfare and moved to the projects. That is changing now, as members of the underclass lose social and family contact with their better-off friends and relatives. But there is still a link during the workday. An unusual proportion of blacks work for government—27 percent as against 16 percent of whites. Many of these jobs are in the ghetto: schoolteacher, postal work-

er, social worker, bus driver, police officer. The middle-class black neighborhoods in Chicago are full of people who commute to the ghetto to work. The daily contact leads many middle-class blacks to see the ghetto as a collection of individual hard-luck stories rather than as a problem that would be solved through some sweeping new government policy.

Because the bifurcation of black society is still young, for many middle-class blacks the subject of the underclass strikes close to home. Glenn Loury grew up in a middle-class neighborhood on the South Side of Chicago. He fathered two children out of wedlock, and says that his family made economic progress in large part because his relatives ran speakeasies and sold marijuana. He says that he grew up being encouraged to keep a string of girlfriends and to refer to all women as "bitches." Although he does not bristle at condemnations of illegitimacy, crime, and the pimp ethos among ghetto blacks, many people with his life story would.

II. Blaming the Victim

THE PUBLIC DEBATE ABOUT THE UNDERCLASS HAS for many years been dominated by two views of poor blacks, one considering them collectively (blacks are the victims of racial, economic, and welfare policies not in their power to change) and the other considering them individually (blacks can make their lives better through personal effort). In black politics and intellectual life the debate was symbolized for most of the twentieth century by a struggle between the followers of W. E. B. Du Bois and those of Booker T. Washington. Du Bois, whose family had been free for generations, belonged to the small group of blacks whose suffering consisted pri-

marily of caste barriers, rather than ignorance, hunger, poverty, or social disorganization. He and the organization with which he was long identified, the NAACP, championed the cause of complete legal equality; although he was well aware of the social problems of the black lower class, they weren't at the center of his political agenda. Washington, born a slave on a plantation, was willing to put civil rights off for another day and concentrate on a program of self-help for the great mass of poor blacks, which was intended to turn them into a segregated but economically self-sufficient working and artisan class. Over the years, the Du Bois position gained ground. The idea of self-help for blacks was all but forgotten in the legal struggle over civil rights; the idea even became unrespectable.

In the late fifties and early sixties, when the migration from the South swelled the urban ghettos until they were impossible to ignore, liberals began to discover the problems of the black lower class. At the time, the conservative and centrist position in the northern cities, articulated by Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, among others, was that blacks were just like any other immigrant group and would gradually move into the mainstream of city life. (Daley's own group, the Irish, had a large and troubled underclass in the nineteenth century.) Liberal intellectuals began to focus on how blacks differed from other immigrant groups—the much greater degree of oppression they had suffered, as this country's only non-voluntary immigrants and only slaves, and the deep psychological scars left by the black experience. The implication was that society had to do something special for blacks, though it hadn't for other immigrants; the ghettos would not heal themselves.

Three books that give the tenor of liberal thought at the time are *Slavery*, by Stanley Elkins (1959), *Crisis in Black and White*, by Charles Silberman (1964), and *Dark Ghetto*, by Kenneth B. Clark (1965). Elkins, a white historian, compared slaves to the inmates of Nazi concentration camps, as a way of showing the harshness of the system and the psychological devastation that was its legacy. Silberman, a white journalist, was prophetic about the coming explosion in the ghettos and about the underclass. Clark, a black social scientist, was still more prescient; he predicted in terms that must have seemed extreme that crime, unemployment, and a splintered family life would be characteristics of the ghetto for a long time. Daniel Patrick Moynihan's famous 1965 report to President Johnson on the Negro family was very much of this school of thought; its characterization of ghetto life as a "tangle of pathology"—which some black scholars, including Andrew Billingsley, attacked as racist—came directly from Clark. Its subtitle was, significantly, "The Case for National Action." Moynihan saw it as the intellectual underpinning for new government programs.

Blacks did not like being characterized as devastated and pathological, especially by whites; it was insulting. Also, it seemed a short step from the liberal position that the ghettos were horrible and needed help to the conserva-

tive position that the ghettos were horrible and should be given up on. And so emerged an odd, hybrid ideology that had the force of absolute consensus: Yes, the ghettos were devastated, but from without; there was nothing wrong with the people in them. The final nail in the coffin of Booker T. Washingtonism was a brilliant three-word phrase: "blaming the victim." Its inventor, William Ryan, a psychology professor at Boston College, wrote an early, influential attack on the Moynihan report, and in 1970 published a book titled *Blaming the Victim*. Explaining the phrase, he wrote, "This is how the distressed and disinherited are redefined in order to make it possible for us to look at society's problems and to attribute their causation to the individuals affected." In other words, ills that are society's fault are attributed to the people suffering from them, whose fault they manifestly are not.

The growth of the idea that the ghetto was a valid "community" came just at the time when it was ceasing to be a community, because its leaders and institutions were moving away. Nonetheless the idea was responsible for the federal Community Action Program, a part of the War on Poverty, in which ghetto residents, instead of intrusive social workers, were supposed to be the agents of their own progress. In Chicago this led to the awarding of federal community-action funds to "community leaders" like the Blackstone Rangers (forerunner gang of the El Rukns) and the Vice Lords. Silberman, who caught some of the early community-action enthusiasm, ended his book with a glowing chapter on the regeneration of the Woodlawn neighborhood on the South Side of Chicago through the organizing efforts of Saul Alinsky's The Woodlawn Organization. At the time, TWO was widely publicized as a model of effective community development. Today TWO is still respected in Chicago, but it certainly did not revive Woodlawn. The census figures available when Silberman was writing showed that Woodlawn had 81,000 residents. In 1970 it had 54,000, and in 1980 it had 36,000—38 percent of its black residents moved away in ten years. The way up was not through community development. It was through getting out.

The view that conditions in the ghetto would change only when white society decided to change them seems contradictory to the creed of community development, but it really isn't. The connection is this: if there is not a self-defeating culture in the ghettos, and if the ghettos nonetheless have problems, then white society must be to blame—who else could it be? The changes by white society that would heal the ghettos were usually described as "deep," "sweeping," and "structural." Ryan wrote that "the solution lies in action to change the balance of power." The trouble with this argument is that it is defeatism clothed in hope. This country so far has been unideological and uninclined to engage in deep, structural change except by accident and in order to meet pressing needs. To single out poor blacks as the one group in our society that will really suffer unless deep, structural changes are made, or unless an entirely different value system takes

hold, is to consign them to suffering for the foreseeable future.

I got to know a group of people in Chicago who had grown up in the town of Canton, Mississippi, migrated north in the fifties, and mostly done well there. They regularly talked to me about the importance of making something of oneself, with a fervor that would cause Norman Vincent Peale to blush. But they also felt entirely comfortable with the view of black problems in America as collective ones: they were comfortable with the opinions voiced by the black leadership, and they reflected the collective view in the way they talked about their own lives. The view of blacks as masters of their own fate and the view of blacks as objects of the will of whites exist simultaneously. I often heard conversations salted with references to "Mister Charlie" and "Miss Ann" or just "the Man," symbols of the all-powerful white. That all whites can be consolidated into one symbolic personage suggests a feeling among blacks that whites work in perfect concert while blacks work individually and often quarrelsomely—exactly the opposite of a view common among whites. The persistence of black anti-Semitism long after the Jewish merchants have left the ghettos—replaced in Chicago by Arabs, ironically—further testifies to the enduring appeal of the idea of an all-powerful white villain, in this case not "Mister Charlie" but "Goldberg." The sneaking admiration that some middle-class blacks who would never dream of joining the Nation of Islam feel for Louis Farrakhan is stated in terms of his standing up to whites, being un-intimidated by them. He's what St. Clair Drake and Horace Cayton, in their 1945 book about the Chicago ghetto, *Black Metropolis*, called a "Race Man": "Negroes tend to admire an aggressive Race Man even when his motives are suspect. They will applaud him, because, in the face of the white world, he remains 'proud of his race and always tries to uphold it whether it is good or bad, right or wrong.'"

III. The Ghetto Today

BLACK AMERICANS AT EVERY LEVEL—EVEN THOSE IN the very bosom of the bourgeoisie, who work for white companies and live in affluent and sometimes integrated neighborhoods—still feel themselves to be apart from white America. It is impossible to imagine any other ethnic group able to support a slick commercial magazine like *Ebony* wanting to—the other groups are too much a part of the mainstream culture. (*Ebony*, by the way, constantly preaches both self-help and collective action for blacks.) As apart as all of black life is, ghetto life is a thousand times more so, with a different language, economy, educational system, and social ethic. White society, though physically less than a mile away from the Chicago ghetto, is so distant that in the ghetto I rarely heard any hint of the intense race consciousness that pervades the rest of black society. Everything that has happened to lower-class blacks over the decades, every new twist, from

segregation to the migration north to the civil-rights movement, seems to have separated them from society even more—separated them from whites, from the South, from middle-class black life, and finally even from uplifting preachment. They are immigrants who not only have not assimilated in the new land but may even have become more insular there. The ghetto today has schools and hospitals, heat and running water; those of its residents who use the system of welfare and food stamps have enough to eat. But the institutions that are supposed to ameliorate ghetto life (schools, public housing, the police, welfare agencies) give off a feeling not of hope or progress but of containment—of not letting things get out of hand to the point where life outside the ghetto would be directly affected.

ORR HIGH SCHOOL, ON THE WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO, was designed by Mies Van der Rohe. It is a good example of his institutional style, with exposed steel girders, brick walls, and broad expanses of glass windows. Inside it is divided into several "houses" with their own libraries, cafeterias, and other facilities, in order to foster a feeling of educational intimacy. "The design of this building is not the design needed in a neighborhood like this," says the principal, Kenneth Van Spankeren, and it has been altered. Most of the glass has been replaced with an unbreakable plastic material called Lexan, which has turned cloudy. The parking lot is surrounded by a fifteen-foot wire-mesh fence and kept locked during the school day. An unarmed security guard is posted at the entrance, one of five on duty in the school every day, and an armed policeman patrols the corridors. The interior stairwells are kept locked and are monitored by teachers.

A few years ago the *Chicago Tribune* published an article about Van Spankeren, presenting him as an unusually successful inner-city high school principal. What this means is that he has been able to maintain order. The students have to wear plastic ID cards at school, can't wear gang symbols (the Vice Lords control the area), can't leave the building, and can't move freely inside the building. "We have a very close relationship with the Eleventh District police," Van Spankeren told me. "The area outside is under constant surveillance." On the morning when we met, preparations were under way for a school dance, to be held at three in the afternoon and under tight security in order to avoid violence. The next morning, during first period, Van Spankeren's voice came over the loudspeaker, congratulating the students on the fact that the dance was held without incident. "We appreciate that, and we expect it," he said. "Students, make sure you have your ID cards, and they're on. Teachers, check and take attendance. Thank you, and have a nice day."

There are 2,000 students at Orr, 800 of them freshmen; as at all the ghetto schools nowadays, the faculty has to worry less about how to handle overcrowded classrooms than about whether there will be enough students to main-

Gang members outside Orr High School, 730 North Pulaski. "Most of the teachers I met at Orr were dedicated, but they had almost given up on teaching the students."



tain the ratio needed to avoid layoffs. Eighty percent of the students are black, 20 percent are Hispanic, and most are from poor, single-parent homes supported by welfare. The great majority are well below their grade level in achievement. In most recent years about 200 have graduated. The PTA has twenty members. Because it is virtually impossible for a Chicago teacher to be fired or even transferred, Van Spankeren has little leeway in picking his faculty. Most of the teachers I met at Orr were dedicated, but they had almost given up on teaching the students—instead, their emphasis was on maintaining a cheery atmosphere during class.

I dropped in on Cindy Sleyko's remedial mathematics class for freshmen. The students were working at their desks. "Right now they're working on homework they didn't do," she told me. "We're supposed to have eighteen in the class, and we have twelve today, which isn't too bad. In the sophomore demote class we'll have eighteen and only six will show up." She had me look at some of the students' answers to problems: $\frac{7}{8} = \frac{1}{4}$; $15\frac{1}{10} = 15\frac{4}{10}$; $2\frac{1}{12} = 1\frac{1}{12}$. Sleyko said, "Now, look at problem twenty-nine here. They'd *all* get that wrong." The problem was 7 minus $4\frac{2}{3}$.

In Pat Michalski's earth-science class the students were watching the movie *Forbidden Planet* as a lesson in astronomy and also as a reward for finishing a difficult part of the course; it would take up three full class periods. Michalski, sitting in a small office off the classroom, said, "You have to regulate everything with these kids. Rules all the time. A lot are used to being hit. Their homes are constant noise." A deep voice came out of the room where the students were watching the movie: "Where Miss Michalski at?" She walked in, consulted with one of the boys, and came back to her office. "He wanted to know if that was

the monster. That kid's a senior!" She pointed to a hand-lettered sign she'd hung over her desk, which said:

DID
YOU Ever Know
That Your My
HERO!
And Everything
I'd Like TO Be:

"That's by a junior! I know it looks like third grade," Michalski said. She motioned me into a corner of the classroom and whispered, "You wouldn't believe which of these kids are parents." I counted while she pointed: seven.

In Joe Valenziano's American-history class, the students were finishing their homework from the night before, which consisted of answering a series of questions by copying the answers out of textbooks. For handing this in the students would get five bonus points on their next exam. Valenziano said, "This is the old rote method of learning. You read it, you write it down. It seems to be working for me. I've been here sixteen years, and I've tried everything."

A student put a paper on his desk. Some of the answers were copied correctly and others were not: Who was George III? "He was a spy." Explain the role of blacks in the Revolutionary War: "forming of America." Valenziano glanced at the paper and wrote a 5 on it. "If it looks good and they answer the questions, they get five points," he said. "I *want* them to copy! I call it sharing. See, these kids can't do homework like you and me. I learned this from working in an inner-city school. Sure, when I first came here I had all these pie-in-the-sky ideas. People might say it's cheating, but we all copy as adults. We all plagiarize as adults. There's nothing wrong with it."

DU SABLE HIGH SCHOOL, WHICH HAS 1,900 STUDENTS, has even worse demographics than Orr—its parents are 100 percent poor—but the atmosphere is warmer, perhaps because it has a long history as one of the linchpin institutions in what was once a real community. The assistant principal, Luke Helm, who has been at Du Sable for twenty-five years, told me one morning, “Historically, this has been the stepping-stone to the black middle class—from poverty to the middle class. But we’re no longer working with the same population. The people we’re getting now, sixty-eight percent come from Robert Taylor Homes [a massive housing project across the street]. We have a fifty-one percent dropout rate. The reasons are legion; pregnancy is the biggest. [Du Sable became famous last year because its clinic began to dispense birth control to students.] There’s one gang here, the Disciples. We do not have gang problems in the building. We’ve been very lucky. We’re pretty much in control of the building. They understand turf. This turf is ours. We know who the gang leaders are, we do talk to them, and we do have an understanding.”

The overwhelming majority of Du Sable parents live within two blocks of the school, but the PTA, called Parents United to Save Du Sable, has just fifteen members, and it exists only because of the efforts of an energetic mother named Brenda Holmes. In 1982 it didn’t have any members. Only 60 percent of the parents come in to sign their children’s report cards, which is a three-times-a-year duty. Of the 800 boys at Du Sable, as many as a hundred are former inmates of a home for juvenile criminals.

One of the classes I went to at Du Sable was an introductory English class made up of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old students who read at between the third- and the sixth-grade level. The teacher, Anthony Eirich, a big, en-

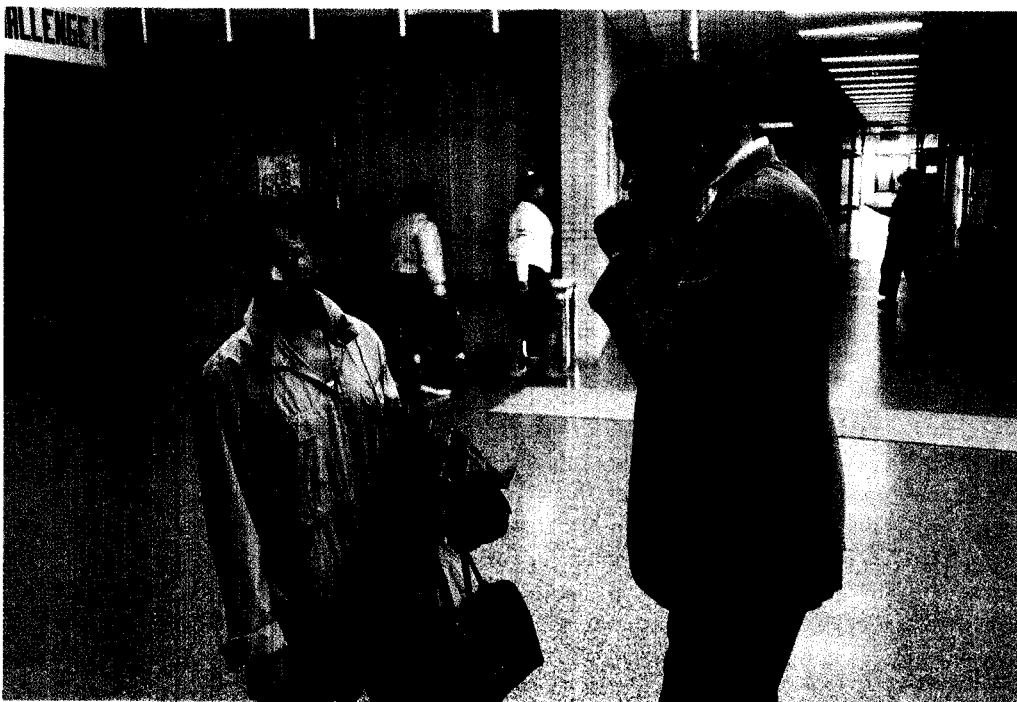
ergetic man, was teaching *Julius Caesar*. “‘And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you what great events have taken place today.’ See, he’s saying, ‘What’s happening?’ Remember when we had a fighter named Cassius?” No response. “Cassius Clay.” He went around the class asking the kids to read lines out loud. Some did pretty well, but a couple obviously couldn’t read at all. One wouldn’t even open his book when Eirich asked him to read. “Why doesn’t he like Cassius—because he’s what?” Eirich said.

One kid called out, “Fat!”

“No, he’s lean and hungry. Cassius is smart. What wouldn’t the slavemasters let the slaves do?” No response. “Go to school! Can Vrdolyak roll over Mayor Washington?” A chorus of *nos*. “Why not? Because he’s smart! Look at *Ebony*. Forty years of progress. People speaking their mind. Cassius thinks too much. Julius Caesar was a famous man. See, Doctor King, they’ll be writing plays about him one day.”

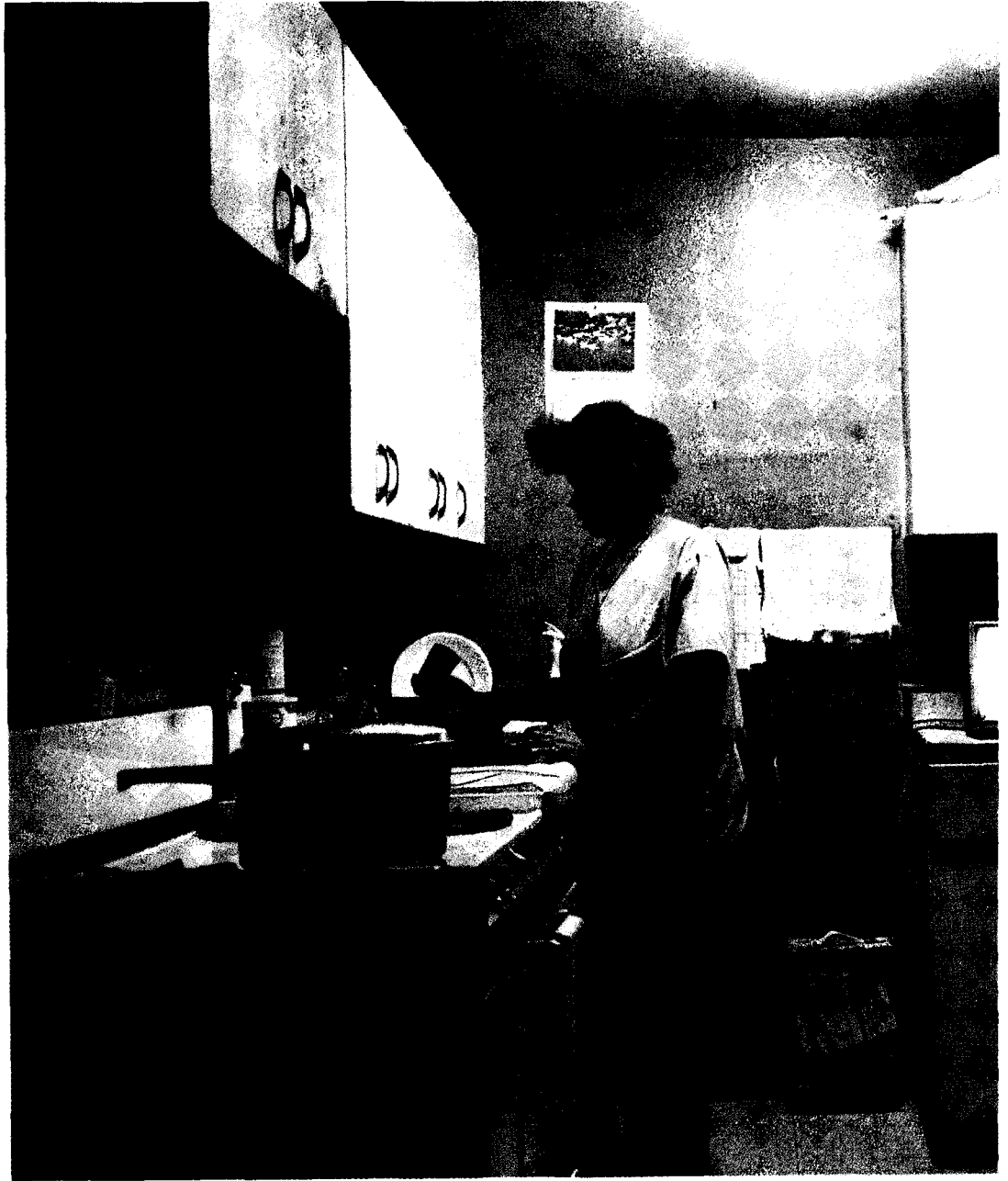
In another English class, while the students were busy copying the definitions of words out of the dictionary, the teacher, Gwendolyn Jones, showed me some homework she had graded A. The students were asked to summarize famous short stories. One was Hemingway’s “A Clean, Well-Lighted Place”: “He old man is a deaf man who is tiring to make a living.” “He don’t cares about anything but his self. . . . When the clock hits 3 o’clock he get very mad.” “He tries to kill his self by hanging his self by rope.” On Poe’s “The Tell-Tale Heart”: “He don’t want to kill the old man. . . . When he do kill him cuts off the head.”

Jones showed me the TAP (Test of Aptitude and Proficiency) reading scores for the class, which rank them by national percentile. Most were in the 30s; the lowest was 4; but one was 92. I asked to meet that last student, and Jones called her over. Her name was Lorese Lewis. She



A security guard at Orr High stops a student wearing no ID card. “The institutions that are supposed to ameliorate ghetto life give off a feeling not of hope or progress but of containment.”

Inside 5323 Federal Street. "The Robert Taylor Homes replaced an old black lower-class strip of shanties and junkyards. Almost from the start, however, the Robert Taylor Homes had problems."



didn't live in the Robert Taylor Homes; she lived in a two-parent home, and her father worked. It was my strong impression that the gap between her and the other kids was one of sociological conditions much more than of basic intelligence.

The usual feeder school for Du Sable is the Beethoven School, which is in the middle of the Robert Taylor Homes. As with other schools in the area, its enrollment is dropping rapidly, down from 1,400 in 1977 to 900 today. Its budget, linked to enrollment, is dropping too, but it is still generous. Sue Fowlkes, the principal, told me, "My total budget in '85 was three-point-two million. In the early eighties additional funds were channeled into the school as a result of a desegregation decree. It was felt that otherwise our low achievement levels would never go up. But they have not gone up with more money. The scores fluctuate

up and down. Up through third grade we're running about six to eight months below median. In the middle grades it's a year, a year and a half. In seventh and eighth it's at least a year and a half or maybe more. The discipline problems start in the primary grades. Every now and then a kid will start acting out in the first grade—hitting the next child. I start to see gang signs with around fourth or fifth graders. In second and third grade you may see them calling out the gang names on the playground. Pregnancy generally starts in the eighth grade. This year"—and it was only three months into the school year when we talked—"I'm running five."

Of the students who manage to get as far as high school graduation, perhaps half will go on to college, but most of these will attend a nearly all black two-year community college in Chicago. The transfer rates from the community



colleges to four-year colleges is very low—at the one with the lowest rate, Malcolm X College, on the West Side, only 5.8 percent of the students go on to a four-year college. Most of these students attend Chicago State, which is 80 percent black and has a de facto open admissions policy. By far the most common choice of career for its graduates is education (Chicago State began as a teacher's college), and most of those who become teachers go to work in the Chicago public schools.

HOUSING PROJECTS IN THE GHETTO, LIKE SCHOOLS, have such a terrible reputation today that it is easy to forget that as recently as a generation ago there was an aura of hope around them. Even the Robert Taylor Homes, which were meant to contain the tide of black mi-

grants from the South inside the traditional ghetto (an interstate highway runs along their western border, and the old ghetto abuts the other three sides), were opened in a spirit of some optimism. For years reformers had believed in Le Corbusier's precept that high-rise housing built in "superblocks" with no through streets would be the ideal form of urban life. More prosaically, the Robert Taylor Homes replaced an old black lower-class strip of shanties and junkyards with clean, modern, well-constructed buildings that had reliable plumbing and heating. Even today the apartments there, though spartan, are pretty nice. Almost from the start, however, the Robert Taylor Homes had problems. The reason is that they were designed and filled according to what now looks like a perfect recipe for sociological disaster: large-family apartments in high-rises, and little or no screening for residents.

In its early days public housing was in practice barred to the underclass. When the first black public-housing project in Chicago, the low-rise Ida B. Wells Homes, on the South Side, opened in 1941, single-parent families were excluded as a matter of policy. Beyond that, as Devereux Bowly, Jr., wrote in *The Poorhouse*, a history of subsidized housing in Chicago, "An elaborate investigation was made of Chicago Housing Authority applicants that included: 1) an office interview by a social worker, 2) employment verification, 3) check for a police record, 4) home visit by an investigator, and 5) scoring on a CHA formula giving preference to applicants in substandard apartments with insufficient income to get good housing on the private market." It is common in Chicago to meet successful blacks in their late thirties and early forties who spent part of their childhood in the projects.

In the mid-fifties, after the reformist director of the CHA, Elizabeth Wood, was forced out and replaced by a retired Army general named William B. Kean, the CHA began to de-emphasize screening. At the same time, it was becoming committed to high-rise buildings, to large-family apartments, and to building only in black ghettos. J. S. Fuerst, a professor at Loyola University who worked at the CHA in those days, says, "You can't put four thousand units in a place. And if you do, you can't stack it with the most troubled families. But Elizabeth Wood left, and General Kean said, 'Oh, no, it's got to be first come, first served.' And then they proceeded to accept people twenty years old, with three, four, five kids, and no husband." In the Robert Taylor Homes the buildings that were completed first are still, twenty-five years later, considered the best, because there was more screening. The ones completed last, and filled using virtually no screening, are the worst. As in the ghetto as a whole, so in the projects: where they became all lower class and cut off from the rest of society, everything fell apart.

Ron Tate, a free-lance writer and former radio reporter who grew up in the Taylor Homes (he credits Luke Helm, at Du Sable, with motivating him to get out), was an example of the unscreened Taylor tenant. He is one of nine children who in the early sixties were living with their

grandmother in a house on the West Side. Their mother had severe psychological problems (once she was found wandering aimlessly down the street, wrapped in a bed-sheet), and left the family. Later the family was evicted from the house and for a while lived at the Salvation Army. From there they moved to the Robert Taylor Homes. Tate doesn't know where either of his parents or any of his brothers and sisters are today, and he doesn't know anything about his parents' families in Mississippi.

One day Tate took me back to his old building in the Taylor Homes. Though turnover there is high, a few of his friends were still around. The male contemporaries of his that I met were all unemployed or working odd jobs, and invariably they asked him if he knew where there were any good jobs. His female contemporaries were all single mothers, or single and pregnant.

The worst part of daily life in the Taylor Homes is the constant crime and fear of crime. In a typical four-week period last year seventy-nine felonies and one hundred misdemeanors were reported there—far fewer than the real number of crimes, because in the projects the gangs are more powerful than the police and are known to retaliate against informers. Sergeant Leroy O. Grant, a police-community liaison officer with the Chicago Police Department's public-housing unit, which has its headquarters in the Taylor Homes, told me, "Once, a mother wouldn't prosecute a rape of her fourteen-year-old because of fear of retaliation. I don't know if that happens in any other place in the world. But around here, if somebody knocks on your door at four in the morning to say 'Don't go to court,' there's no man to answer."

I got a look at what they were talking about one night when I was with two policemen from the Second District, which includes the Taylor Homes. There was a report of a

shooting in a small apartment building. Inside the apartment from which the call to the police had come were four boys in their late teens, two girls, two small children, and an old woman in a wheelchair. A coat lay in the bathtub with hot water running over it, forming reddish pools in the tub. One of the boys was shot in the wrist. His story was that he had been standing on the front steps of the building and was shot by a stranger in a passing car. Everybody had a slightly different version of the incident, always skimpy on the details. "Who do you run with, man?" one of the policemen asked the boys. "The Ds." The policemen took the boy who was shot to the hospital, where, tight-lipped and grimacing in pain, he refused to file a complaint against anyone or to say anything else about what had happened.

There have always been high crime rates in black ghettos, and a casualness about them in the rest of society. In the early years of this century the black ghetto in Chicago, like those in many cities, was the prostitution and gambling center, and it is courthouse lore that when a black kills another black it is a "misdemeanor murder." Police foot patrols, which do seem to reduce crime, are intermittent: the corridors of the Taylor Homes are "visually checked" (a cursory patrol) daily and thoroughly patrolled twice a week. The Second District has four men on foot patrol, but only during the day and only in the commercial strips.

There's ample evidence in the ghetto to support the liberal theory that poverty and unemployment cause crime, and also for the conservative theory that lax punishment causes it. In Chicago in 1985 there were 277,000 crimes serious enough to be listed in the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Uniform Crime Report. Because Illinois doesn't keep "offender-based statistics," which track criminals



A policeman on foot patrol. "The worst part of daily life in the Taylor Homes is the constant crime and fear of crime."



*Dancing in a stairwell.
"Programs based on the
idea of making the ghettos
bloom again as communities
should be regarded with
extreme skepticism."*

from arrest through prison, it is impossible to say exactly how many of these crimes were punished, but it was certainly a small fraction. The chance that a criminal will get away with it in Chicago, assuming he is not a murderer or a rapist, is thought to be somewhere between 90 and 95 percent. And these are the odds after an attempt was made to increase punishment: in 1978 the Illinois legislature instituted mandatory minimum six-year sentences, without parole, for major crimes other than murder. The law has had no dramatic effect on the crime rate. The hiring of many new black policemen in the seventies, as the result of a court order, did not affect the crime rate either, though it is rare today to hear the police described as racist. In the vicinity of the Robert Taylor Homes crime has dropped in the past couple of years, but the police attribute this to the depopulation of the area. Nobody in the ghetto has a sense that any kind of reform of legal procedure would significantly reduce crime.

IV. Ways Out of the Ghetto

DISCUSSIONS IN WASHINGTON ABOUT HOW TO OVERCOME the problems of ghettos through national policy-making tend to flit almost randomly in and out of relevance to real ghetto life. But they cannot be dismissed. Ghettos are a national problem, and aside from continuing to change on their own, they will change because of what happens next in government.

A number of ideas about improving ghettos have been put forward, but two have particular momentum right now: workfare and self-help. Both are conservative causes of long standing that, because of the tenor of the times, are being taken seriously by liberals, too.

Workfare means tying government welfare benefits to

work by the recipients. It is an old idea, dating back at least to the workhouses built for the "undeserving poor" of early-nineteenth-century England. The philosophical justification for workfare is that it is wrong for anyone to get money from the government without doing something in return; the practical justification is that welfare dependency does exist, as almost anybody who lives in a ghetto will tell you, and something should be done to guard against it. Ten years ago workfare was routinely dismissed as "slave-fare." Now thirty-nine states have some form of work program for welfare recipients. These range, to cite the two best-known examples, from Massachusetts's program, which requires signing up but no further participation, to California's brand-new system, which actually penalizes welfare recipients for not working or joining a training program.

It is a natural guess that the comprehensive study of the welfare system that President Reagan commissioned earlier this year might end with a recommendation for a national workfare program—for example, all welfare recipients except mothers with children under school age might be required to work in order to receive benefits. National workfare won't happen, however, because it would conflict with a deeply held conservative principle: that welfare policy should be made by the states or, if possible, by local governments. The Administration will probably propose giving welfare grants to the states and letting them make their own policy, with a strong hint that workfare is the path of virtue. "I don't believe it's possible for the federal government to run a workfare program," says Robert B. Carleson, who was the architect of President Reagan's reform of the California welfare system and has been consulted on the welfare-reform study. "The country is too big, with too many variations in the labor market. Detailed federal regulations

won't work for New York City and rural Idaho and Puerto Rico at the same time." In 1981 the Administration succeeded in rescinding a federal ban on state workfare programs—Carleson, then working in the White House, spearheaded the effort. It is possible that the big north-eastern states, which have the worst ghettos, will decide against mandatory workfare programs if given the choice, and the system will stay essentially the same as it is now.

The new self-help movement is essentially a renaissance of the old Booker T. Washington creed, minus the acceptance of legal segregation. Its main proponents are conservative black intellectuals outside the old-line elite black national leadership: Glenn Loury; Robert Woodson, of the National Center for Neighborhood Enterprise, in Washington; Thomas Sowell, of the Hoover Institution, at Stanford University; Walter Williams, of George Mason University, in Fairfax, Virginia. Self-help proponents believe that poor blacks have been crippled by the habit of looking to government for salvation and that they need to develop a tradition of self-reliance, perhaps through small-scale entrepreneurship. They would have the government and the black leadership promote self-help not by passing legislation and spending money but by pointedly refusing to do these things, and talking about values instead.

Among the many other current ideas about policies for the ghettos two deserve mention. One, which in any Democratic Administration would receive more attention than it does now, is the classic liberal solution: trying to

achieve full employment and creating special job-training and public-service employment programs in the ghettos. A working ghetto population would mean less crime and less out-of-wedlock childbirth. The other idea is conservative in origin: creating enterprise zones in the ghettos—small and nearly libertarian states that would have radically lower levels of taxation and regulation than the rest of the country, and would produce many jobs. Enterprise zones, like liberal suggestions for policy, are supposed to help the ghettos by reducing unemployment.

NONE OF THESE SOLUTIONS TAKES AS A GIVEN THE idea that the ghettos have a separate, self-sustaining culture. Therefore none has the goal of wresting people in the ghettos from the grip of the culture. Even the self-help movement, one of whose axioms is the importance of culture in shaping behavior, promotes ideas like the privatization of housing projects—implying that the ghettos can be made to function as real communities. The evidence of black success so far, however, seems to indicate that the best hope for people in the ghettos lies in their establishing some link to the outside world.

Both of the most pressing problems—unemployment and out-of-wedlock childbearing—illustrate how difficult it will be to heal the ghettos without taking on cultural issues directly. More than twenty years ago Kenneth Clark wrote of Harlem, "If all its residents were employed it

I LOVE OLD WHITMAN SO

Youthful, caressing, boisterous, tender
 Middle aged thoughtful, ten thousand noticings of shore ship or street,
 workbench, forest, household or office, opera—
 that conning his paper book again to read aloud to those few Chinese boys & girls
 who know enough American tongue to ear his hand—
 loath to select one leaf from another, loath to reject a sympathetic page
 —a tavern boy's look, the stone prisoner's mustache-sweat, a prostitute in the sun,
 a garrulous old man waving goodbye on the stoop—
 I skim *Leaves* beginning to end, this year in the Middle Kingdom,
 marvel his swimmers huffing naked on the wave
 and touched by his desperado farewell, "Who touches this book touches a man"
 tip the hat on my skull
 to the old soldier, old sailor, old writer, old homosexual, old Christ poet journeyman,
 inspired in middle age to chaunt Eternity in Manhattan,
 see the speckled snake & swelling orb earth vanish
 after green seasons Civil War and years of snow
 white hair.

—Allen Ginsberg

Baoding, Nov. 20, 1984

would not materially alter the pathology of the community." The statistic that best shows how pathology has outrun unemployment is the rate of labor-force participation—a statistic that includes not only those working but also the unemployed who have looked for work during the past month. The rate of labor-force participation for black teenage boys fell from 60 percent in 1940 to 36 percent in 1970, a fall too great to be accounted for by just unemployment or by the increasing proportion of black teenagers in school. There was a sharp drop in teenage labor-force participation in the ghettos in the late sixties, when national unemployment was quite low.

There is some evidence that participation in the labor force does increase when more jobs become available. In 1980 Houston, which then had a very low unemployment rate and many unskilled blue-collar jobs, had a labor-force participation rate for all blacks that was 13 percentage points higher than Chicago's. And the percentage of households made up of single mothers was lower in Houston, which might indicate a correlation between more jobs for men and less out-of-wedlock childbearing.

But today a national boom, and even a labor shortage, is under way in unskilled, low-paying non-industrial jobs. This is bad news for steelworkers but should be good news for black teenagers, as it has been for the new wave of immigrants from foreign countries. The standard argument about why the labor shortage has not affected labor-force participation in the ghettos is that most of the jobs are in the suburbs, and that kids today watch TV and see a swank way of life that makes working for "chump change" seem pointless to them. But these kids' parents and grandparents saw the sweet life at much closer range, because they often worked inside rich white people's houses in the South, and still many were motivated enough to move hundreds of miles away, for jobs slaughtering cattle.

A fundamental reason that so many unmarried teenagers have children in the ghetto today seems to be that having them has become a custom—a way of life. The story I heard over and over from teenage mothers was that their pregnancies were not accidental. Their friends were all having babies. Their boyfriends had pressured them into it, because being a father—the fact of it, not the responsibility—is a status symbol for a boy in the ghetto. Welfare does provide an economic underpinning for out-of-wedlock childbearing, but it is rare to hear about a girl who had a baby just to get on welfare. Out-of-wedlock childbearing in ghettos existed before there was any welfare. It is the aspect of life in the ghettos over which the people there have the most control, and it will be the last and hardest thing to change. It is today by far the greatest contributor to the perpetuation of the misery of ghetto life.

Although the problems of the ghettos seem to resist economic solution, they do seem to respond to the imposition of a different, and more disciplined, culture. People who joined the Army or the Marines right after high school credit the decision with getting them out of the ghettos. The Black Muslims, in their heyday, were widely respect-

ed in the ghettos for being the only people who could turn around prostitutes and heroin addicts, and they accomplished this through severe dress codes, strictures on drinking, smoking, sex, and diet, and a round-the-clock regimen of work. In *Dark Ghetto* Kenneth Clark proposed, somewhat apologetically, establishing a paramilitary "cadet corps" in Harlem, which he said would be valuable because of "the relative ease with which uniforms, disciplined organization, and regulations can be used to bolster the self-esteem of young people."

In the Chicago ghetto today the only institutions with a record of consistently getting people out of the underclass are the parochial schools. They pay their teachers much less than what public-school teachers are paid, but they can screen their applicants, their principals can hire and fire, and they can and do impose many rules on both the students and their parents. (Ghetto public "magnet" schools that are allowed to screen are also successful.) Father George Clements, the pastor of the Holy Angels Catholic Church, describes the regimen at its elementary school this way: "We have achieved honors as an academic institution above the national norm in all disciplines. We bear down hard on basics. Hard work, sacrifice, dedication. A twelve-month school year. An eight-hour day. You can't leave the campus. Total silence in the lunchroom and throughout the building. Expulsion for graffiti. Very heavy emphasis on moral pride. The parents must come every month and pick up the report card and talk to the teacher, or we kick out the kid. They must come to the PTA every month. They must sign every night's homework in every subject. They must come to Mass on Sundays. They must take a required course on the Catholic faith. The kids wear uniforms, which are required to be clean, pressed, no holes. We have a waiting list of over a thousand, and the more we bear down, the longer the list gets."

Programs based on the idea of making the ghettos bloom again as communities—in other words, creating a new, healthy, indigenous culture there—should be regarded with extreme skepticism. Enterprise zones would certainly do no harm, but it is hard to believe that even with tax relief employers would want to locate where crime rates are so high. Turning housing projects over to their residents might foster pride, but it would also lead to physical deterioration unless there were heavy subsidies—in the Robert Taylor Homes the tenants' rent doesn't even cover the heating bill. Several black leaders, including at one extreme Louis Farrakhan, favor some form of black economic nationalism, in which people in the ghetto would trade only with black firms, in the supposed manner of other immigrant groups. Even if such a nation came into being, it would be a pathetically poor one, because the black middle class wouldn't join—it is already too reliant on the national economy. Community development is the most appealing idea of all. Everybody knows a story of a great teacher or organizer who made ghetto kids blossom through pure love and encouragement. The trouble is that such people are one in a million and they cannot be legis-

lated into existence. The programs in the ghetto that work best on a mass scale—most notably Project Head Start, the one poverty program widely acclaimed as a success, which starts giving special instruction to children at a very early age—represent not the ghetto's taking care of its own but an intervention by the mainstream culture.

The best solution for the ghettos would be one that attacks their cultural as well as their economic problems, and that takes place away from the ghettos. One such idea would be to bring back the Work Projects Administration. The original WPA was a big success in the ghettos. In 1940 in Chicago 19 percent of the black male labor force was working for the WPA, and this seems to have helped prevent an unmanageable underclass from developing at a time of catastrophic unemployment; the WPA did function as a conduit into real jobs. In *Black Metropolis* Drake and Cayton wrote, "During the Depression years an increasingly large number of Negroes were absorbed into the Federal and State Civil Service. . . . [M]any of these received their first contact with white-collar work on various WPA projects." The wartime boom seems effortlessly to have absorbed the WPA workers, as well as many people who were on welfare.

A new federal program like the WPA would create jobs where workfare programs only require people to find them. It could pay workers less than the minimum wage, so that private employment would always be more appealing. The work it would do would be outside the ghettos, like repairing highways and operating word processors; this would require, however, overcoming the union opposition that has kept most government jobs programs confined to make-work within the ghetto. Some people now on welfare would be required to join the program or get a job—for instance, single people, and parents whose children are old enough to get home from school and be on their own for a couple of hours. Welfare benefits would have to be adjusted nationally to make the incentives come out right, but that probably should be done anyway.

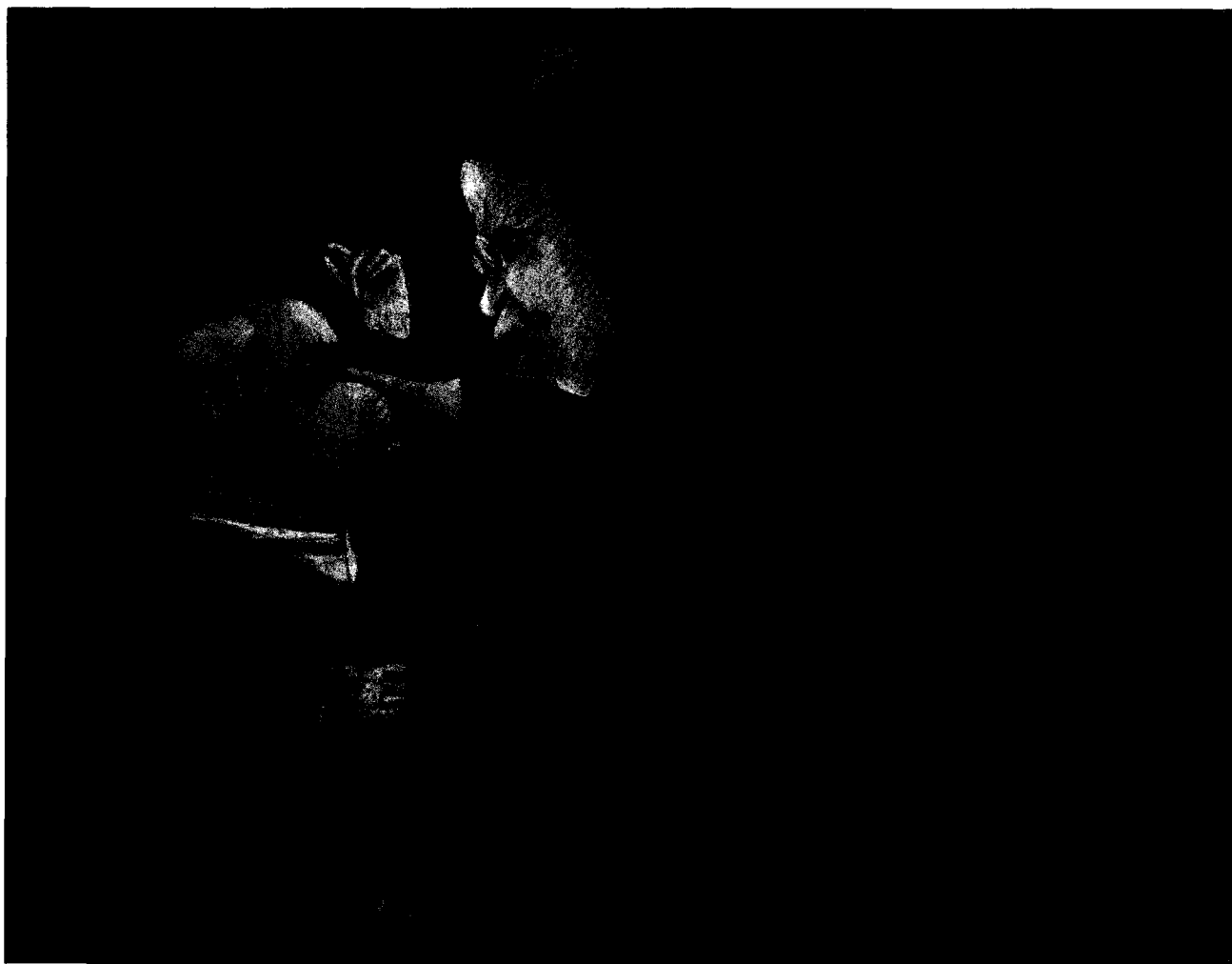
The great advantage of such a program is that it would enter the lives of ghetto kids when they were eighteen or nineteen and would affect them at a time when most still feel more hopeful than resigned, even if some have been overwhelmed by the traumas of growing up in the ghetto. It would not have the explosive potential to rend the fabric of adult life, the way busing and the scatter-siting of housing projects have done, but it would take the people involved out of the ghetto culture, one big step closer to the national mainstream. (Ideally, the program would be combined with a universal national-service requirement for young people that would bring many middle-class kids into the neo-WPA too.) It would be expensive, though not unrealistically so if it became a conduit to private jobs and supplanted welfare payments for many people. And it is not a wacky scheme requiring a departure from the whole American political system; it is something that America has already done once. It worked and, just as important, it is widely remembered as having worked.

NO MATTER WHAT THE SPECIFIC POLICIES ADOPTED by this or the next Administration, one issue will substantially determine their success or failure. Once it was the simplest of all issues in race relations, and now it is one of the stickiest: integration. Ethnically homogeneous industrial societies can sustain high unemployment rates and operate extremely generous welfare systems, rich in dependency incentives, without creating an underclass. (And when an immigrant group that is looked down upon comes into such a society—West Indians in Britain, Turks in West Germany—the first signs of an underclass appear.) The single overriding factor in the creation of the American ghettos is racial prejudice. The ghettos could not have developed their strongly self-defeating culture in the heart of urban America during the height of the postwar boom if the people who lived in them were of the same color as most of our society. The ghettos are the product of many generations of complete segregation from the neighborhoods, educational institutions, economy, and values of the rest of the country.

The most invisible of all the ghetto's ills is the sense of racial inferiority that develops there. The endless references in the black official culture to pride and beauty, which to whites may seem to be obvious points not requiring constant restatement, can be explained only by the hold that their opposites, shame and ugliness, had on the minds of blacks for years. John H. Johnson, the publisher of *Ebony*, was asked on its fortieth anniversary how he would like to be remembered. He said, "I hope future historians will say that we changed the negative image black people had of themselves."

The feeling is widespread among blacks that whites will always treat them as inferiors and that they will inevitably have to struggle against internalizing this attitude and turning it into self-hate and failure. Thus the appeal of keeping apart is very strong. (It is for many whites, too—for different reasons, of course.) In the black underclass and among blacks thinking about helping the underclass, the pull toward separatism is especially powerful—there is a feeling that any first foray into the wider world is likely to fail and that any such failure would be crippling.

The separatist path, though, often begins by looking in ghetto life for sources of pride, and, given the state of ghetto life, this is dangerous. It leads to ennobling what people should be escaping, so that whatever pride is generated is misdirected toward staying put. Separatism doesn't work in the long run—immigrants do stick together in the early stages, but after that the road to success is through assimilation into the fluid national mainstream. The self-loathing that every ethnic American knows as the underside of assimilation is much more corrosive for blacks than it has been for others. If the price of expunging this feeling is staying in the ghettos and giving up on trying to enter ordinary working life, however, it is much too high. People don't like living in ghettos. They want to get out. Society should be pushing them in that direction. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

RICHARD NIXON AND MADAME MAO

JIANG QING WAS NOT pleased that in this matter of inviting the President of the United States to visit China her opposition had been overruled. She disapproved of her husband's rapprochement with the American Imperialist Devil. True, as a young actress in Shanghai in the 1930s, she had adored Hollywood films, copied Garbo in her dress, worn makeup, and adopted high heels, which posed problems, because her feet had been bound when she was a child. She had struggled against that bourgeois past ever since. Not to mention the bourgeois present—during the Cultural Revolution she had repeatedly vilified America. Here she was now, on a cold evening in February, 1972, ushering into the Great Hall of the People (5,000 of them in attendance) President and Mrs. Nixon.

Jiang opted to be charming but aloof. If Pat Nixon's two-toned lavender gown outshone her own austere garb, it was still her night: *The Red Detachment of Women* was her show, a balletic fusion of song, dance, and political ideology that she, as the mistress of revolutionary theater, had

personally created. The dancers raised their arms in fists instead of the usual delicately upturned palms. Jiang faced the man who had led the anti-China lobby for years. "Why," she asked disingenuously, "did you not come to China before now?"

Other questions were similarly double-barreled. Did the President share her enthusiasm for John Steinbeck? (What about the downtrodden Okie proletariat anyway?) Why had Jack London committed suicide? (Could he not stomach decadent capitalist values any longer?) When Nixon attempted to change the subject by asking her the names of the writer, composer, and director of *Red Detachment*, she informed him graciously that it had been "created by the masses." He mustered up a smile.

Four eventful years passed. When Nixon returned to China, it was as a private citizen; by his third visit Jiang Qing, too, had fallen from power. She, however, was in prison, leaving Nixon convinced of the superiority of the capitalist system.

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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MUSIC

ORIGINAL HAYDN

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

THE SEVEN-VOLUME traversal of the complete Mozart symphonies that the Academy of Ancient Music recorded on original instruments for L'Oiseau-Lyre several years ago has been such a success that it was only a matter of time before the orchestra and its director, Christopher Hogwood, turned their attention to Haydn. Their first two records of Haydn symphonies have recently appeared, and are very fine. So far Hogwood has confined himself to Haydn's last and greatest works, the group of twelve "London" symphonies (Nos. 93-104) written in the 1790s or the two London concert series arranged for Haydn by the impresario J. P. Salomon. Nos. 94 (*Surprise*) and 96 (*Miracle*) are on L'Oiseau-Lyre 414 330-1; Nos. 100 (*Military*) and 104 (*London*) are on L'Oiseau-Lyre 411 833-1.

Just as with the Mozart recordings, one is struck by the way in which a return to original instruments (or authentic modern copies) and to original styles of execution, particularly by the strings, effects a reversal of the sonic values to which the modern symphony orchestra has accustomed us. We are used to a thick, intense, vibrato-laden string sound and to fine-grained, elegant wind playing. But the eighteenth-century stringed instruments, strung with gut strings and played almost entirely without vibrato, yield thinner lines that allow the heavier, sweeter eighteenth-century woodwinds and brass plenty of room to cut through, even in soft passages, as the winds rarely do in modern orchestras. Moreover, the tympani, played with unpadded or leather-covered sticks rather than modern felt-padded ones, also cut through sharply, giving the *tutti*s an almost raucously festive air.

These differences show up immediately, in the lightness and transparency of string sound in the slow introductions to the four opening movements. And once we are into the Allegros that follow, one notices that in place of the sustained richness of modern orchestral strings we have a mercurial alternation between heightened crispness and edge in the

brilliant staccato passages and an almost languishing expressiveness in the legato ones. The performances are straightforward and free of eccentricity, the tempi very much in line with those of the best recent modern performances—the ones recorded several years ago for Deutsche Grammophon by Eugen Jochum and the London Philharmonic, for example. The slow movements, though they are never rushed, are true Andantes (or, in the case of No. 100, a true Allegretto) rather than the dragging Adagios often heard during the 1930s and 1940s. The Minuets are never stolid but always brisk, and yet are leisurely enough to capture the air of the country dances from which they derive. The finales fly. Throughout, the rhythm is precise yet always relaxed. The baroque custom of having a keyboard instrument provide a basso continuo (filling in the harmonies and doubling the bass line) in orchestral performances persisted until the end of the eighteenth century, long after the richness of Haydn's and Mozart's orchestration made it unnecessary. Hogwood adds a continuo on fortepiano, but it is very discreet. It never intrudes to muddy the textures—as does the harpsichord continuo on some other recent Haydn performances, such as those by Leslie

Jones and the Little Orchestra of London on Nonesuch. If the playing on the Hogwood records is sometimes a trifle impersonal and uninflected, it is surely because this ensemble, playing these instruments, has not had the years of practice with these works that, say, Beecham's London Philharmonic or Toscanini's NBC Symphony or Szell's Cleveland Orchestra had with them. All in all, these records are indispensable, and one hopes they will soon be followed by more.

Hogwood's excellent two-disc album of a few years back, *Haydn: Music for England* (L'Oiseau-Lyre D263D2, now out of print), included a performance of the arrangement that Salomon, who was also a violinist, made of Symphony No. 94 for flute, string quartet, and keyboard; a new record, L'Oiseau-Lyre 414 434-1, presents performances, led by Hogwood, of similar Salomon arrangements of Symphonies Nos. 100 and 104. (Salomon arranged all twelve London symphonies not only for this combination but also for violin, cello, and keyboard.) These cut-down versions are delightful in themselves and fascinating to compare with Hogwood's full-scale orchestral versions of the same works. Moreover, they serve to remind us both that such arrangements were very useful in disseminating symphonic music before the advent of the phonograph and that the classical symphony is firmly rooted in chamber music.

THE TWELVE LONDON symphonies are of course established masterpieces, works of undoubted greatness that have been thoroughly plumbed by



great orchestras for generations. While Hogwood's performances cast the four that he has recorded in a new (and very welcome) light, they provide no revelations. Something of a revelation, however, is provided by some even more interesting original-instrument Haydn performances now being issued by CBS Masterworks. These performances, by the British chamber group L'Estro Armonico, are of the far less well known *Sturm und Drang* symphonies that Haydn composed during the late 1760s and early 1770s, works that have attracted a great deal of scholarly attention but have never entered the standard repertory.

The name *Sturm und Drang*, usually rendered in English as "Storm and Stress," was taken over from the German literary movement of the late eighteenth century which arose in impassioned protest against the principles of the Enlightenment and which is associated with such writers as Klopstock, Herder, and the Goethe of *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers*. The phrase has seemed an apt one to apply to the Haydn symphonies of 1766–1774, because several of them—Nos. 26 (*Lamentatione*), 39, 44 (*Trauer*, or *Mourning*), 45 (*Farewell*), 49 (*La passione*), and 52—are in minor keys and are characterized by strong, tempestuous emotion. Minor-key symphonies from the classical period are extremely rare. In all, 107 Haydn symphonies survive: the 104 on the list compiled in 1907 by Eusebius Mandyczewski when he began editing the never completed Breitkopf & Härtel edition of Haydn's works; two early symphonies, known as *A* and *B*; and the *Sinfonia concertante* of 1792. Besides the six from this brief period, only four others—Nos. 78, 80, 83, and 95—are in minor keys, and they are very different in character, not at all tempestuous and quite like the Haydn major-key symphonies of the same period.

In 1841 Schumann wrote patronizingly of Haydn: "One can learn nothing more from him; he is like a regular house-friend, who is always gladly and respectfully received; but he has no deeper interest any longer for our age." Thus was born the image of Haydn that has prevailed in the minds of most music-lovers until fairly recently: "Papa Haydn," that familiar periwigged presence, cozily genial but decidedly limited in emotional range—a sort of musical Mr. Chips who somehow managed to pave the way for Mozart and (more important) Beethoven. As twentieth-cen-

tury Haydn scholars have increasingly grown aware that the real Haydn was not only one of our very greatest composers but also an extraordinarily various artist, they have insisted on the importance of the so-called *Sturm und Drang* symphonies. These often jagged and brooding works seem to offer, at last, evidence that Haydn was, at least for a short time, a genuine precursor of Romanticism, and thus to provide a way of rescuing him from the "Papa Haydn" pigeonhole.

In his great and influential 1955 book, *The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn*, H. C. Robbins Landon declared of the *Sturm und Drang* works: "In no other symphonies, except in the twelve composed for the British capital, did Haydn reach the high artistic standard achieved in the dozen or so written within this small space of time." And it was "with profound regret" that Robbins Landon turned to the lighter, more elegant and sociable symphonies of 1774–1784, "a decade which, taken as a whole, reflects little credit upon the composer." In order to explain Haydn's seemingly sudden change of course in the mid-1770s, Robbins Landon indulged in some highly fanciful (and distastefully moralistic) speculation about Haydn's relations with his employer, Prince Nicolaus Esterházy:

In 1774, the breadth, the monumentality, the soaring freedom of thought which many of Haydn's compositions had been displaying seems not to have pleased the Prince at all. We may imagine him saying to Haydn, as another Prince Esterházy was to say to Beethoven many years later, on the occasion of the latter's Mass in C major being produced at Eisenstadt: 'what has he done now?'

Thus the Prince demanded something more amusing, the composer acquiesced, and (according to Robbins Landon) "the gradual disintegration of Haydn's artistic conscience" set in, a "spiritual deterioration" that soon led Haydn to see "the material advantages to be derived from pursuing such a course" and to adopt the "commercial attitude" that resulted in "the slick symphonic productions of 1781–1785."

Not only are the symphonies of 1774–1784, which include such minor masterpieces as Nos. 70 and 77, far better than Robbins Landon maintains; the *Sturm und Drang* symphonies, despite their great intrinsic interest and the important role they played in Haydn's develop-

ment, are by no means to be classed with the London symphonies of two decades later. Even in their finest recorded performances to date—those by Antonio Janigro and the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Zagreb, which were once available on Vanguard—they have always seemed very uneven works, blustering and overly rhetorical, their emotional extravagance often threatening to burst them at the seams.

This is where the new CBS recordings come in. L'Estro Armonico, led by the violinist Derek Solomons, employs a string complement that at first seems shockingly small: six or eight violins, and only one each of viola, cello, and double bass. Yet, as Robbins Landon has discovered, and pointed out in the second volume of his five-volume *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* (1976–1980), this was approximately the makeup of the string section of Haydn's orchestra at Eszterháza, the orchestra for which these works were composed. Heard with such a small ensemble, the minor-key movements—even the most driven and forceful of them—seem less overbearing, rhetorically, lighter and more theatrical, more of a piece with the movements and symphonies not in minor keys. The playing of L'Estro Armonico is impeccable and sensitively shaded, and the music is never allowed to sink under its own weight.

So far four albums have been issued. Though Mandyczewski's numbers have long been known to be chronologically misleading, Haydn scholars have retained them simply because they are familiar. The CBS albums use these numbers but they present the works in the strict chronological order that Robbins Landon established in *Haydn: Chronicle and Works*, from which the album notes are also taken. CBS I3M 37861 contains Nos. 39, 35, 38, 59, 49, and 58 (1766–1768); CBS I3M 39040 contains Nos. 26, 41, 48, 44, 52, and 43, together with the overture to Haydn's opera *Le pescatrici* (1768–1771); CBS I3M 39685 contains Nos. 42, 51, 45, 46, 47, and 65 (1771–1773); and CBS M3 42111 contains Nos. 50, 64, 54, 55, and 57 (1773–1774). This fall a fifth album will be issued, CBS M3 42157, containing Nos. 60, 68, 66, 69, 67, and 63 (1774–1777).

As an example of the ways in which the performances by L'Estro Armonico illuminate these works, take the two earliest ones, Nos. 39 and 35, the former probably composed in 1766 or early 1767 and the latter surviving in an autograph

dated December 1, 1767. No. 39 is in minor and, at least partly because of its key, it has often been associated with Mozart's two G-minor symphonies, the great K. 550 and the early K. 183, as a work of near-tragic power. Robbins Landon speaks in *The Symphonies of Joseph Haydn* of its "restless, gloomy spirit" and in *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* of "the harshness of its language." In both books he deplores the fact that the slow movement and the trio of the Minuet are in a considerably lighter vein than the first movement and the finale. "Haydn has not yet learned the secret of maintaining tension throughout a whole work," he writes in *Haydn: Chronicle and Works*. Yet as played by L'Estro Armonico, the first movement sounds not tragic or powerful but delicately and deviously conspiratorial—the image evoked is not Lear on the heath but Charlie Chaplin getting out of some scrape or other. And the lighter, more elegant and jovial sections of the work seem finely modulated in relation to the opening and closing movements. For the first time, No. 39 seems all of a piece and very satisfying. Moreover, hearing it in this way makes it all the more understandable that Haydn should have composed, at virtually the same time, a work like No. 45 in B-flat, which has often been seen as disconcertingly and disappointingly lighthearted, a regrettable throwback to pre-*Sturm und Drang* days. Now we notice that while the first movement begins cheerfully enough, the development section has some of the same air of conspiracy and theatrical intrigue as the opening and closing movements of No. 39. The two works seem closer together than they did before, composed of the same elements but in different combination.

So it is with the other minor-key symphonies in these performances. The lighter orchestral textures and polished playing make the emotional intensity seem more controlled, and set the works in clearer relation to splendidly joyous major-key symphonies like Nos. 47 and 48, which, we now see more clearly, have their own moments of dark intensity. It is most interesting to compare the L'Estro Armonico performances with four other fine ones, also on original instruments, that have recently appeared on the Titanic label. The ensemble is Monadnock Music, directed by James Bolle, and though it is somewhat larger than L'Estro Armonico, and the playing somewhat weightier, the same points get

made. Symphonies Nos. 42 and 43 (*Mercury*) are on Titanic Ti-101; Nos. 26 and 49 are on Titanic Ti-102.

WITH PERFORMANCES like these available to us, we are no longer tempted to think of Haydn in this period as suddenly obsessed by some mysterious, darkly Romantic spirit that bursts out now and then, only to flag as he falls back on the sociable clichés of his earlier work. When one returns to the rather faceless impersonality of the earlier symphonies (many were excellently performed by L'Estro Armonico in two three-disc albums on the British Saga label, which now seem to be unobtainable), one feels that Haydn, in the *Sturm und Drang* symphonies, was moving ahead expressively on several fronts at once: not just giving voice to a new restlessness and melancholy but also sharpening his wit and releasing his abundant high spirits as he had not done before. Though these symphonies remain minor works, they no longer seem pre-Romantic excrescences. Rather, they present, for the first time, the unique fusion of urbane wit and emotional depth that came to perfect fruition in the London symphonies and that is, in fact, the essence of the classical style.

Just as it is misleading to glorify the *Sturm und Drang* symphonies by stressing only those in minor keys, so it is historically invalid to link them to the literary movement of that name. In the first place, the literary movement did not get under way until Haydn had once again changed his style, in the mid-1770s. *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* was published in 1774, and Friedrich Maximilian Klinger's play *Sturm und Drang*, from which the movement took its name, came two years later. Moreover, there is no evidence that Haydn had any serious interest in literature or ideas or cultural movements of any sort. His biographers, aware of these facts, have thus attributed "the volcanic eruption of his genius" in these symphonies to "an entirely unconscious attunement to the spirit of the time" (Rosemary Hughes) or else to "the starvation of his emotional life" (Karl Geiringer). Leaving aside unconscious attunements, which are tricky (if not impossible) to prove, there is no evidence of emotional starvation in Haydn's life at this time—indeed, the richness and variety not only of his symphonies but also of his string quartets and keyboard sonatas would seem to argue exactly the opposite. Though his

marriage was not a happy one, it does not seem to have soured him emotionally—"My wife was unable to bear children," he confided to his first biographer, George August Griesinger, "and I was therefore less indifferent to the charms of other women." And his relations with his co-workers, the musicians over whom he presided as Prince Nicolaus's Kapellmeister, seem to have been exceptionally close and warm: he was often a witness at their marriages and at the baptisms of their children.

The real cause of the extension of emotional range one hears in the symphonies of the late 1760s and early 1770s seems to have been a purely musical one: namely, Haydn's growing involvement with opera. In 1766 Prince Nicolaus's previous Kapellmeister, Gregorius Werner, whose assistant Haydn had been until that time, died, leaving Haydn in full charge of vocal music. And in the same year Prince Nicolaus's magnificent palace at Eszterháza, which contained both a conventional opera house and a marionette theater, was completed, and the court was moved there from Eisenstadt. Thus began Haydn's extraordinarily busy career as conductor, producer, and composer of operas. Though he had written a few earlier operatic comedies, now lost, his composition of opera began in earnest in 1766, with *La canterina*. Moreover, it was probably about this time that he made the acquaintance of Gluck's *Orfeo* (1762).

Until quite recently, music historians intent on tracing sources of the classical style tended to concentrate on the evolution of sonata form and thus to ignore opera. But the greatest instrumental music of the classical period is saturated with theatricality, set off from the baroque music that precedes it and the Romantic music that follows it by a swift and effortless juxtaposition of spaciousness and abruptness, charm and profundity, and by a pervasive sense of wit and irony. The role of opera in the development of this unique art grows more important the more closely one looks. Also, the language of classical music seems to have developed autonomously, with little outside influence from the worlds of literature and ideas. Performances by L'Estro Armonico of Haydn's *Sturm und Drang* symphonies (like Mandyczewski's numbers, the name, though inadequate, is handy and is probably best retained) enforce this double lesson. That is a revelation to be grateful for. □

SPORTS

A LITHUANIAN BASKETBALL STAR

BY SAM TOPEROFF

A VERY FEW AMERICAN professional Astars excepted, the best basketball player in the world is probably a seven-foot-three Lithuanian named Arvidas Sabonis, who is, at twenty-one, the center and the backbone of an excellent Soviet National team that has won virtually every international amateur tournament it has entered in the past three years. Because the Soviet Union boycotted the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, most American fans have had little opportunity to see just how good the Russian players, especially Sabonis, really are.

Last winter, however, Ted Turner and Soyuzsport, the Soviet sports council, signed an agreement to televise worldwide the Federation Internationale de Basketball Amateur (FIBA) World Championship for Men, in Spain, as part of the Goodwill Games package, most of which will originate in Moscow this month. So Sabonis and his teammates will be seen in the United States this summer, on the Turner cable network. The Russians, mostly because of Sabonis's presence, are heavily favored to win the tournament.

The FIBA Championship does not have a single-elimination format. The twenty-four national amateur teams that were invited have been divided into four pools of six teams each. After every team plays every other team in its pool, the three top teams in each pool advance. According to the seedings, the three strongest teams—Russia, the United States, and Spain—have weak opposition within their pools and are likely to move into the round of twelve undefeated. The United States and Italy, another strong team, are in the same pool, and must play one another early, giving the loser almost no chance to win the championship. Should the U.S. team win its pool, its chances for success in the tournament will probably depend on its beating the Russians, most likely in the final round of four teams. All of this assumes, of course, that the U.S. team, ignoring a climate of apprehension about terrorism, holds firm in its decision to compete.

The few Americans who have seen Sabonis play in recent years, mostly professional scouts and college coaches, recount feats of agility and marksmanship that sound all but superhuman. Pete Newell, the director of player personnel for the Golden State Warriors of the National Basketball Association, and a man widely respected for his acute evaluations of the skills at the center position, is lavish in his praise of Sabonis. "He could conceivably become the greatest player in the game," Newell says. "At seven-three, he is as naturally gifted as any player I've ever seen, and he conducts himself like a very athletic forward. He has tremendous hands and a physique made to order for basketball. If he had played for an American team last year, I'd have drafted him before Patrick Ewing." (The seven-foot Ewing was the first collegiate player selected in last year's NBA draft, and so coveted were his talents that the league instituted an unprecedented lottery for first

pick in the draft among the seven teams with the poorest records. The New York Knickerbockers won the right to sign Ewing and agreed to pay him the largest salary ever earned by an NBA player in his first professional season.)

Newell says, "I saw Sabonis make an unforgettable play last year in a tournament in Hiroshima, Japan. A rebound bounced high off the rim and over toward the corner. Sabonis went up for it way out there, took the ball in one hand and—still up in the air, off balance—swept the ball backhand, like a discus thrower in reverse, and hit a teammate in stride downcourt eighty-six feet away for an easy layup. I'd never seen a play like it. The only problem with Sabonis is that he'll never have an opportunity to play against the best professionals in the world, unless of course he defects to the United States."

Guiding the American team in Spain this summer is Lute Olson, the basketball coach at the University of Arizona. Olson has seen Sabonis and the Soviet Nationals on a number of occasions and knows that the American team, made up of the best available collegians, will be hard pressed to stay with them. He says, "I saw Sabonis last year in the finals of a tournament in Dieppe, France. His team was way ahead, and he made three plays that to me were just unbelievable. Three times he took defensive rebounds, led the fast break downcourt, pulled up, and hit three-point shots." (In international competition three points are awarded for any shot made beyond an arc 6.25 meters, or twenty feet, six inches, from the basket, as opposed to twenty-three feet, nine inches in the NBA.) Olson also has a very high regard for Sabonis's excellent and internationally experienced supporting cast. Alexandr Belostenny, twenty-seven years old, is another seven-foot-three player; he is less mobile than Sabonis but is an effective rebounder and scorer from in close. Like most Eastern European teams, the Russians are extremely accurate at long-range shooting: the guards Valdis Valters and Voldemaras Khomichus, both twenty-seven, are outstanding three-point shooters. Olson says, "Seven or eight years ago the Russians were so mechanical on the court, we could beat them with superior quickness. And that is still our basic advantage, but our edge has been lessened considerably. We have our work cut out for us."

Newell, in his capacity as talent advis-



er for Golden State, has kept track of the young player's development since Sabonis first came to the United States with the Soviet Nationals in 1982, for a twelve-game tour against American college teams. Sabonis, then eighteen, was a member of the Junior National team but played with the seniors for experience. During the tour Sabonis led the Soviets with an average of eighteen points and nine rebounds, while playing twenty-seven minutes per game. The Russians won nine and lost three. In a game televised nationally on CBS, Sabonis led his team to victory over Indiana University, prompting the Indiana coach, Bobby Knight, who coached the victorious Olympic team in 1984, to say of him, "He may be the best non-American player I've ever seen."

Sabonis's best performance on American soil was against Ralph Sampson, who is seven-four, at the University of Virginia three days after the Indiana game. Sampson had thirteen points and twenty-five rebounds. Sabonis, who fouled out, scored twenty-one points and took down fourteen rebounds. Bill Wall, the executive director of the Amateur Basketball Association of the U.S.A., who accompanied the Russian on the tour, says, "Sabonis clearly outplayed Sampson in that game." Sampson was the first player selected in the NBA draft at the end of the 1982-1983 collegiate season.

IN THE FOUR YEARS since that American tour Sabonis has improved significantly, but his potential has not been truly tested. The young centers of the NBA play regularly against veterans like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Moses Malone and Bill Walton; such competition sharpens their skills. Sabonis is rarely challenged by players of comparable ability. "That's a problem," Newell says. "Because the opposition Sabonis meets inside Russia is not challenging to him, he sometimes gets lazy. In the big international tournaments like the one coming up in Spain, he'll be fine, but he doesn't play with the intensity he should, night after night, like Larry Bird. I'd like to see him in the NBA, just to see how great he'd be if he were pushed to the limit all the time."

Ted Turner would also like to see Sabonis in the NBA someday soon: his own team, the Atlanta Hawks, selected the Russian star in the fourth round of last year's draft (Sabonis was the seventy-seventh player chosen). Surprisingly

at that time neither Mike Fratello, the Atlanta coach, nor Stan Kasten, the team's general manager, had ever seen Sabonis play, leading some suspicious NBA executives to speculate that Turner had made a reciprocal deal with Soyuzsport, arranging for Sabonis's services in exchange for bringing Moscow's Goodwill Games to the world. Whether the Hawks really would own the professional rights to Arvidas Sabonis remains in question, since they drafted him before his twenty-second birthday, something the league forbids unless a player declares his willingness or his desire to be drafted. The Atlanta selection was neither mysterious nor sinister, according to Marty Blake, the director of scouting for the NBA, whose office evaluates the professional potential of every promising basketball player in the world. Blake says, "Atlanta didn't have to see Sabonis. Would you have had to see Ewing to know he was the best player eligible last year? Of course not. Sabonis is in the same class as Ewing, but worth a fourth-round pick just in case he ever did decide to play here. All you'd have to know is that the 'Big A' is the best amateur basketball player in the world, the most complete big man around."

Bill Walton, of the Boston Celtics, the league's Most Valuable Player in 1978, is one of the few NBA centers who have seen Sabonis firsthand. He admires Sabonis's game, which he saw most recently at the June, 1985, European Championship, a tournament that the Russian team won handily. "Even though I've never actually played against the man," Walton says, "every time I've seen him play he's been awesome. I don't understand why some team just doesn't give him a million dollars and get him over here. Sabonis would be a star in the NBA right away. I can't think of one guy in the league who reminds me of Sabonis—he can do it all."

Sabonis seems to make the winning difference wherever he plays. He plays in the Russian League for Kaunas, a Lithuanian city of 400,000 which last year won the Division I Championship, upsetting Red Army of Moscow, the perennial champions. "According to my information," Newell says, "it was in Lithuania that he first saw NBA games [on television]. They picked them up from Finland. He modeled his game on Abdul-Jabbar's, and you can see it in his shooting touch, but he can do so many other things. In fact, he does one thing I've never seen before: he catches

passes in the post with one hand. With the other he checks his defensive man. Then he pivots whichever way the defensive pressure dictates."

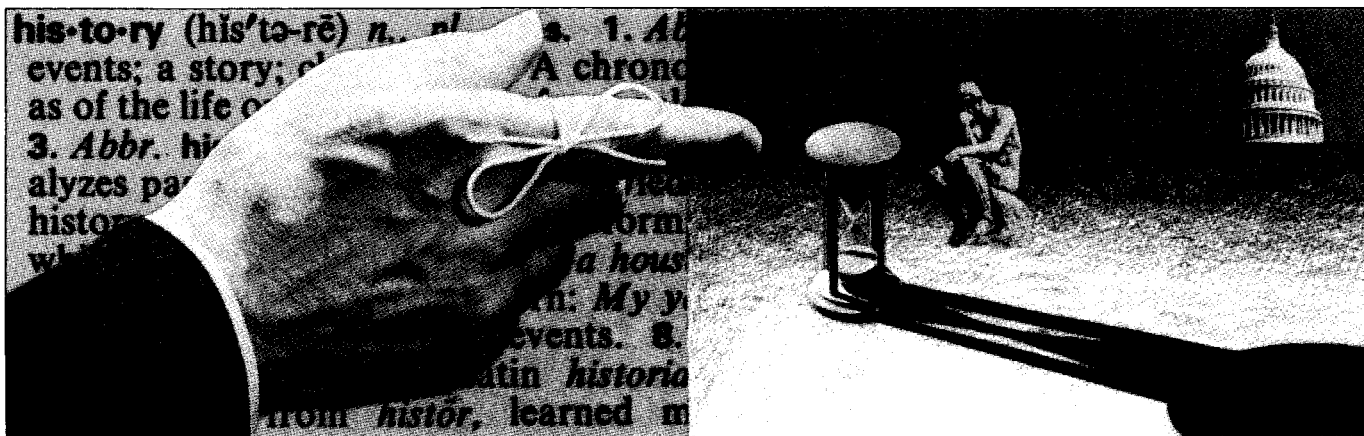
MOST EXPERTS DO NOT give the American team more than an outside chance to win the World Championship in Spain. The Russian team has much more international experience together: its key players, with the exception of Sabonis, were on the team that defeated the United States by a point to win the previous FIBA Championship, in Cali, Colombia, in 1982. Now that Sabonis has joined them, the American task becomes extremely difficult.

But not impossible, according to Steve Alford, who has played against Sabonis and the Russians. His Indiana University team lost twice to the Russians (by twenty points each time) during a tour of Japan last summer; nonetheless, Alford later compared them unfavorably with the 1984 U.S. Olympic champions, a team of which Alford was also a member. "We'd have killed them," he said. "There's no way these guys would have stopped Michael Jordan, Sam Perkins, Patrick Ewing, Wayman Tisdale, and the guys we had inside—not as careless as the Russians are." Carelessness is a quality rarely attributed to the Russians, but if Alford is correct, the U.S. team may win after all. Although it does not have players of the caliber Alford named, the players we do have are not many cuts below.

The United States' best chance for victory probably will come from playing what Mike Fratello describes as "the American style." "When a kid grows up in an American schoolyard or playground, he picks up all sorts of things that cannot be taught: a certain spin of the ball against the backboard, all kinds of whirling dribble moves—a feeling for the game, an instinctive knowledge of what is possible in certain situations. It's as though American players develop a sixth sense out there. European players, good as they've gotten, still have that mechanical quality about them."

The Russians won't be able to match the Americans' overall quickness and ability to improvise. But whether a team with these skills can prevail against a team that excels in tactical correctness and technical execution remains to be seen. What makes Arvidas Sabonis a remarkable player among the Russians, however, is precisely his ability to play an American game like an American. □

BOOKS



BUNK?

BY PAUL KENNEDY

THINKING IN TIME: The Uses of History for Decision-Makers

by Richard E. Neustadt
and Ernest R. May.
The Free Press, \$19.95.

IN EARLY APRIL of 1945 the position of Hitler's Third Reich seemed hopeless. Germany was being invaded on all sides. The Red Army was only a few miles from Berlin. Allied bombers flew everywhere. Yet the deranged Führer still would not accept defeat, and he was being consoled by Goebbels, who read to him that chapter from Carlyle's history of Frederick the Great which movingly described the warrior-king besieged on all sides in the winter of 1761–1762 and planning to commit suicide if his fortunes did not change. A few days after that pledge came the news that the formidable Empress Elizabeth of Russia had died; her successor, Peter, was a fervent admirer of Frederick's and was eager to make peace. The Führer, Goebbels solemnly reported, had tears in his eyes at the reading of this episode. He was therefore in ecstasy when, on April 13, an excited Goebbels telephoned the news that President Roosevelt had died. "My Führer, I congratulate you!" the Propaganda Minister shouted. "It is the turning point!" History was repeating itself. Once again an overwhelming enemy coalition would crumble, and Germany would emerge battered but victorious, as in Frederick's time.

The final days in the Führer-bunker provide perhaps the most spectacular

and most published misuse of history by any politician in the twentieth century, and had any of Hitler's staff dared to speak, they might have pointed out how false Goebbels's analogy was. Roosevelt's successor, Truman, had neither the power nor the inclination to pull the United States out of a war that was already won. Even if he had, the Third Reich's fate was settled: the British were in the north-German plain, the Russians poised to surround Berlin with a force of over two million men. The so-called Miracle of the House of Brandenburg of 1762 would not be repeated, because so many of the historical circumstances were quite different. History was *not* a grab bag, out of which one could pull a reminiscence, an event, a precedent, and blithely assume that it was relevant to current problems.

The fantasy world of Hitler's last days is not cited by Richard Neustadt and Ernest May in their book *Thinking in Time: The Uses of History for Decision-Makers*, but its moral is analogous. Without a properly balanced knowledge of preceding events, policy-makers cannot function; only by looking backward can they go forward, since every decision must be conditioned by assumptions regarding how, say, other governments, or Congress, or public opinion will respond—and those assumptions in turn by knowledge of how they reacted previously. To be sure, analogies from the past are all too frequently invoked, yet little attention is paid to the differences that the similarities go along with: the Goebbels syndrome is rampant, in other words. The so-called lessons of appeasement clouded the minds of Washington politicians and officials at the time of the Korean War, just as the equally nebulous

lessons of Vietnam affect today's debate over aid to the contra rebels in Nicaragua. History is constantly being employed, therefore, but usually in a selective and one-sided way—to appeal to an emotion, to reinforce a prejudice, to justify a line of policy already decided upon.

BUT JUST HOW can one get contemporary leaders and their staffs to put history to proper use in day-to-day decision-making and management, and, more particularly, how can they employ historical experience in a controlled way when a crisis requires a swift solution? Sending every member of the Administration and of Congress off to complete a Ph.D. in history is hardly a practicable solution, even if it might marvelously affect the rhetoric and prose style of most participants. The answer offered here by Neustadt and May is altogether more pragmatic and plausible. For almost a decade Neustadt, as a professor of public administration, and May, as a professor of history, have together taught a professional-school course at Harvard titled "The Uses of History." Designed for high-level public officials, it imitates the Harvard Business School's case-study system. Far from being a history course per se, it directs its participants toward a detailed examination of a number of decisions made by American governments over the past half century in which reference to the past played a successful, or more often a disastrously unsuccessful, role. It also offers a method, a set of ground rules, concerning the uses of history which decision-makers and their aides would do well to employ, even when times are pressing—or particularly when times are pressing.

Thinking in Time, its authors explain, is a polished-up book version of the course, offered to the broader public as a primer on the ways to use historical experience "in the process of deciding what to do today about the prospect for tomorrow." Though some of its chapters focus on a single case, most of them bring together, for purposes of comparison and contrast, a cluster of examples that illustrate an aspect of this exercise: for example, "Noticing Patterns" (chapter 11), "Placing [that is, understanding the historical roots of] Organizations" (chapter 12), how to avoid "Unreasoning from Analogues" (chapter 3). If some historical episodes are used time and again, it is because they can be made to serve various purposes, and although there is some repetition of material, each chapter is carefully structured and its lessons painstakingly set out.

Predictably enough, there is a full analysis here of the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, regarded by the authors as a success story not merely because of its outcome but also because of the way President Kennedy and the executive committee of the National Security Council mulled over historical analogues as they sought to produce a policy both firm and prudent. Should they strike without warning at Russian missiles and bombers in Cuba? No, because that looked too much like Pearl Harbor in reverse. Should they consider what Dean Rusk termed the "Suez-Hungary combination" of 1956—that is, the possibility that the USSR might be planning to move elsewhere? Yes, because of the implications for Berlin. Above all, apparently, there were the probings of Kennedy himself, fresh from a reading of Barbara Tuchman's *Guns of August*, about the series of escalating events that turned the 1914 assassination at Sarajevo into the First World War. "If anybody is around to write after this," the President told his brother, "they are going to understand that we made every effort to find peace and every effort to give our adversary room to move." Thus, instigating the naval blockade of Cuba on the one hand and secretly offering to withdraw the obsolete Jupiter missiles from Turkey on the other were part of a complex strategy toward the Kremlin evolved by a team conscious of the connections between the past, the present and the future of mankind. In Neustadt and May's words, they saw "time as a stream."

In contrast, there are many examples

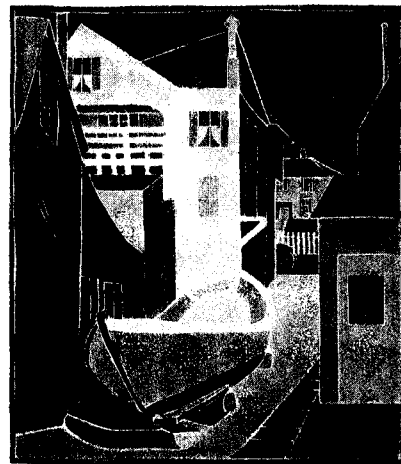
here of the misuses of history: the belief held by Curtis LeMay and others that strategic bombing would crush North Vietnam as decisively as it had crushed Japan in 1944–1945 (whereas not only was the enemy's landscape and infrastructure different but the lesson of the bombing of Britain and Germany in World War Two was that it stiffened resistance); the bizarre controversy over the discovery of a Soviet brigade in Cuba in 1979, which threatened to blow up into another 1962 crisis until it was learned that the Russian forces were not newly arrived, were not a test of Carter's virility, but had actually been there for two decades; and the unwarranted optimism behind the "deep cuts" arms-control proposals that Cyrus Vance took to Moscow in 1977, when any serious study of the pattern of Russian defense policy would have shown how unrealistic those proposals were. *Thinking in Time* does not exclude cases from the domestic domain, and anybody working on the Hill will benefit from Neustadt and May's analyses of the Social Security "reform" of 1983; of the swine-flu scare of 1976; and of how to "place" organizations like the Central Intelligence Agency and the Centers for Disease Control, or individuals like Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X.

In all of these case studies, and again in a summary, the authors propose certain techniques for the proper employment of history in decision-making. The facts at hand should be divided into the known, the unclear, and the presumed, and special care should be taken to scrutinize those in the last-named category, since they may reveal sloppy thinking, cultural prejudice, and the like. If historical analogies are employed and are seen to be carrying weight, then these should be examined for both likenesses and differences (no Goebbels syndrome here). If a crisis arises, ask "What's the story?" rather than "What's the problem?," since that will focus attention upon how it arose in the first place, and how it may be explained—before jumping at possible solutions.

Much of this, the authors admit, is really common sense. They make their recommendations chiefly because such points have frequently been ignored by politicians and their staffs in the recent past. Even the adoption of the "modest methods" and "mini-methods" of *Thinking in Time*, they feel, would improve American decision-making, or at least reduce the number of occasions on

July report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS



The Seine Boat by Blanche Lazzell

Mary Oliver's new book of poems, **Dream Work**, quite took our breath away. And while we were trying to recover, so that we could tell you about it, other poets said it for us. Here are a few early reactions:

"A poem of hers, like a simple and innocent spider web, is easy to get into—not easy to get out. Led through a persuasive maze, the reader even tends to avoid exit. This is Oliver's best collection yet."

—May Swenson

"Mary Oliver's poems are like the marsh hawks of her description, gliding 'as though on leashes'—that kind of effortless control—and suddenly coming down 'to succeed again and again.' The crisp exactness of her vision gives me pleasure."

—Maxine Kumin

"Her poems are wonderfully perceptive and strongly written, but beyond that they are a spirited, expressive meditation on the impossibilities of what we call lives, and on the gratifications of change."

—Hayden Carruth

DREAM WORK
by Mary Oliver

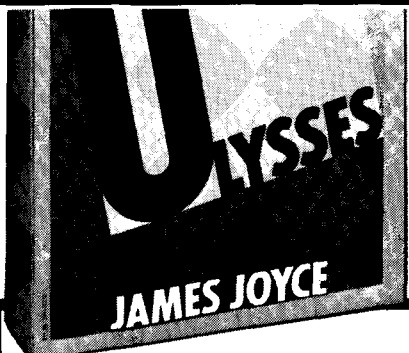
*Hardcover and paperback
at your bookstore*

Distributed by
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

Also available from the Atlantic Bookstore, page 79.



The first paperback edition of the newly corrected text



"It fixes 5,000 errors
...involving punctuation, omitted words, phrases, and even entire sentences...an average of seven flaws for every printed page."
—*New York Times* (front page)

Introduction by Richard Ellmann. Paperbound. Also available in deluxe cloth edition.

VINTAGE BOOKS

A division of Random House



"A stunning achievement."

—*Publishers Weekly*

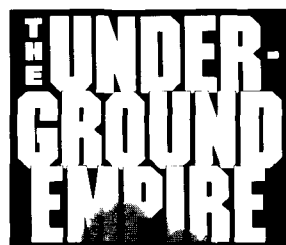
"Riveting."

—Nicholas Pileggi, author of *Wiseguy*

"Hair-raising adventure...."

A massive, deeply disturbing exposé by journalist and novelist Mills.... A fireball of a book!"

—*Kirkus Reviews*



JAMES MILLS

DOUBLEDAY

Also available from the Atlantic Bookstore, page 79.

which the misuse or neglect of history contributes to faulty policies.

All this, in the opinion of the present reviewer, is admirable. History is frequently used and more frequently abused by politicians, and there is little point in professional historians' ignoring that fact. That does not mean that all historical scholars should transform themselves into compilers of further case studies, ranging from King Canute to George Washington; but they should not scorn this innovative attempt to pass on to today's decision-makers the methodology of history as a discipline, so that it is no longer used as a grab bag, full of patriotic slogans, misinterpreted events, and faulty precedents.

The one weakness of this book, if it may be called that, is fully admitted by the authors. Because they are offering a primer for busy decision-makers, and using case studies, inevitably they focus on such practical, "mini-method" tasks as sifting out the known from the unclear, the likenesses from the differences. This focus is very American and very contemporary. In consequence, a larger understanding of history, of the broad movements in the affairs of mankind, of the political cultures and philosophies that inhabit this planet and differ so much from the American way, of the acutely historical sense of, say, the Chinese or the French or the Russians—all that is understandably missing here, and it is unlikely to be made up by a quick perusal of Parkman, Bancroft, Thucydides, Churchill, and the other half-dozen authors listed as recommended reading.

That larger sense of history—which has made George Kennan (with his deep knowledge of Russia's past and culture) so profound a commentator on international affairs, and made Kissinger so brilliantly effective diplomatically (when he saw that the post-1970 world was no longer bipolar but was multi-polar, as in the days of Metternich and Bismarck)—is probably going to be possessed by only a few persons, and these few are unlikely to be politicians who are former accountants, lawyers, real-estate agents, peanut-farmers, or actors. If those politicians can find advisers and Secretaries of State with this larger sense of history, so much the better. If they cannot, then the least they can do now is to consult Neustadt and May's *Thinking in Time* and, at the day-to-day level, try to avoid some of the more egregious errors that have characterized decision-making in the recent past. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



GEORGE GROSZ: The Berlin Years by Serge Sabarsky and contributors. Rizzoli, \$25.00. The savagely satirical works reproduced in this volume derive from the years between approximately 1912 and 1933, when Grosz sensibly emigrated to the United States. His difficulties in Germany had included fines for obscenity and attacking the Reichswehr, and suppression of work alleged to be a blasphemous offense to public morals. It was, of course, what Grosz saw as the lack of morals, public or private, that inspired his drawings of drunks, murderers, trollops, pimps, fat-cat industrialists, and empty-headed generals. His x-ray vision and idiosyncratic style revealed these types in all their nastiness, and though he found his subjects on the streets of Berlin, the evils they represent—arrogance, greed, lechery, poverty, violence—can be found anywhere. The drawings retain all their original bite, making the text almost unnecessary.

LA SALLE by John Vernon. Viking, \$17.95. Mr. Vernon's clever historical novel purports to consist of alternating passages from the journals and letters of La Salle and those of his follower, Pierre Goupil. Setting aside the practical question of how either man could have had time, or materials, to keep such detailed records while falling into the Mississippi, dodging hostile Indians, and bumbling disastrously about what is now Texas, the book is a convincing re-creation of the surprises, the horrors, the psychological deterioration, and the disillusionment that lay in wait for the early explorers of North America. As characters, the brilliant but erratic La Salle and the loyal but exasperated Goupil make an interesting contrast and sometimes a puzzle, for Mr. Vernon now and then leaves it to the reader to decide which of the two is lying.

THE ADRIAN MOLE DIARIES by Sue Townsend. Grove, \$14.95. Adrian is a male adolescent whose parents, when considering divorce, argue about which will evade custody of their son. The novel is reportedly a tremendous success in Britain. One

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can see why, for Adrian's observations are in fact a satire on English middle-class society, and because they are firmly tied to English conditions they have, like certain wines, not traveled well.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA by *Frank Whitford*. *Athenum*, \$21.95. Before he reached the age of thirty, Kokoschka had established a reputation as both a painter and an experimental writer, his acquaintances and patrons including members of the avant-garde aesthetic circle that radiated from Klimt in Vienna. Discontented with Vienna, Kokoschka worked in various German cities, usually collecting more respect than money. He conducted, in due course, a love affair with that ubiquitous genius-collector Alma Mahler, and as a result indulged in a bizarre bout of mental aberration. He claimed to have second sight, and perhaps he did, for his portraits sometimes revealed what his sitters had thought was safely buried in their own minds. All these matters give his biographer excellent material with which to entertain and inform the reader. Kokoschka himself presents problems, however. He had a habit of reinventing—to put it politely—his own past, and Mr. Whitford is regularly obliged, after quoting his subject's reminiscences, to explain that there is no truth in them.

THE FUNERAL MAKERS by *Cathie Pelletier*. *Macmillan*, \$16.95. The basic premise of this first novel is that life in a remote, inbred Maine village where the major occupations are lumbering and boredom and no grudge or scandal has been forgotten since the first settlers arrived by mistake is very dismal indeed. In developing this not unreasonable proposition, Ms. Pelletier bounces back and forth between sentimental sympathy and grotesque comedy, but the weeping willow and the slapstick are not naturally compatible, and the author never succeeds in making them so. Individual scenes, however, are decidedly effective, and Ms. Pelletier writes with an energy and inventiveness that promise well for her future work.

FATHERHOOD by *Bill Cosby*. *Doubleday*, \$14.95. Mr. Cosby proves to be as charming, as amusing, and as gently sensible in print as he looks on the television screen. His advice on surviving the vagaries of one's offspring consists of a succession of amusing anecdotes and wryly witty observations, all designed to encourage the application of love and patience. As an educator—he holds a doctorate in the field—



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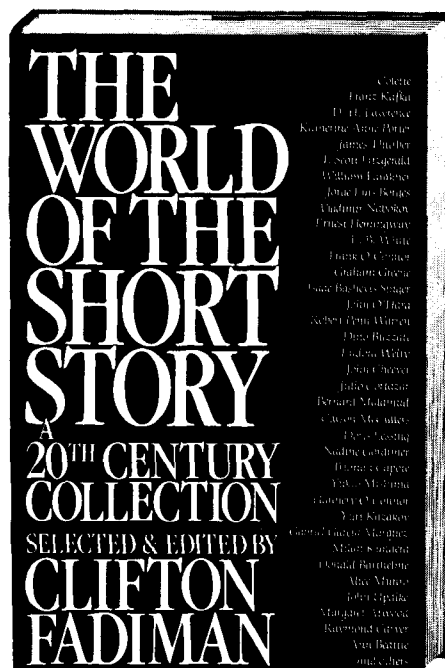
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Answers to the June Puzzles

"FLOW CHART"

The unclued Down word is trickle-down.

Across. 1. B-LESS; P(RAISE)S 2. BARONIAL (anag.); STOCK (double def.) 3. AMBIENT (hidden); LURES (anag.) 4. LIBER-ACE; D(IN)T'S 5. AN(ARCH)Y; DIC(T)A (*acid* rev.) 6. LE(GALES)E; SKI-PS 7. A-SHY; R(A-DI)ALLY 8. OC(ELO)T (*Leo* anag.); GI(M)-LETS 9. CAR-I(B)OU; SUEDE (homophone) 10. FORM(O)S-A; SARGON (anag.) 11. STABLE (double def.); STRA-WS (rev.) Down. Jan: BAA-L; A L(A CART)E Feb: LA(MIN)G; SCAR-A-B Mar: ER-MINE; AC(CO)S'T Apr: S(OBER)LY (*Boer* anag.); LIMBO (double def.) May: SI-ERR-A (*is* rev.); HEART-H Jun: PANACEA (anag.); TO-A-ST Jul: RAN-C-HERO; BOLT (double def.) Aug: (h)ALLEY'S; DISARM (anag.); Sep: I-SLED; SAMURAI (anag.) Oct: STU(D-DE)D; GUST-O Nov: ECSTASY (anag.); TENSE (double def.) Dec: SCENT (homophone); ILLEGA-L (anag. minus o)

B	L	E	S	S	P	R	A	I	S	E	S	
B	A	R	O	N	I	A	L	S	T	O	C	K
A	M	B	I	E	N	T	L	U	R	E	S	
L	I	B	E	R	A	C	E	D	I	N	T	S
A	N	A	R	C	H	Y	D	I	C	T	A	
L	E	G	A	L	E	S	E	S	K	I	P	S
A	S	H	Y	R	A	D	I	A	L	L	Y	
O	C	E	L	O	T	G	I	M	L	E	T	S
C	A	R	I	B	O	U	S	U	E	D	E	
F	O	R	M	O	S	A	S	A	R	G	O	N
S	T	A	B	L	E	S	T	R	A	W	S	
T	H	E	B	O	T	T	O	M	L	I	N	E

ACROSTIC NO. 11

"Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labour, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

—A. Conan Doyle, "[The] Red-headed League"

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Mr. Cosby puts firm faith in the carrot, or, if necessary, the chocolate cake.

MICROCOSMOS by Lynn Margulis and Dorion Sagan. Summit, \$17.95. Recent advances in microbiology have led to many discoveries about the origin and interconnectedness of all life on earth, and it is these discoveries that the authors describe and explain in their instructive and sometimes provocative text. People, they point out, are merely a currently active form of an accumulation of particles that have been operating since Earth's beginning. "Bacteria invented fermentation, the wheel in the form of the proton rotary motor, sulphur breathing, photosynthesis, and nitrogen fixation, long before our evolution. They are not only highly social beings, but behave as a sort of worldwide decentralized democracy." The reader may feel either cut down to size by the argument or magnificently pedigreed, but can hardly fail to be mentally stimulated.

KARA KUSH by Idries Shah. Stein and Day, \$17.95. Because Mr. Shah, although living in exile, is still an Afghan, his novel of his countrymen's resistance to the current Russian invasion has great power of conviction. One is forced to believe that details of guerrilla ingenuity and courage, or of Russian brutality, have come to the author from informants on the spot. The actual plot—pursuit of an antique treasure—may be fiction, but the blood is painfully real.

IRISH WALLS by Alen MacWeeney and Richard Conniff. Stewart, Tabori & Chang, \$24.95 and \$14.95. "According to one estimate, there are 240,000 miles of field walls in Ireland," Mr. Conniff reports, and he takes the reader on an inquiry into who built them, and when, and why. Given Ireland's 32,596 square miles, there must be over seven miles of wall for every square mile of ground, and a surprising amount of history, both sad and comic, can be found among all those rocks. There is also, as Mr. MacWeeney's photographs show, much beauty.

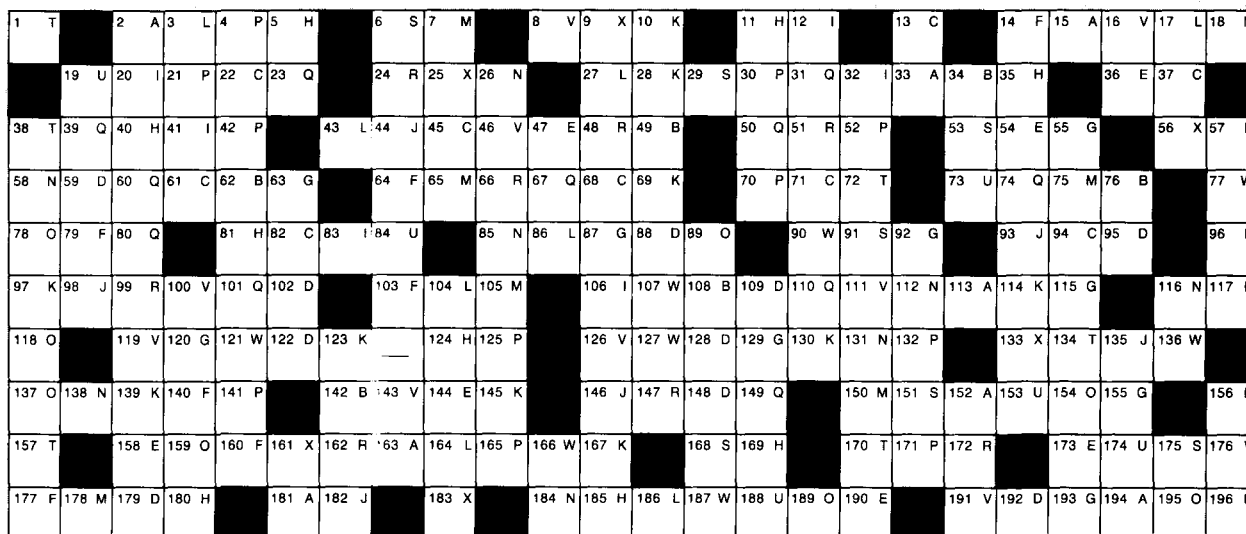
THE SECOND CREATION: Makers of the Revolution in Twentieth Century Physics by Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann. Macmillan, \$25.00. **PRIZE STORIES: The O. Henry Awards 1986** edited by William Abrahams. Doubleday, \$17.95. Portions of these two recently published books originally appeared in *The Atlantic*.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 12

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 11 appears on page 80.

A. Wingding

152 113 15 2 11 163 33 194

B. Cabbages and Kings
author (2 wds.)

108 76 62 49 14 142

C. Kin to a fisherman's
bend (2 wds.)

22 13 61 37 11 82 45 68 94

D. Fruity sauce for
puddings

59 95 102 109 18 122 88 192 128 179

E. De Sica film of
1952 (2 wds.)

144 158 173 47 54 196 36 190

F. Accordionist creator

64 140 177 103 11 160 79

G. Pedant

92 193 55 87 11 129 120 63 155

H. Fish glue

124 180 11 5 4 81 185 35 169

I. Worthless art

83 20 32 12 10 41

J. Unproductive;
degenerate

146 182 98 135 9 44

K. Stephen King
novel (2 wds.)

28 130 123 167 61 114 97 139 156

145 10

L. Sea of Marmara
port

164 27 86 3 10 43 186 17

M. Espouser of
Satyagraha

75 150 7 105 178 65

N. "Father of modern
jazz piano" (2 wds.)

112 116 131 18 184 58 138 26 85

O. Calypso's captive

78 118 159 89 195 189 137 154

P. Luminous display
(2 wds.)

125 165 96 70 57 52 4 117 141

30 21 171 42 132

Q. Starting (hyph.)

80 74 67 149 23 110 50 101 39

31 60

R. Canines

162 147 66 99 48 172 24 51

S. Badroulboudour's
husband of
legend

175 29 168 53 151 6 91

T. Dipsacaceous herb

170 134 1 157 72 38

U. Nimrod

73 153 19 188 84 174

V. Alternating rhythm
(3 wds.)

100 111 119 16 176 8 191 126 143 46

W. Frog farm

107 90 187 127 77 121 166 136

X. Extinct volcano
of California

56 25 9 133 161 183

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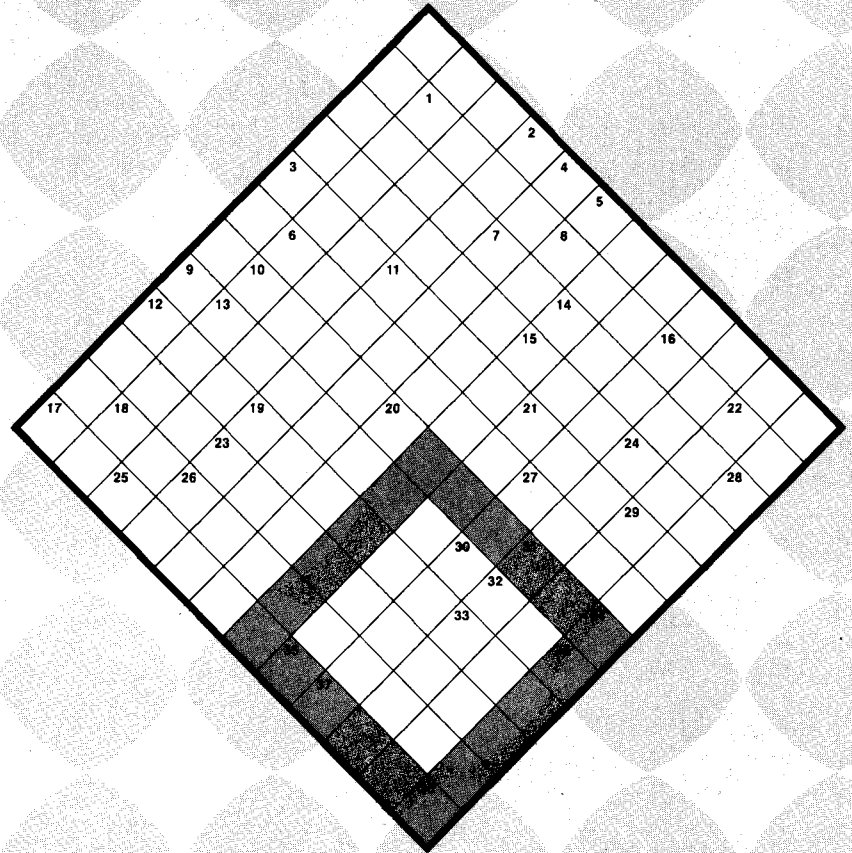
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

BASEBALL DIAMONDS

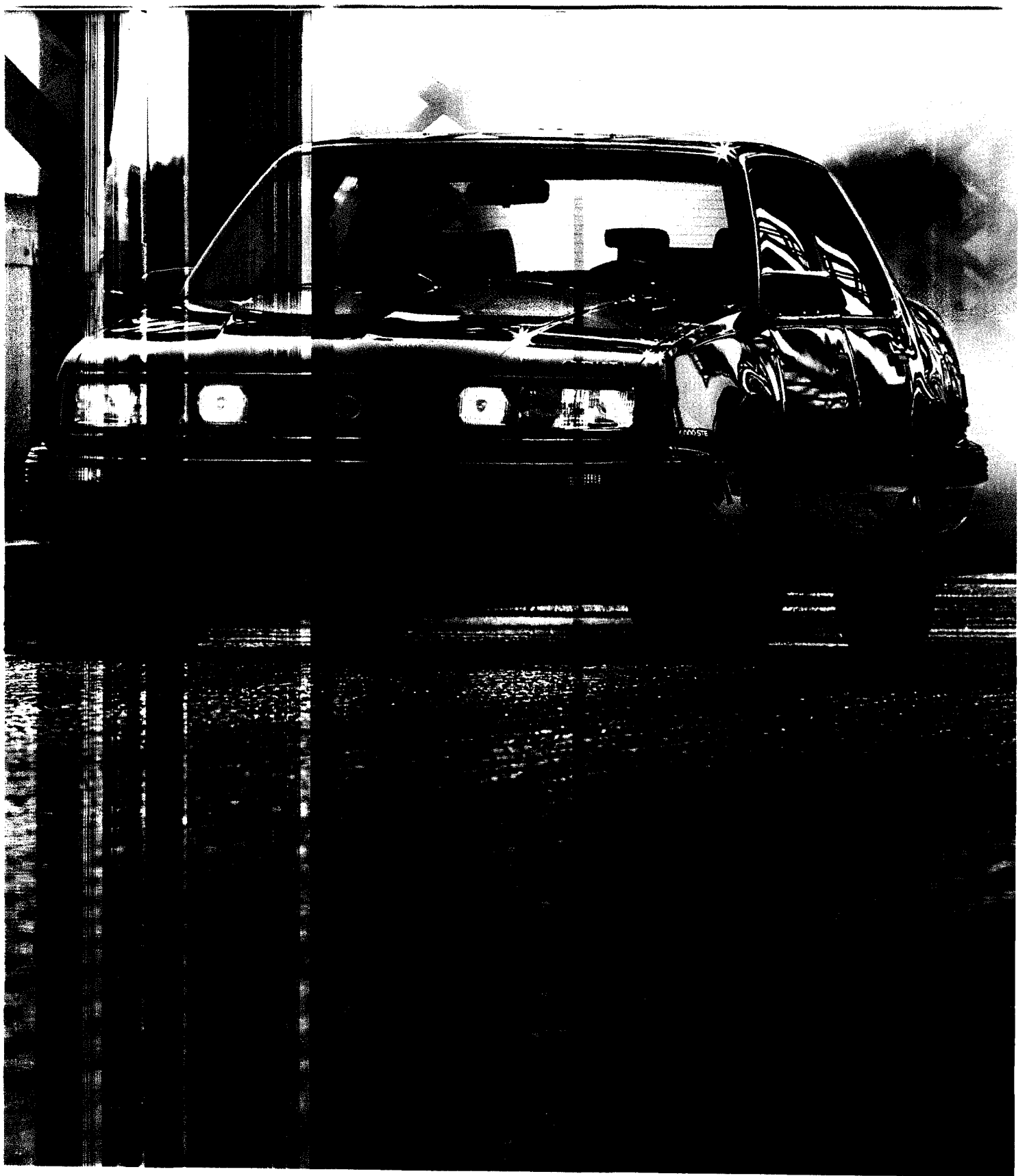
This month's diagram represents a baseball field, with the shaded portion marking the way around the infield diamond. Each of the 38 clue answers forms a diamond in the diagram, starting in the appropriately numbered square (which serves as the top, bottom, left, or right corner) and proceeding clockwise or counter-clockwise. Some knowledge of baseball and its abbreviations is helpful to clue-solving. Answers include two proper nouns and a less than common word at 17.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 80.

1. Retiring catcher, make an exit (4)
2. Starting nine upset and refusing to cooperate (12)
3. Babe at first with a single off farm team? (8)
4. Profit with ballgame divisions (8)
5. Not pictured, A.L. unit needed broadcast (12)
6. Appropriate Expo's cap and clothing (4)
7. Opening putout turned to error (4)
8. Get soaked and gloomy by Yankees' fourth (4)
9. Rose puts bats in stockpiles (8) (*two words*)
10. Pitcher tells Padres (8)
11. Base stealer adopting one's studies (8)
12. Natural playing surface gets a drink (4)
13. Walk Phillies' leadoff with a couple of curves (4)
14. Field back of ballpark has gap (4)
15. Detroit Hall-of-Famer indicating a base (8) (*two words*)
16. One field is deserted (4)
17. Curve tossed at Red Sox (8)
18. Cuts Oakland player before union returns (4)
19. Dizzy and Daffy making a comeback (4)
20. Reportedly, hero is not playing (4)
21. Giants' triple plays making an uproar (12)
22. Red is in place for hitting ball to corner (4)
23. Lacking leadership, Buccaneers divided by no-good self-seekers (8)
24. High pitch and near-slip preceding donnybrook (8)
25. Starring team made deceptive move (12)
26. Shortstop has tallied errors (4)
27. Public clamors for ballpark menus? (8)
28. Secret of screwball is utterly clear (8) (*hyphenated*)
29. Manage last in league for a spell (4)
30. Heartless American Leaguer in row (4)
31. Gets set and firm before thrashing Angels (8)
32. Pittsburgh's starter is enthralling great rooters (4)
33. Mets are playing right for a pennant (8)
34. Read 7-5 (4)
35. Energetically cheer about double (4)
36. Pitching spitters to dope-dealers? (8)
37. Astrodome lettering advertises some eats (8)
38. Shame about loss in series (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116.



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